

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE

No. 1258.
Vol. XLVIII.



Famous Film Stars praise Odol

It is well known in the film world, where teeth must be pretty and white, that Odol cleanses away tartar and removes dullness without harming the teeth in any way. Among the many actresses who appreciate the finer qualities of Odol—who use it regularly and recommend it to their friends—are Laura La Plante, Janet Gaynor, Betty Balfour, Mary Philbin, Mercia Swinburne, Peggy O'Neil, etc., etc. Laura La Plante says "There is no other dentifrice to take the place of Odol." Betty Balfour says "Odol is one of the most valuable of all my toiletries."

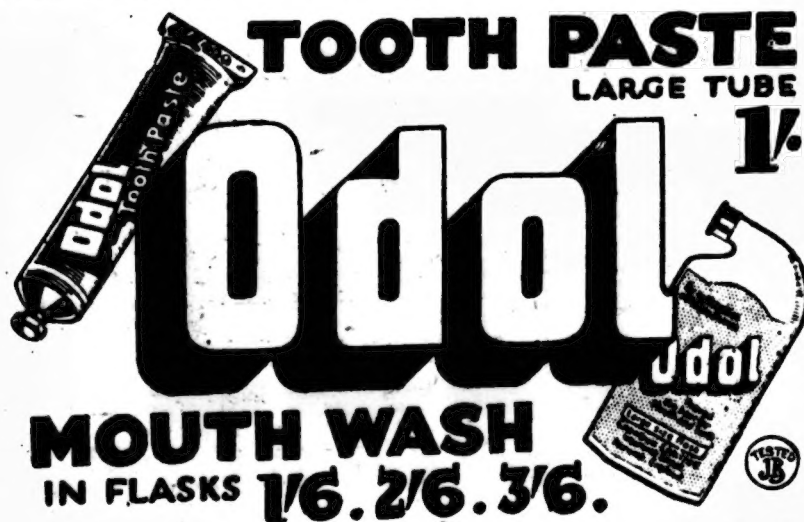


Anita Page
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Star

If you have teeth which are discoloured, you, too, will appreciate Odol. It will turn the unpleasant yellow to a pearly whiteness in a few days—it will please you, too, with its fragrance and with the refreshing feeling it gives to the mouth.



Greta Garbo
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Star



Odol Mouth Wash is specially recommended for artificial teeth. It will not discolour or crack denture plates.

T.F. 50-30

your sample now.
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Per Month
Paid 1st
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For storing Coal, Cycles, Prams, Household Goods, etc. Prompt despatch. Carriage Paid to your station in a strong, easily erected, neatly rebrated weather.

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JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly, send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

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4-14-6

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MODE 114 (please quote No.) Smart Frock in good quality Figured Art Silk. Well made and cut on generous lines. BARGAIN. Exactly as sketched in predominant colours of Navy, New Brown, Bottle, Apple, Plum, Black/Beige, Black/Grey. Lengths 36, 40, 42, 44. EXAMINE ONE AT HOME. Delight or money back. (Outside 1/- extra.)

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A STATEMENT

By Messrs. CARTER, COUPS & CO.

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Half Cost of Material alone. To advertise our 20-page Catalogue of over 200 shirt bargains, we are making a special offer to readers of this paper of 2 guaranteed shirts for the advertising price of 4/9, post 6d. This is less than half the price that you could purchase the material alone.

In fancy stripes of strong Bananette, full cut, guaranteed double yoke, and made for strong, hard service.

Remember, cash refunded if you do not consider these shirts honestly worth double. Send to-day, stating size of neckband, and you will receive them per return, together with our catalogue of working men's many bargains.

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2/6 only secure delivery of this 4 in 1 Solid Oak Bed-chair, and 12 Weekly payments 2/6 complete purchase. Polished dark or any shade. 3 soft velvet cord cushions, any colour. Leg rest detachable and very useful as bedside seat (see illus. 4). 3 reversible seat cushions. Carriage Free England. Postal Orders only. Cash Price 30/-. Other models from 30/-.

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WONDERFUL FURNITURE BARGAIN!

ONLY 20/- EACH
Carriage Paid.

A Magnificent Fireside Easy Chair

Copper Spring Seat. Wide and Comfortable. Strongly Built in Every Detail.

Splendidly upholstered with well-sprung seat, and covered good quality floral damask. Shapely turned legs and nicely polished throughout.

A HANDSOME CHAIR for ANY ROOM
BUY NOW AND SAVE 12/6 ON EVERY CHAIR.

Send your order at once to save disappointment.

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New Invention. 'Cheaper than Matches—No Flames, Flints, Sparks or Petrol. No Danger. Just press the button and the Gas lights instantly. Always ready—never fails. Try one FREE now. Send no money—you only pay if you are satisfied! 2/11 for lighter and 2/11 for 12 Months' Supply.

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Originally 24/- NOW

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See the way your hair looks when you use the Evans Electric Comb. Handsome, efficient, and easy to use. No danger, no harm to your hair. A child can use it and gain hair beauty. Waves hair, keeps it healthy, and grows it where there's falling hair. All hair troubles. Post free, large size double power, 6/-.

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LUXURY IN FLOOR COVERINGS

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A. HALL & CO.
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2/- IS ALL YOU PAY

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Superb Cord Tyres, Renold Chain, Break's Saddle, Low Key Payments, 14 Days' Free Trial, Carriage Paid, FREE GIFT, Lamp, Bell, Indicator & Repair Outfit. Write now for marvellous Bargain Catalogue of Road-Racer, 3-Speed & All-Weather Models. Wonderful Low Payment Terms. Order Models from £3-10-0. ART LIST FREE. (Dept. C.B. 1), Hatfield Street, London, S.E.1

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Up to 30 in. waist.
12/6
30-40 in.
15/- Post 6d. ex.

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Illus. List with self-measurement form free on request.

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Thousands sold—thousands delighted. Thousands of testimonials. Price 4/3, Post 9d. Two 9/- post paid. State size. MONEY BACK TERMS. Send for FREE catalogue of Cycles, Accessories, Novelties, etc.

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Sold at FACTORY PRICES. Complete with Cosor Valves, ready to listen-to, with Grand Model Cabinet (one or Horn type Loud Speaker. Yours for 5/- deposit. Nothing more to pay for a month. Balance by easy monthly payments. Astonishing results.

£2 Gramophone Electric Pick-up FREE

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SEND COUPON BELOW in 14 stamped unsealed envelope for beautiful MONSTER ART PLATES.

Please send me free Art Plates of "Miracle" Sets.

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There is no greater obstacle to social and business success than a nervous and shy disposition. Nervousness deprives you of the ability to develop your talents and make headway in the battle of life. If you are a victim of this distressing disorder; if you are nervous and shy; if you blush and stammer when spoken to; if you feel awkward and embarrassed in company, here is a real chance to conquer your weakness instead of letting it conquer you. A remarkably interesting booklet explaining how you can cure yourself privately at home, as I did, will be sent in a plain sealed envelope to all sufferers sending 3d. Write at once in confidence to:

HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. J.B.69),
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Fashionable Stormproof, London made, from fine quality Indian fabric, proofed against heaviest rain. Weight approximately 1 1/2 oz. Ideal for the holidays, affording adequate protection against cold and rain in winter. Taped seams, belt, storm cuffs, etc., as illustrated, in Sage, Green, Fawn, Navy, Red. Lengths, 36, 40, 42, 44, 46. For a limited period will be sent on first payment of 4/11, balance 2/- weekly, 16/11 in all. Cash price 15/6 post free. O.S. 3/6 extra. MONEY BACK IF NOT DELIGHTED. State length and colour when ordering.

By post only from **WINCROFT AND CO.**
Specialists in Postal Bargains,
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WADDLED EIDERDOWN QUILTS FREE

2 Soft Woolly Blankets.
2 Good Strong Sheets.
2 White Lawn Pillow Slips.
1 Fine White Bolster Case.
1 Beautiful Hand-Painted Fawn Bedspread.

Double Bed Size. Made for lasting wear. Complete Bale for

ONLY 20/- Carr. Free. Cash or C.O.D.

FREE GIFT
This week we send with each Bale, absolutely free of charge, a Handsome WADDLED EIDERDOWN QUILT.

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Dept. M.6, 185, Princess Street, Manchester.

All its cost
is put into
QUALITY!



Smoke -
CRAVEN "A"

CORK-TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

Made Specially to Prevent Sore Throats

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JOHN BULL

For the People— —the Right to Justice and Truth



"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday,
July 26, 1930. Twopennes.
Registered at the G.P.O. as
a Newspaper. Postage:
Inland and Canada, 1d.; all
other parts of the world, 1½d.

A ROMANTIC decision has been made by a high detective officer of the C.I.D. He might go still higher in the service with his fine and even heroic record, but he prefers to comfort his ailing wife.

Divisional Detective-Inspector William Steel, of Bow Street, will retire during the first week of August.

Arrested Ronald True

Mr. Steel assisted in the arrest of Ronald True; he was the man who picked up the body of Regine Flory, the actress who shot herself in Sir Alfred Butt's office at Drury Lane. In the "Cross Keys" crime at Chelsea and the Charing Cross trunk murder he was the most active agent of justice.

There was the stabbing affray at the "Eden Club," Hampstead, the Major's affair, and the strange death of Edith Drayson, the singer, found lying in a Strand hotel.

One heroic act was when he fought his way into a gas-filled room in Bondes Square to bring out a messenger-boy dying from appalling wounds.

£10,000-a-year Premier

The report of the House of Commons Committee set up to enquire into the question of a salary for the Prime Minister may be expected shortly.

It will be found that a suggestion will be made that the Premier should, in future, be paid at the rate of £10,000 a year.

There's hope—official

The new Economic Advisory Committee is unable to provide the Cabinet with any prophecy of immediately better times.

It thinks that unemployment will continue to increase for several months to come and that raw material and commodity prices, a root cause of depression, will go on sinking until about November.

Then, when the bottom has been touched, a general improvement will begin, although 1931 will be well advanced before the employment position begins to adjust itself.

Mr. Ernest Bevin's article on page 7 is more hopeful.

What do you think?

Do not delay filling in your coupons for our £250 Food Taxes Ballot Competition, full details of which are given on page 28.

So far there has been a big response from our readers, and there is no harm in stating that the voting for the first week was slightly more in favour of food taxes than we anticipated.

We again urge every reader to vote. What you think to-day, the country thinks to-morrow, and the JOHN BULL will have a profound influence on the immediate policies of the political parties.

Bacca-rats!

We are glad to note that at least one daily newspaper has warned its readers not to take seriously the recent stories of sensational gambling gains at the Continental casino towns.

A Scotland Yard Romance Four Bad Months—and Then?

The Gamblers' Boost

The casino kings are the most crafty publicity experts in the world, and regularly arrange for some cosmopolitan to "break the bank" at the opening of the holiday season.

Their object is to tempt you to cross the Channel. Keep your money for your own seaside!

That T.U.C. riddle

The tit-bit at the forthcoming Trades Union Congress at Nottingham in September will be the widely misunderstood report of the T.U.C.'s economic committee on the question of Empire trade.

The General Council will again vigorously repudiate the suggestion that the report commits trade unions to a support of the Beaverbrook campaign.

Delegates, nevertheless, will want to know exactly what it does mean, and the discussion should clear the air of much confusion.

Mars on the move

The Foreign Secretary should make it his business to prevail upon the League of Nations to enquire into the alleged manufacture of gas bombs at the Schisbau Works, Germany.

Certain French armament works are laying in huge stocks of copper, much of which has been ordered from British manufacturers.

And Russia has been granted a licence to purchase tanks from this country. What a game it is!

Private school scandals

We are disappointed to find that the Government is not prepared to take any steps to bring private schools under some sort of effective official supervision.

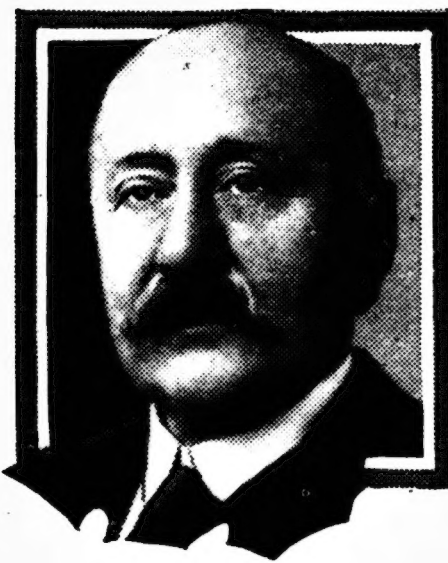
Dr. Somerville Hastings has been urging in the Commons that the President of the Board of Education should introduce legislation for compulsory inspection and registration, but Sir Charles Trevelyan dissents.

Sir Charles confesses that he recognises the importance of the matter, but feels that there are other educational affairs more pressing.

The excuse is thin. There is an urgent need for immediate action before the problem loses topicality.



Must listen to his plea



"Leading the trade mission"—
Lord Kirkley

"Sleepy sickness"

Last November, when Mr. J. H. Thomas was Lord Privy Seal, he promised to despatch a special Trade Commissioner as soon as possible to Manchuria to further British interests in this amazing new El Dorado.

The appointment has yet to be made.

America and Germany have been making millions there for years, and we allow an opportunity to slip which would lop off a quarter of our unemployment.

Lord Kirkley is chairman of the economic mission which is going to South Africa.

Mr. Haycock, M.P., asks why there are no commercial travellers on this mission.

Quite right!

Try it out

Haulage accidents account for over fifty per cent. of mining casualties, yet no steps are being taken to utilise a device that would save many from death and injury every year.

It is the invention of Mr. W. H. Baylis, a working wheelwright, of Whitchurch, Cardiff, and experts have described it as "fool-proof."

Accidents and fatalities due to runaway trams in the workings and the breaking of tram shackles would, it is stated, be eliminated.

Are miners' lives so cheap that this boon is not to be given at least an exhaustive, practical test?

Watch the fruit seller

The Ministry of Agriculture has included strawberries and cherries in its British marking scheme.

To qualify for the mark the fruit must be packed and graded according to the regulations, and the size of the fruit must be uniform within each grade.

This is an admirable movement, but will it protect the customer?

Can anybody devise a control which will prevent the fruit retailer from mixing the grades, or luring a buyer with a beautiful surface display and putting inferior stuff from underneath into the bag?

No more "Kill the Kaiser"

It will not be long before the ex-Kaiser is presented at his retreat in Holland with a free League of Nations passport to go whither he pleases.

Theoretically, of course, he will always be liable to arrest and trial, if he leaves Doorn.

But, since the suppressed war documents of every Chancellery have been revealed, no body of jurists would now record a conviction.

Throughout Germany there is not now the slightest interest in the possible future of Wilhelm, and when he shortly returns on a private visit he will not be molested if he keeps out of the limelight.

Rothermere and Hungary

Two Hungarian emissaries are expected in London on a special mission to invite Lord Rothermere to visit their country.

When the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, his son, visited Hungary, there were great scenes of popular enthusiasm, carefully worked up by the authorities at Budapest.

The whole affair was used as propaganda for the revision of the Peace Treaties in favour of Hungary, creating grave suspicion on the part of neighbouring states.

A visit from Lord Rothermere himself, as the arch-exponent of this propaganda, would again cause violent suspicion in Central Europe, and it is to be hoped therefore that he will have the good sense to remain at home.

As we sowed—

For the first time in history Germany has outstripped Great Britain in world trade.

This is largely due to the German Government's policy of subsidising exports, dumping, and granting liberal export credits to Russia, the Balkans and other countries.

Only to a small extent is it due to German Reparation deliveries in kind—which are barely one half per cent. of Germany's export trade.

We lent Germany this money so that she might be able to pay her Reparations debts to us. Now we are reaping a harvest of our own sowing!

Very high finance

In 1909 Sir James Alfred Jacoby left £1,000 to be invested to provide assistance for employees in the refreshment department of the House of Commons.

Investment and re-investment of accrued interest by the Charity Commissioners have gone on ever since, and the total income produced by these carefully selected investments last year was £55 3s. 1d.

Mr. T. Wallace, an ex-waiter, received 10s. per week from 1912 to his death in 1923—the one and only pension the fund has provided.

'If You See It—' Continued

Still at it

Several M.P.s have received convincing evidence of a new dodge on the part of Employment Exchange officials to "get round" the Act abolishing the harsh "not genuinely seeking work" regulations.

As they cannot now disqualify men from benefit on this pretence they are classifying men who have had long spells out of work as "not normally in insurable employment."

This is shabby, and we should like the assurance of Miss Bondfield that complaints will be exhaustively investigated.

Robbing the public

It should be more generally known that if a letter is sent by registered post but not in the special envelope obtainable from the Post Office no responsibility is accepted.

This is unjust. We venture to suggest that the acceptance of a fee for registration well knowing that no guarantee is implied is not far removed from fraud.

Of course, there is an obscure regulation covering the practice in the P.O. guide, but how many people have seen it?

Now then, Mr. Lees Smith!

A miner's man

Whatever the fate of the Coal Mines Bill, the miners will not forget the splendid way in which



"In a hostile House"

their cause was championed in a hostile House of Lords by Lord Sankey.

Tory peers who emerged from the "backwoods" to hear him were amazed at his wish that the working miners might have been allowed to argue their own case in the "gilded chamber"—but he meant every word he said.

Ever since the Lord Chancellor presided over the Royal Commission which recom-

mended nationalisation he has been the miners' friend and the men of the pits will remember with gratitude.

In remembrance

The creation of Bournville fifty years ago was a revolutionary step towards ideal conditions for the workers.

It is fitting, therefore, that the names of Richard and George Cadbury, its creators, should be perpetuated, and what better memorial could there be than Frankley Beeches, near Birmingham, which Messrs. Cadbury Bros., Ltd., has presented to the nation.

To be preserved as an open space, it is a magnificent viewpoint 800 feet above sea level, and millions will be grateful for so munificent a gift.

Fishermen caught

So numerous are submerged wrecks between the Outer Dowsing lightship and Lowestoft that no fewer than 21 of them have fouled fishermen's nets and caused considerable damage.

Trinity House, the Board of Trade and the Lifeboat Service disclaim all responsibility for their removal, maintaining that wrecks dangerous to fishing but not to actual navigation are no concern of theirs.

Mr. Graham should reconsider this narrow official interpretation of the duties of his Board.

Flying "fishing boats"

The Scottish herring fleets will soon include a flying "fishing boat" if Sir Robert Hamilton, Liberal M.P. for the

Orkneys and Shetlands, can persuade the Scottish Office of its utility.

When in Iceland recently Sir Robert took the opportunity of inspecting the national fisheries, and was greatly impressed by the fact that an up-to-date flying boat was used to assist in the "spotting" of herring shoals.

Prior to any official decision, the Air Ministry is to be asked to co-operate in experiments.

Charity begins—

To all those about to emigrate to Australia, a word of warning.

Recently, in response to an advertisement for twelve men, 800 were assembled at Worth's Circus, Sydney, their ages ranging from eighteen to over sixty. Many of the men were ready waiting at 4.30 in the morning.

The pay offered was £1 and keep, with a bonus of 10s. a week payable every six months.

This is not an isolated case. We have heard of many British immigrants to Australia who have been out of work nearly half the time they have been there. And, of course, they were picked men.

The cure for unemployment must be found at home.

Now we know

The question of whether Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Bernard Shaw is the greater man is a delicate problem that strong men might shudder to solve.

Not so the fair sex. Their fearless decision is made.

The "Soroptimists"—the women's "Rotary"—were electing a representative of the private secretary profession and it was extensively felt that the choice should fall on Miss Frances Stevenson, who shared L. G.'s war secrets.

But the voting went in favour of Miss Blanche Patch, who has kept unpleasant callers away from G. B. S.



Came back with a fine idea.

for many years, on the grounds that her boss was the greater man of the two.

How are the mighty fallen, David!

Why this slaughter?

Thousands of pathological specimens of great value in veterinary education and research were recently destroyed at the Royal Veterinary College, London.

The College Governors state that they are satisfied the destruction was necessary because the specimens were no longer in good condition.

Nevertheless, the Ministry of Agriculture should make enquiry into the loss. Some of the specimens were extremely rare, and their preservation could have been ensured by proper care.

A jolt for Jack

The Admiralty's order prohibiting the wearing of uniform by sailors in foreign countries, except in ports where their ships are lying, will be a blow to Jack Tars who wish to go "up country."

Warships are not fitted with wardrobes for the lower deck, and in any case the cost of an outfit suitable for all climes—from arctic to equatorial—is prohibitive.

We suspect that the Admiralty wish to keep Jack "down country."

Your investments

Are you a shareholder in a company which gives you no information about its investments? Probably you are without realising it, for all ratepayers are shareholders nowadays.

Municipal trading and investment have grown so immensely in recent years that these activities should be controlled on a par with ordinary company transactions.

An effort is being made in Parliament to compel all local authorities to furnish to ratepayers details of the methods employed and the business carried on.

Such provision in the past might well have saved Wakefield and other corporations from heavy loss.

Hot ships

The Board of Trade must enquire into the practice of sending steel ships to tropical, fever-stricken climes without providing adequate protection for the crews.

Cabins and forecastles without electric fans and awnings become infernos under the blazing sun: at night-time

they are infested with poisonous insects.

The British steamer *Ashlea* put into Portsmouth with the body of Richard Wheeler, a native of Hull, and reported that thirteen members of the crew had contracted malaria on the "Coast."

This is not the only case of which we know. There is adequate protection provided on H.M. ships. Why should the Merchant sailors be neglected?

All my—optics

We had something to say recently of the exploits of one Victor Hilton. We have had further news of him.

He was expedited out of Bromsgrove—where he posed as Victor Gordon—to Stourbridge—where Hilton was his name.

There, and at Redditch, he attempted to gain a footing as an optician, but again he was defeated by the local Press refusing his advertisements.

The man is a quack, and since exposure he apparently finds security in continual flight.

Compensation snags

Mr. P. C. Hoffman and a group of his Labour colleagues are to be congratulated on keeping a wary eye on the

Workers' Compensation Bill in the House of Commons.

There are certain hard regulations that the Home Office must certainly be persuaded to amend.

It is unjust that a man disabled by a certain surgeon's decision should have to pay three guineas to a Referee, and that his widow if he dies

should have to find a similar amount before receiving compensation.

Again, a man disabled by these diseases forfeits all right to future compensation if he believes him to be cured and returns to his job.

This sort of thing won't do.

Temper with mercy

Thomas Frederick Marsham is the superintendent of the Salt Hill Playing Fields, Bucks. Gladys Winifred Jordan, aged 11 years, crawled under the tennis-nets, as the players often do when retrieving the balls.

For this offence Marsham "smacked Gladys over the back."

For this punishment of a quite trivial offence, Marsham received no penalty whatever.

The local Bench, with the exception of Mr. H. J. Daw and Mr. H. L. Davill, decided that Marsham had only slightly exceeded his authority.

If he had broken a bone he might have been fined.

Stretch that tape

It is hard lines on the crews of ships in Dartmouth harbour that, although they are only a hundred yards or so from the Post Office, an additional 2s. has to be paid for the delivery of telegrams.

Cannot red tape stretch a point for the benefit of our seamen?

All Souls

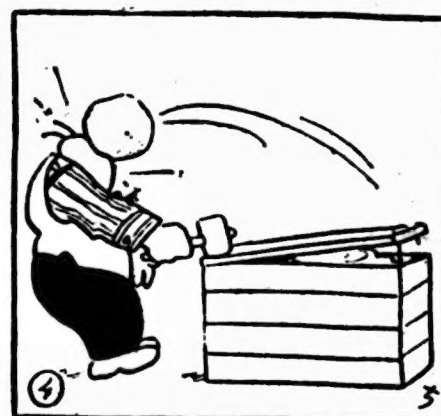
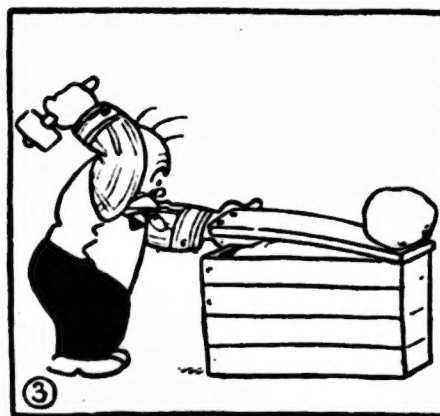
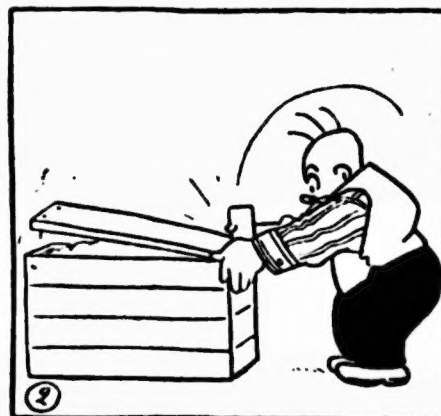
We have already had something to say with reference to All Souls' Nursing and Paying Guest Association, of 2/3, All Souls' Place, Langham Place, London, W.

They are still busy inviting those who have apartments to offer to agree to their charge of £1 ls. for booking particulars and recommendation, to be forwarded with form.

Don't.

ADAMSON—

—Packs it up!



My

SIGNPOST
TO
PROSPERITYby
ERNEST BEVIN

General Secretary, Transport and General Workers' Union. Member of the T.U.C. General Council, the Economic Advisory Council, the Colonial Development Advisory Committee, the Committee on Finance and Industry, and the Port Labour Enquiry Commission.

The process of placing, say, the steel industry under a public and representative authority would naturally be complicated in detail. But in all its essentials it would be simple and straightforward.

Each shareholder in existing steel companies would surrender his scrip and receive interest-bearing Government bonds.

The value of the bonds he received would be equivalent to the average Stock Exchange value of his shares during the last six months before the scheme for transforming the steel industry was made public.

This precaution would prevent speculators from reaping profits from the transformation; nor could shareholders in decayed concerns receive more than the real value of their shares.

Obviously, the first board which directed the publicly-owned steel industry would perforce be nominated by that Government which effected its transformation. "The British Steel Authority," as it might be named, would consist of men selected for their differing and contrasted talents or experience.

Each one would get only his fixed salary as a director.

With clearer vision

REPRESENTATIVES of labour, or finance, or other industries dependent on steel for their existence, and, above all, of skilled management, would obviously find their places on the board, and in the direction of the concern.

Since management would be so prominent on the Authority's board, management would increase in importance. Indeed, I believe that by placing industries under public utility ownership, management would emerge as a highly skilled and remunerated profession.

Here Mr. Bevin gives his reasons for rejecting Empire Free Trade. Whether or no you agree with him, you can record your vote on page 28.

THE World of Industry is sick. A relapsing fever grips Europe and North America, where are concentrated the workshops of the world. Unemployment figures creep upwards with the impersonal surge of flood-water eddying over the banks of a river in

In Britain the sinister total of men with idle hands approaches 2,000,000. In the United States that boasted store-house of prosperity, 10,000,000 American citizens earn nothing, search for jobs—and return to their homes with the slow tread of disillusionment.

Those most competent to form an opinion estimate that 20,000,000 workless "wage-earners" distress the industrial nations. Before it decreases, that multitude, alas! must increase; for the world at present is passing through the most widespread and calamitous glut of raw materials which economists call or historians record.

To-day, two Press lords, Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Rothermere, offer you a national political policy which they believe will stem the flood of unemployment, restore our ancient prosperity, and pass on a fair share of that prosperity to the worker who plays so large a part in its production.

They are at grips with the Conservative Party. By a campaign in their various and ably-connected newspapers, they are attempting to stampede Mr. Baldwin into an acceptance of that policy.

I do not venture to prophesy whether these evangelist peers will succeed in bringing Mr. Baldwin to heel, or in obtaining for their policy official Conservative endorsement. But I am positively certain that their policy of Empire Free Trade, Food Taxes and High Protection cannot even begin to cure Britain's industrial disease or reduce the desolate misery of the unemployed.

Fight for this

DO not misunderstand me. I condemn these Protectionist gambits from no narrow Free Trade dogma. I do not care tuppence for academic controversy concerning the rival panaceas of a more rigid Cobdenism or the building of a "Tariff Wall Round the Empire."

I do care tremendously that prosperity should be restored to Britain, that my fellow-countrymen should not pass their days in hopeless idleness supported by the State, that their wives should not pitifully pinch and scrape to feed the family, that their children should not run ragged through the streets, or sit listless at school too hungry to learn.

For these human reasons I reject "Empire Free Trade," and because I believe that there is a better policy to put in its place—a policy which, had I the paramount power, I would incessantly work to accomplish.

Shortly it is this: the basic industries of Britain, such as coal, steel, and cotton, should be placed under public utility ownership, and their fortunes directed by a public body set up by legislative enactment and representative of all factors affected by each industry.

Observe that the bodies I propose, though public and impersonal, are not Government Departments. I have no faith in the capacity of Whitehall to transform moribund into vital and progressive industries.

Before the Port of London Authority was set up, London's docks were a chaos of senseless competition, stark inefficiency. The unifying policy of the Authority has transformed this wasteful muddle into a smooth-running and dividend-earning port.

It is also a port which provides enormously valuable services to fifty industries scattered all over Britain. Without such services these industries would be crippled, their earnings depressed, their employees "stood off" by the

This would comprise, in my opinion, one of the greatest benefits of the transformation.

Management is the vitamin of the industrial diet, for the deficiency of which our industries are starving along with their destitute former workmen.

Strictly at cost

SUCH a publicly-owned industry as I have outlined would restore itself to prosperity, first by drastic pruning of dead branches, and then by putting forth new and healthy offshoots.

But it would do more than this. It would benefit every other industry it served.

For example, I would have the public utility-owned coal industry supply the steel, the engineering or the shipping industry on a strictly costs basis.

That is to say, these other great industries would obtain coal for what it cost the "British Coal Authority" to produce it. In return, of course, the Coal Authority would obtain its machinery, steel pit-props, and so forth also at cost.

My critics will object that such a vast transformation of our industrial system would take many years to accomplish.

I do not agree, for it must be remembered that conferences, talks, financial pressure, everything has been done to get private enterprise to put its house in order for the last eight years.

Recent experience on the Coal Bill indicates how difficult it is to get the present directors of our basic industries to agree amongst themselves to face up to their problems.

It would be quicker, more thorough, and certainly more successful, to create such public utility undertakings as would grapple with the problem at once without prolonging the jealousies and conflicts of individual directors.

Such bodies would be able to develop a great labour policy, which would preserve for the industries the skill and ability of the men, instead of leaving it to rot by standing off the men and leaving them stranded.

As a shield

BUT, during this transformation, it may be argued that foreign competition would make a tremendous thrust upon our home market. To meet this objection I would be prepared to advocate a policy of real safeguarding to cover this period of transformation.

"Real safeguarding," be it observed, because the infant "British Steel Authority" would be a sapling worth surrounding by a measure of safeguarding against dumped goods or the products of foreign sweated labour.

Our present disorganised and bilious steel industry does not merit any safeguard. Why protect inefficiency, or shelter supine directorates indifferent to all but their own prejudices?

A lusty and growing publicly-owned industry, however, deserves shelter until it is strong enough to meet and defeat all its competitors.

To safeguard such an industry is to build a shield for the national prosperity, for its workpeople's wages, comforts and standards of life.

When those who now cry for Protection will first agree to my policy of publicly-owned industries, a system to protect us from monopoly and inefficiency, and it is then found, on the facts to be necessary, I will join their chorus.

In fact, I will shout the loudest for a safeguard for the British worker's standard of life, for better living conditions, for an increase in the sum total of wealth and happiness contained within the coasts of these islands.

No More Testy Tests!

**Battleships or Bloaters?—Bernard Shaw Takes the Cake—
A Punch for the Waitress**

**G. B. SHAW, Esq.,
Whitchell Court**

DEAR G. B. S.—Many happy returns of July 26.

You are a wonderful old man. Seventy-four and still running! Was your "Back to Methuselah" a promise that you will at least make your century, and even then be younger than the Bright Young People?

Most of us will not wish to live so long, for all our jokes would be stale, all our interests in the past, all our friends passed over.

But you have a fresh joke for every birthday, your interests are always in the future, and you make (and break) your friendships as you go.

Yes, you are a wonder. I trust that you will have something nice to say of the twentieth century to the twenty-first.

JOHN BULL.

**Dr. CHRISTOPHER ADDISON,
Minister of Agriculture**

DEAR DR. ADDISON,—There is surely need to treat as urgent the complaint of the Devon Sea Fisheries Committee that the trawling industry is being ruined largely by the presence of submerged war wrecks in the English Channel.

The decline of the Brixham fishing fleet from 350 vessels in pre-war days to about fifty to-day is eloquent of disaster, yet your Advisory Committee cannot even spare time to investigate the question.

The same state of affairs exists elsewhere round our coasts.

Half the money already expended in spectacular efforts to bring scuttled German battleships to the surface at Scapa Flow would go a long way towards saving a valuable industry from threatened extinction.

JOHN BULL.

**Rt. Hon. MARGARET BONDFIELD,
Minister of Labour**

DEAR MISS BONDFIELD,—It is encouraging to have your declaration that as a result of investigation you are satisfied that circumstances exist in the catering trade which justify action under the Trade Boards Acts.

I, too, have made investigations, as a result of which I can promise you my wholehearted support in any measures you may undertake to clean up this scandal.

You can ask for no higher fame than to become known in history as the Fairy Princess of our Cinderellas of the catering trade.

JOHN BULL.

**CARL HEATH,
Society of Friends**

FRIEND,—You told the Select Committee on Capital Punishment that Neil Cream should have been kept imprisoned in America until those responsible were really clear that he was able to resume his normal activities.

But, my dear sir, murder was his normal activity.

I seem to scent in your remark the modern fallacy that criminals are sick persons in need of medical treatment, and that there is a medical cure for all souls.

Certainly I believe that the mercy of God is infinite.

But, whether you believe or do not believe in capital punishment, it is absurd for the law to regard such scoundrels as Cream as anything but hopelessly wicked.

JOHN BULL.

**Major STENSON COOKE,
Secretary, Automobile Association**

DEAR STENSON COOKE,—Allow me to add a little solo to the chorus of congratulations you have received on the completion of your twenty-fifth year of office.

To most of the chorus you are known as "The Motorists' Friend." To me you are something more.

You never lose an opportunity of pleading for more of the "live and let live" spirit in motoring, and you have never ceased to urge forbearance and courtesy on the King's highway.

You are more than the motorists' friend, you are the friend of pedestrians, horses, and even dogs. I hope there is still a long run before you.

JOHN BULL.

**VISCOUNT LEVERHULME,
Thornton Manor, Cheshire**

DEAR LORD LEVERHULME,—The manifesto which you and your friends have issued is compact of common-sense.

I agree with the whole trend of your argument. Too long have rival political gangs said "What will the country stand?" rather than "What can we do for the good of the country?"

To spend public money in buying votes was the example set by the last Baldwin Administration. The present Cabinet seems fascinated by the same political dodge.

Perhaps your manifesto will show some of us how ludicrous it is to support politicians whose only cure for the country's ills is to try to bribe us with our own money.

JOHN BULL.

**LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH,
31, Bedford Gardens, W.8**

MY LORD,—Thank you for putting in a good word for poor residents in the Royal Borough of Kensington.

It is, as you say, a borough of contrasts, with palaces in the south and acres of overcrowded tenements in the north, and the tenants of these flats are hard-working folk who have not lost their self-respect.

One of the worst aspects of the question is the exorbitant rents charged by greedy landlords.

They are the people who seem to have lost their self-respect, and any influence you can use to recall them to a sense of duty as property-owners will be a fine service.

JOHN BULL.

**Miss KATHERINE TREVELYAN,
Montreal**

DEAR YOUNG MADAM.—That's the spirit! What a splendid trek it must have been right across Canada—tramping for hundreds of miles across the prairies, roughing it in cargo-boats on the great lakes, invading mining-camps, climbing inaccessible mountains.

You have got out of your comfortable rut, and you know something of your limits by now. You are fit for the work of life.

No doubt you will listen to the advice of your father, the Minister of Education, but I doubt if you will settle down into a rut.

JOHN BULL.



**W. M. WOODFULL,
Captain, Australian Test Team**

DEAR WOODFULL,—I hope with all my heart that in the fourth Test Match there will be more favourable weather conditions than at Leeds two weeks ago.

Then the rain gave England a draw and your team was robbed of the victory which Bradman's historic innings ought to have given you.

This was no satisfaction to me or to the supporters of good cricket in this country.

If we can't keep the Ashes by superior play, we'd rather not have them.

Of course, if the light happens to be bad, whether your men or our own men are batting, I shall want them to appeal to the umpire, and I for one shan't boo the batsmen. That is by the way.

We all hope that this time, at least, the barometer will be on the side of good cricket.

Let the best team win, though naturally I murmur a petition that the best team may be ours.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT from the Shoulder

W. B. LUKE, Willesden Magistrate: "The spirit of adventure often verges on a career of crime."

Quite true! But if we recognise the adventure we may often prevent the crime.

LIEUT.-COL. A. H. GAULT: "As much damage may be done by underwork as by overwork."

Strange that you omit to mention underpay!

DR. A. E. DUNSTAN: "The existence of Society more and more depends on the internal combustion engine."
"An army marches on its stomach"—Napoleon.

Not from the B.B.C.—Mr. A. L. C. Mackay, Lecturer on Public Administration, on—

FORTY WINKS at FORTY

"WHERE are the boys of the Old Brigade?"
This question oft is posed.
The answer is, alas! that they
Are still about, at work and play
With minds, like oysters, closed.

Dissembling their senility;

With whisky and with wine
They dope themselves so that they may
Forget the awful fact that they
Are well past thirty-nine!

Some people do not seem to have noticed this widespread prevalence of senile decay and chronic alcoholism; so I felt called upon to direct attention to it in my address to the Institute of Public Administration Conference at Oxford.

"Men over forty," I announced, "tend more and more to become oyster-like. They realise that their minds are closing up, and try every means to produce excitement, from whisky upwards—or downwards."

It is no use drawing my attention to sprightly septuagenarians like Mr. Bernard Shaw (whose mind, admittedly, bears no marked resemblance to an oyster) for he and any others you may mention are obviously exceptions.

But exceptions do not disprove the undoubted fact that at forty the human brain ceases to expand and becomes incapable of accommodating new ideas... Please don't interrupt. I am well aware that Einstein was rather more than thirty-nine when he got hold of some snappy new ideas about time and space, but he is yet another exception.

The person I am concerned with is the average man, who, undoubtedly, is "Too old at forty." In a country run on scientific lines all men who had reached the stage of decrepitude which sets in when the thirties are left behind would be hurried off to a home for the infirm or a lethal chamber.

As it is, we allow these dotards to go about proclaiming that "At forty a man



is in his prime." Really, it should be made a criminal offence to utter such dangerous nonsense!

They may seem quite spry and sporty, hitting golf balls in the rain.

Yet they know, these men of forty, That they cannot long remain In the jobs they now encumber. Father Time has got their number; They are so much human lumber.

Weak of will and wind and brain. Though they may not walk with crutches,

And their steps may still be light; Age has got them in his clutches, And in vain they seek to fight 'Gainst the hefty young beginner; For their hair is growing thinner, And the place that holds their dinner Bulges where their vests are tight.

Sad it is to see them failing.

Getting feebler every day; But, of course, 'tis useless railing; Nature has to have her way. With the smallest and the greatest— And you'll learn from any statish That at forty-one, at latest, Man is fated to decay!

G. GARDINER—

My Plan for CHEAP MEAT

Your vote—"Yes" or "No"
on Food Taxes may win you
£250. See page 28

There is one subject on which Mr. MacDonald can be said to have the ball at his toe it is British agriculture.

Whether he has appreciated that fact in sending Dr. Addison to the Board of Agriculture to do the job has yet to be proved; but the fact is plain enough.

British agriculture is in a desperate plight, and neither Lord Beaverbrook's subsidies nor Mr. Baldwin's subsidy promises the farmer any deliverance from that plight.

So far as the Beaverbrook nostrum is concerned, it does not matter to the British farmer whether he is undersold by Argentine wheat or by Canadian meat.

As to the subsidy, the British town-dweller, who represents 80 per cent. of the population, will make short work of any Party which suggests that he is to be further taxed in order to support an industry that should be self-supporting.

All together

And that agriculture can be self-supporting without being spoon-fed with food taxes or subsidies is undeniable. It has the greatest market in the world at its doors, and only decent organisation is needed to take the case of the cattle industry. That industry is the most important branch of British agriculture, but, as it is, it ought to be far greater. And what is most serious is that it is a relatively declining industry. A generation ago the proportion of home-produced meat consumed in the country was 70 per cent. of the total, to-day it is less than 50 per cent.

We are now paying over 52 millions a year, more than a million sterling a week, for imported meat. Of the 10,000 tons of meat that we imported in 1928, South America alone, mainly Argentina, provided 646,000 tons.

And this in spite of the fact that we have the finest pastures in the world, the best breeds of cattle in the world, the richest market in the world, and

millions of acres of land unused or only partly used.

What is the explanation of this grotesque paradox?

The brief answer is that the foreign trusts are organised and the British farmer is not organised.

Every fortnight there sits in close proximity to St. Bartholomew's at Smithfield a conference of the dictators of the British meat trade.

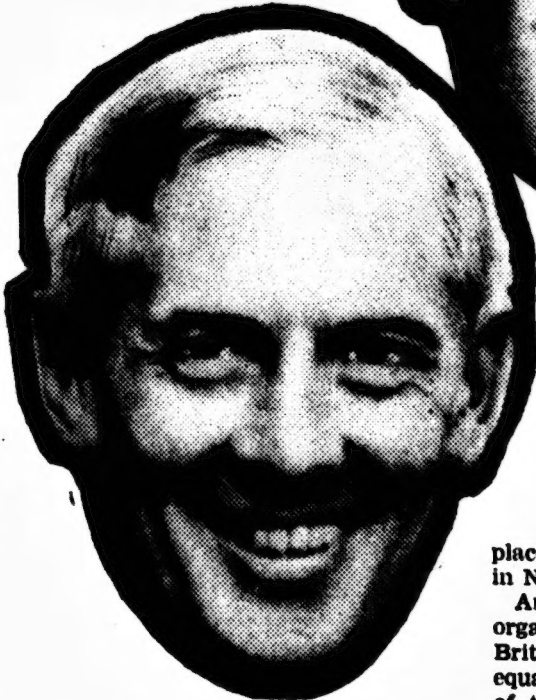
It is the G.H.Q. of the Trusts. There they survey the field of battle. There they dictate the campaign. There they decide where to strike and how to strike.

Farmer Shuttlecock

And the British farmer is helpless in the toils of their mass manoeuvres. He is a shuttlecock in the hands of the Meat Lords.

Who are these Meat Lords who hold the British farmer and the British consumer alike in the hollow of their hands? They are not numerous. A moderate round table will accommodate the lot.

To digress for a moment, let me remind you that this dictatorship of the Meat Trusts is not merely a matter that affects the farmer. It is a menace to the consumer.



"He can lift the stranglehold"—
Dr. Addison

It holds over our heads the threat, the imminent threat, of a meat famine.

In his recent article in the *Times*, Sir William S. Haldane, the greatest authority on the meat supply of the world, has shown how near we are to a world shortage. Already supplies are running out and prices are rising.

This is due to the enormous fact that the United States has ceased to export meat and has become an importer.

We are, in Sir William's opinion, face to face with a meat famine, for, if the United States with its enormous wealth and devouring appetite beckons, the Meat Lords will leave us to go short.

This is the way

They will go to the market that is nearest and pays them best, and our second state will be worse than our first.

The remedy both for the present evil and the future menace is in our own hands. It is not the remedy that Lord Beaverbrook offers us.

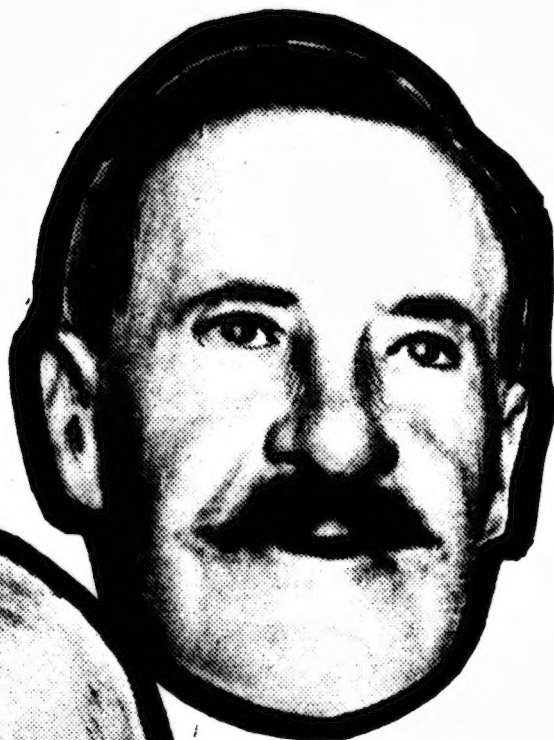
Food taxes would not help the farmer, and they would add a new and crushing burden to the consumer.

They will not help the farmer, because, again, it does not matter to him that Argentine meat is taxed if Canadian and New Zealand meat comes in free to compete with him.

The key to the domination of the British market by the Meat Trusts is not free imports: it is superior organisation of the trade. It is, so to speak, the mass production of the commodity and their superior methods of marketing that commodity.

The answer to this is the adoption of the same methods. We must fight rationalisation with rationalisation—big industry with big industry. The lesson which Denmark has taught us in the bacon and butter industry must be applied to the cattle industry.

We need to standardise our breeds. We need to plan out on a national scale the feeding and finishing pro-



"Sir William S. Haldane says:
we may be starved"

cesses of production, so that the animal is ready a year earlier for the market.

We must adopt the Meat Works Plan, with its centralised management and its marvellous factory and abattoir system, which is the common-

place of the industry in the Argentine, in New Zealand and Australia.

And we need a vast marketing organisation which will enable the British farmer to fight the Trusts on equal terms instead of being the sport of the conference room behind St. Bartholomew's Church.

The thing can be done, and I have reason to know that it is in contemplation in powerful quarters and that the money is available for this great national adventure.

But there is one preliminary condition that is necessary to bring about this revolution in the cattle industry. And it is here that the Government can strike a blow for the deliverance of British agriculture from the tyranny of the Meat Trusts.

It is not import duties that are needed. It is import regulation. This does not necessarily mean restriction of imports, and it certainly does not mean higher retail prices.

But it does mean the stabilising of supplies and the stabilising of prices. It would take from the Meat Trusts the power of glutting the market or starving the market to serve their own ends, and it would give the British farmer the security he is entitled to against their manipulations.

Five very simple expedients are necessary.

The licensing of all importers.

The licensing of all wholesalers.

The declaration by importers of shipments to be made.

The declaration by importers and wholesalers of stocks in store.

Where meetings, constituting a monopoly such as the Meat Conference, are held, an expert representative of the Ministry shall be present.

Given these simple provisions, the grip of the Trusts on the throat alike of the British farmer and the British consumer will be relaxed.

No famine

The way will be clear for a revival of the British cattle industry which will rehabilitate the farmer and take away from the consumer the threat of a meat famine that overshadows the near future.

If Dr. Addison will lift the stranglehold of the Trusts upon British agriculture he will do more for that great interest than has been done by any statesman for generations.

Homely Wisdom—
by CANON R. J.
CAMPBELL, D.D.

Hitting Back



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, junior, is reported to have said of late that a man should so live as to be able to look any other man in the face and tell him to go to hell.

The advice savours too much of aggressive self-consciousness to be worth taking—in fact, it does not truly represent Mr. Rockefeller's own attitude to life, for he is said to be one of the modest, and friendliest of men.

It is merely an exaggerated way of stating that we should all take care to reserve independence of mind and a good conscience—like Longfellow's Village Blacksmith.

Who looks the whole world in the face for he owes not any man."

It is a mistake to think that in order to win respect and gain our ends we must be prepared at all times to give blow for blow and sneer for sneer.

We have some big men who do it, but they do not increase their power in the process.

When Mr. Lloyd George the other day moved a whole speech to vituperation Mr. Baldwin no one felt that he owed to his own prestige by so doing.

No more did Mr. Baldwin when he sneered out at his newspaper critics.

No more did Lord Birkenhead when he replied to the accusation of plagiarism brought against him by Professor Haldane and tried to belittle the latter.

The professor had the best of it when he humorously ignored the gibes and

told the statesman that he did not object to a man following his tracks, but that he did object to the same "... to go to hell" man borrowing his boots to do it in, especially if the borrower did not know how to put on the boots.

In this very imperfect world of ours the ultra-sensitive are apt to get bullied if the bullying can be done with impunity. It is a good thing to know just when the point arrives when the bully has to be suppressed.

Screaming and crying will not do it; patience and dignity may be required for a long time before the right moment arrives to vindicate yourself against injustice.

It may never come. There are forms of injustice that have to be borne in silence throughout life, usually for the sake of those we love.

But, as G. K. Chesterton puts it, there is not the least inconsistency between loving a man and fighting him—only we must take care to fight fairly and cleanly.

Plato, the greatest thinker of the ancient world, has told us that there are only three ways of treating a fellow man: We can ignore him, or hate him, or line up beside him.

The lining-up method is the best every time.

The WORST MAN in BRITAIN



AN exhibition of most unpleasant pictures will be on view in London shortly. They are the sinister works of Aleister Crowley, a self-confessed super-degenerate who, since we exposed him years ago, has been keeping very much in the background.

Dope-fiend, devil-doctor and disciple of "black magic," he is back again in England, after having been deported from many countries.

Crowley, although he can only be interviewed by appointment, has since his arrival in London been using three addresses—at Yeoman House, Haymarket, S.W.; at All Souls' Place, W.; and at Park Mansions, Knightsbridge, S.W.

Degrading pictures

We have before us as we write photographic copies of some of the "works of art" which Crowley intends to hang for the pleasure of the degenerates and the dupes.

There are grotesque impressions of women for which he would be lynched in certain parts of the Empire.

His own face—the face of "Beast 666," as he calls himself—is prominently featured, bloated and coarse.

Our present warning is all the more real and urgent since we know that Crowley, for once in a way, is financially embarrassed.

Crowley knows only one way of making money—the corruption of manhood and womanhood.

We will not again stress in detail his record.

Our readers will recollect our many exposures of his "black magic," his dope carnivals, of how he was banished from France and Italy, of how he was driven from his free love "temple" in Sicily.

Mystic writings

But we consider it our duty to expose this new Crowley menace—the "art" exhibition; not so much the exhibition itself, but the incidentals that will, if not prevented, surround it.

When Crowley is engaged in his despicable business, as he is now, scores are in peril.

Young undergraduates and impressionable women are particularly at his mercy.



"The Beast" in his royal robes—and as he looks in London to-day

His insatiable greed will bleed from them every penny of their money if they are seduced by his wiles.

His methods of approach range from the anonymous distribution of pseudo-mystic manuscripts to the inclusion in his published works of subtly-worded invitations to his readers to communicate with him secretly.

It is no secret to us that while in hiding at Serriat el Kiton, La Marsa, Tunis, recently, Crowley was in communication with certain young men in England who had been brought to his notice as likely dupes.

They had shown interest in his book, "The Diary of a Drug Fiend," and Crowley, under the cloak of kindly advice as a drug-expert, contrived cunningly to encourage them to study his doctrines.

Common fee-snatcher

As what we might call a "mail-order magician," Crowley, in cases like this, forwards to novices a "Form of Acceptance."

In this the would-be initiate to his rotten rigmarole of vice has to swear that he or she will "devote myself to carrying out by all means in my power the plan of the Master for helping mankind."

The method of helping mankind advocated reeks of debauchery, and Crowley carefully advises that the recipients of his form should exercise the greatest caution.

The immaculate Crowley, as a matter of fact, reveals himself as nothing but a common fee-snatcher. He proves himself the most expensive vendor of dirt in the world.

His follow-up letters to those who have been snared by his wily "Form of Acceptance" advise that they should place themselves entirely in his hands.

They will go away into the desert, he says, and there, "living as hermits," wrest the secrets from nature.

Threatened

But a discreet enquiry is made as to how much money his new "disciples" will be able to bring with them into the desert.

Should they then hesitate, Crowley has a recipe. He writes suggesting that "Occult Guards" are at work, and adds a sinister caution of secrecy such is in this letter (one of many) we have before us:

"If I were you I would not let it be known that you are in any way assisting me. You might draw down on yourself all sorts of persecutions. Keep everything a secret until I see you."

"Then we can agree upon the lines to follow. I hate to give advice like this, but we live in a world where people are mad. Everyone is judged by prejudice. Hysteria has replaced Isis."

He even goes so far as to advise his potential victims to beware of women—this cad who has made himself infamous the world over.

And then his trump-card is the remark that he himself—he the "Master"—is pressed for money.

His enemies, he says, have succeeded in curtailing his literary earnings. He is "prohibited by oath" from making any profits from his "magical work," and hence he is a martyr to the great cause.

What a terrible hole for a Messiah to be in, to be sure!

Knighted himself

A mere £200, he says, would clear his immediate liabilities.

His trustees would guarantee the payment of interest, and he himself would be willing to make a new will in favour of the lender.

"I am strongly advised to go to New York," he writes, "but it would be quite useless for me to do this unless my wardrobe were completely renewed, which, with the cost of the journey and some reserves for living over there until business was completed, should be estimated at some £500."

"I have not a single thing fit to wear," he moans pathetically.

In further letters he modestly remarks that "I should like to take a loan of 10,000 to 15,000 dollars. The matter is urgent." Doubtless he would.

Such invitations for assistance have been extensively circulated, not only by Crowley himself, but by his "disciples," who are saturated with Crowley's odious doctrines.

In one of his letters which we have seen he signs himself "Sir Aleister Crowley," and the information was elicited from a "disciple" that he thus styles himself because he is a "Knight of the Holy Grail and uses the title when residing in the countries where that order is officially recognised by the Government."

When expected victims exhibit no tendencies to yield, Crowley shows his teeth.

"Expect the most devastating punishment," he storms at one unfortunate delinquent, while to another he writes that "the Magical Law has been broken the dread consequences must be taken."

"Remember M.," he adds, mentioning the name of a woman once in his toils, "and beware lest a similar fate befall you."

Whitewash

Traitors, says Crowley, are dealt with "much more effectively." People who have offended him are found in the places, "prisons, lunatic asylums and cemeteries."

We need hardly stress the danger of Crowley's subtle flattery linked with threats upon the weak-minded and the sensation-seekers.

Will his exhibition be used as a peg on which to hang more fee-snatching



When Crowley "went into the desert with the devil"

appeals? Unless action is taken to ban the forthcoming show of disgusting "art works," Crowley will continue to find other dupes.

An amazing attempt to whitewash the rogue is made in the circular announcing his "confessions."

"He is a scholar," it says, "and a gentleman—a poet, a mystic, a big game hunter, a chemist, a chess-player."

"He has climbed Beachy Head, the Alps, the Himalayas and the Mexican volcanoes."

"He has walked across the Sahara and across Spain and China on foot. He has lived as a Yogi in an Indian village, as a laird in Scotland, and as a Bohemian in London, Paris and New York."

Nothing good

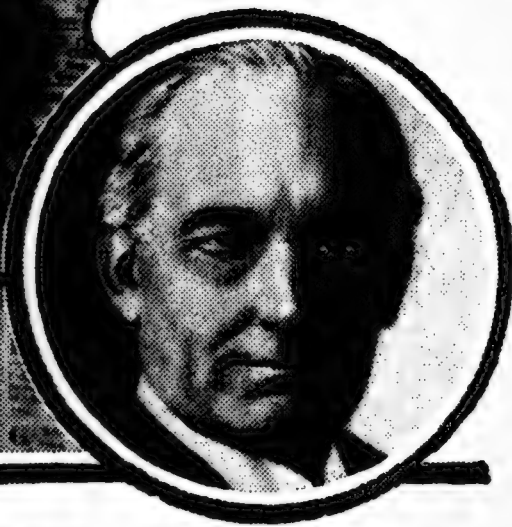
More accurately, we might say, he has lived all over the world as the world's worst degenerate.

He is a living plague-spot on the name British, and we trust that, even if the law cannot intervene, this timely warning will save many from his clutches in his latest insidious campaign in this country.

JULY 26, 1930

JOHN BULL

The LOVABLE FAMILY Swindle



As head of the Advertising Association, Lord Riddell should broadcast a warning

Advertisements were cunningly selected from reputable papers

MEET Mrs. Patricia Croker, daring and beautiful, who, at forty, captures the hearts—and pockets—of countless admirers with an almost uncanny skill. Patricia's stock-in-trade are her dresses, the mock-sweetness of her disposition, a Peugeot car modelled in delicate hues, two of the most charming children you could meet anywhere, a doting dog and a maid. With these her stage is set; but there is just one other member of the repertory cast. "Daddy." Tall, soldierly, "well-groomed-out," groomed like a Guardsman, strutting it nobly with this sword, amber beauty. But "Daddy" is just a fade-in and a fade-out as occasion arises, just a pawn in the game that is never taken, but often lost. As a matter of fact, although one could scarcely imagine it whilst in her company, angel-faced Patricia is an unscrupulous adventuress.

Her wealthy husband

The children, the dog, the car and "Daddy" are just "props" in a game of profitable criminal theatricals. An advertisement appeared recently in a well-known weekly and other periodicals to the effect that a well-furnished farmhouse, with up-to-date conveniences, was available for immediate letting. Its address was Downe's Farm, Hereford. Writing from a poor-class hotel in London, and offering first-class references, Mrs. Patricia Croker, who stated that she was independent and the wife of a wealthy man, asked for full particulars, which were forthcoming. A flying visit to the property followed, and when the owner agreed to lease the fair Patricia graciously consented to a tenancy. Complete with "Daddy," children, dog, maid and dog, she took possession, and the rural inhabitants of the neighbourhood as well as the "classy" neighbours began eagerly to talk of the charming and loving family at Downe's Farm.

Now, it was generally accepted in the district that the owner of the property was so jealous of the reputation of the property that none but the perfectly reputable could obtain a tenancy.

And this was just what Mrs. Patricia Croker knew and intended to play on.

To get a footing

Soon after her arrival at Hereford she graciously patronised the local tradesmen, large and small. Money was no object.

Neither were the first bills, which were settled with a promptitude that delighted even a few local "profiteers."

Not only did she settle her accounts commendably, but she was friendly

enough to allow her own car to be used to transport purchased goods to the house—a kindly thought that endeared tradesmen to her more than ever.

Never a luxury was missing from her house. Friends and "paying guests" lived like lords and ladies.

Her charm of manner and her open purse soon won her unlimited credit.

When she decided to instal a grand piano and various elegant articles of furniture that would make the country home look more "towny," the furnishing company which she patronised gladly acceded to her every request.

And then things began to go wrong. Bills were neglected. She smiled casual excuses, but several of the more bolder of her creditors, sensing bluff, demanded satisfaction.

Patricia Croker unblushingly tendered a variety of excuses, one of which was that her stockbrokers who handled the thousands involved in her investments had, for some reason not

yet to hand, defaulted in their dividends.

But we might say that obtaining furniture, provisions, wines and the rest was not the fair Patricia's only sinister occupation while at Downe's Farm.

She also obtained large sums of money from local people whom she induced to cash cheques drawn on various banks which she professed were handling her accounts.

Scores of cheques were dishonoured, for £5, £10 and even £50.

She opened accounts at random with deposits of £5, using the cheque-books she got to juggle with anything up to £50.

The inevitable climax came. "The game was up" The bluff was called.

A grand finale

Then, suddenly, Patricia vanished. So did the dog. And the children. And the Peugeot car. And so did "Daddy"—not that anyone had seen very much of him anyway.

Not to speak of the silver and all the valuables of the farmhouse.

If this were the only coup of this lady with the delicate air it would be sufficient to stamp her a dangerous adventuress.

But it was only a "flash in the pan." For, during the past few months, Mrs. Patricia Croker, in precisely the same cunning way, has been persistently swindling people all over the country.

A few of the towns and cities in which creditors are clamouring for her are Northampton, Bournemouth, Hastings, Chester, Preston, Torquay, Leicester, Weston-super-Mare and Scarborough.

Vista of victims

In these and other localities she lived a life of elegance and ease in house or bungalow.

How many more people is she to rook before a prison cell separates her from society?

A "Fashion-Plate" FORGER

MR. F. W. PERKIN is a forger who likes to be fashionable. With all the airs and graces of a man-about-town, he actually makes purchases from shopkeepers he dupes by means of bogus cheques.

A man of 35, Perkin has an attractive personality. He is always well-groomed. He went casually into a jeweller's shop at Matlock the other day and asked to be shown a selection of silver cigarette-cases.

Quite a number were laid before him on the counter, and he finally selected one the price of which was two guineas.

Could they cash a cheque? He had, he said, come out unprepared for shopping, and the shopkeeper, quite deceived by Perkin's convincing manner, readily agreed to oblige him.

The cheque, made out to Perkin himself, bore the signature of a reputable business man whose name was explained when Perkin presented a visiting-card showing him to be the managing director of a large manufacturing firm in Birmingham.

The cheque was for £7 15s. 6d., and Perkin, after cordially thanking



Major Anley, Chief of the Derby Police, would like a word with Perkin

the shopkeeper for his kindness and courtesy, strolled away with the cigarette-case and £3 12s. 6d. change.

Barclay's Bank at Birmingham dishonoured the cheque as a forgery, and the disillusioned shopkeeper, on consulting the police, discovered that F. W. Perkin, alias Robert Eric William Wharton, was a much-wanted man.

The man whose signature was purported to be on the cheque had never given him a cheque of any description, but Perkin was at one time, apparently, in his employ, and it is probable that

he then purloined documents that inspired him to forge the manufacturer's name.

At Southport Perkin showed a fondness for cigars, presented a local tobacconist with a forged cheque for £7 17s. 6d., and vanished with a selection of high-class "smokes" and change amounting to £5 8s. 6d.

Another easy coup was carried out at Derby, where he induced a shopkeeper to part with a petrol-lighter, watch and £5 change in cash, all for a forged cheque for £9 15s. 6d.

He is known to have made as much as £20 easy money within the brief space of three days, but he is careful never to remain in any one district a moment longer than is necessary.

He is wanted in other parts of the country not only for forgery but for attempting to obtain goods by false pretences.

It sometimes happens that, when Perkin presents his wastepaper, shopkeepers desire to make telephonic enquiries before parting with goods or money. In which event the fashionable forger makes an excuse and beats a hurried retreat.

It is impossible to know where Perkin will appear next, and shopkeepers everywhere should be on their guard.

"I can't command
success for them



but this will teach them to
earn it . . ." says an enthusiastic Mother

Anything within your power you would do for them. You mean your children to get ahead. Then, Mother, listen to this plan which thousands upon thousands of mothers like yourself are trying.

Teach the children to believe in themselves. To take a sensible pride in appearance. Teach them the Lifebuoy Habit. For a short time remind them, whenever they come in from school or play, to have their Lifebuoy wash. This little habit will soon become second nature to them. It teaches them to rely upon themselves—but above all it is the great safeguard against germ-carried infection. The Lifebuoy Habit starts children in the way they must go. A little thing, but one which works to a great end—health and belief in self—Character.

**The LIFEBOUY
HABIT**

.. for health and character

A LEVER PRODUCT



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Absolutely impervious to rain, sleet or hail.

Cut with full, ample skirt, deep storm collar. No dressier coat or more sportsmanlike coat was ever produced. Ideal in all climates.

Must not be confused with the imitation leather coat. The Militaire is quite, quite different, and equally dressy in dry weather as in wet weather.

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Post us your remittance for 21/- for this Ideal Coat, giving us your height and size round chest, over waistcoat.

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All food, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

A Simple Detective Story by SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS



He sees the names. Should he enter—?

The “L” Clue

URING the past few days I have been keenly interested in the activities of a firm called Ray and Russell, whose operations, though admittedly planned carefully, provided me with a little piece of detective work which I thoroughly enjoyed. Messrs. Ray and Russell are a firm which purports to float companies and provide the necessary capital.

I do not know how many companies they have formed, or in how many they have provided any capital, possibly some of my readers may be able to enlighten me on this point. A few months ago one of our readers in the north of England got in touch with Messrs. Ray and Russell through an advertisement which appeared in a local paper.

Messrs. Ray and Russell's representative in that area was a firm in Liverpool known as North and Dene, in a very short time negotiations bearing completion for the formation of a company, the necessary capital, of course, to be found by Messrs. Ray and Russell. Our reader wrote to me, and, needless to say, the business needed no further.

I was interested to discover that Messrs. North and Dene, the agents, took no steps whatever to inspect the premises, the status of the business, its books or ledgers. The mere verbal description by my correspondent was all that was given to the office of Messrs. North and

however, proved quite sufficient for Messrs. Ray and Russell, “considered the business very satisfactory,” and expressed the opinion that their clients would not “be willing to subscribe the capital required.”

It was proposed to issue 6,500 preference shares, and the only little formality to be gone through was the payment of a cheque for £21 in payment of the formation expenses. The balance was to be paid on “completion of the documents” (not on the completion of the business and the raising of the capital, mark you!).

I immediately suspected that Messrs. Ray and Russell was being run by the notorious Ashton gang, owing doubtless to our exposures, and somewhat difficult to transact business in their own name.

I pursued the matter further, and this week I had another communication from a correspondent in the Midlands, who is not proceeding further with this business proposition.

Ray and Russell's office is in Jessel Chambers, Chancery Lane, and so are the offices of Mr. W. R. Ashton!

Messrs. Ray and Russell's telephone number is Holborn 5048 (2 lines) and Mr. W. R. Ashton's telephone number is Holborn 5048 (2 lines)!

Now it is manifestly impossible for two people to possess the same Post Office telephone number, so I looked up the Telephone Directory and I found that Messrs. Ray and Russell have no telephone number at all, but W. R. Ashton has, and that is Holborn 5048, and the 2 lines mentioned are (if they exist at all) a simple extension-switch.

Mr. W. R. Ashton has made some unfortunate slips in his scheme of deception.

First of all, it was a mistake for him to get his headed notepaper printed by the same firm as that employed by Messrs. Ray and Russell, because the type is identical.

It was also a mistake, and a bad one, for W. R. Ashton and Ray and Russell to use the same typewriting machine, as it has a certain inherent “fault” (which I don't propose to give away).

It was indiscreet to employ the same typist, as he or she has got a certain trick when typing letters which identifies the typist at once. That also I am not giving away.

The same telegraphic address also was an error of judgment, Ray and Russell's being “Ray Holborn 5048” and W. R. Ashton's being “Ashton Holborn 5048.”

In order to test their telephone system I caused one of my staff to call up Holborn 5048 and ask for Ray and Russell (who are not in the telephone-book, mark you!).

(Continued in column 2)

Charity Singer's FAULTY TEMPO

OFTEN during the past year hotel guests in various parts of the country have assembled in the lounge or ballroom after dinner to hear Mrs. Dorothy St. Clair Mackenzie.

For Mrs. Mackenzie is a soprano; she does not, according to herself, belong to the lower order of life, and she has dedicated her voice to the high service of charity.

So it would seem at least to those who have listened to this woman, always finely gowned, at her evening hotel receptions, and who have been induced to contribute to the note and silver collections which she makes among her audiences.

It is unfortunate that this person has ever been permitted to pose as she does in the cause of charity.

Her last series of concerts were held ostensibly in aid of the Invalid and Crippled Children's Society, a most deserving organisation in the East End of London in which members of the Royal Family take a particular interest.

Six months ago this Society appealed to the public for help. In response there came a letter from Mrs. Mackenzie volunteering to assist the funds by devoting a portion of the proceeds of some musical recitals she was to give.

It was arranged that she should give performances at hotels and schools, her railway fares and hotel expenses should be defrayed, and that she should deduct two guineas from the takings at each recital from which her accompanist would be paid.

References were of course, asked for, and a particularly generous one was supplied on behalf of Mrs. Mackenzie. It has only now transpired that it came from her mother.

Mrs. Mackenzie next put herself in touch with the managers of superior hotels and fixed dates for a series of recitals.

She also went to different printers and ordered illustrated programmes and invitation cards, bearing the name of the Duke of Gloucester, all of which she was, of course, entitled to do.

But some surprise was caused to the Crippled Children's Society at the outset when applications to Mrs. Mackenzie to submit a list of the dates and places of her recitals failed to bring a satisfactory answer.

Word came from other sources, however, that performances were being given at different hotels, and it was presumed that in the end the soprano



“Dedicated her voice to charity”

would properly account for her activities.

It had been definitely arranged that Mrs. Mackenzie should render accounts monthly.

So far she has done nothing of the kind, nor has the charity had a penny-piece of the collections which, mostly by chance, it has been found she made from hotel guests.

Even the printers have not been paid.

This was not the first time Mrs. Mackenzie had been singing for charities—without profit to them.

Before enlisting herself with the Crippled Children's Society she operated similarly for a disabled ex-Service men's organisation.

Great difficulty was then experienced in persuading her to render accounts, and her methods were unbusinesslike to a degree.

This organisation refused to allow her to use its name for more of her recitals when a hotel in Yorkshire complained that Mrs. Mackenzie had left without paying her bill.

Mrs. Mackenzie would certainly seem to be a soprano who should be shunned.

(Continued from column 2)

Having got Ray and Russell successfully, he asked for Mr. Ashton (who can only be “interviewed by appointment”), and was successful in immediately securing a telephone conversation with Mr. W. R. Ashton.

The conversation was short because, under my instructions, he merely asked if he was speaking to Mr. W. R. Ashton, and on being informed in the affirmative promptly rang off.

The history of Mr. W. R. Ashton is as follows:

For years he posed, at Jessel Cham-

bers and elsewhere, as a company-promoting “expert.”

Many have been the complaints made about his doubtful tactics, both to JOHN BULL and the police, by people from whom he has obtained varying sums of money for little or nothing.

That he is a company expert—of a type—I do not doubt.

But I happen to know that he paid dearly for his experience when, a few years ago, he was sent to jail for nine months for swindling people through the medium of a bogus company called W. and A. Wilson and Company.

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**WANT
CADBURY'S**

Is YOUR Wife Blackmailed?

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON



"It is a wholesale business"—Judge Parry

I SAY boldly that if the country once realised the extent to which our county courts have been made into a smoothly-running blackmail machine by a certain class of trader there would be what is vulgarly called "a hell of a row."

If what happens daily to thousands of poor people happened to one rich person there would be enquiries and Royal Commissions and hasty legislation.

Because the victims of this county court blackmail are poor and powerless the scandal goes on year after year, unexposed and unchecked.

What happens is this: while the husband is away at work the "tally-men" go round the mean streets and persuade the wife to buy expensive gramophones, clothes, furniture and household appliances on the hire-purchase system.

When the husband comes home he finds his wife has signed an agreement committing him to a purchase of anything from £10 to £20.

Often, as he has a perfect right to do, he promptly repudiates the whole business—and then the game begins.

The firm goes to the county court and gets a "special default summons," a form of summons issued in respect of debts of £10 and upwards against which a working-man ought to be, but is not, protected.

And the trouble is that such an action can be heard either in the place where the defendant lives or where the transaction "wholly or in part arose."

If the debtor lives in Whitechapel and the firm supplying the goods is in Bradford, the summons can be taken out in the Bradford County Court.

There is, therefore, the necessity of the poor debtor journeying from Whitechapel to Bradford—which puts him out of court straight away.

Millstone for years

Nor is that all. In the case of such summonses, the debtor must, before he is entitled even to defend a case, go to a solicitor to prepare an affidavit, and to a second solicitor to have the affidavit sworn.

How many poor people know what an affidavit is? How many, even if they know, can find the 10s. or so necessary to have it prepared?

The result is that nearly all these cases go by default, and thousands of poor men, earning meagre wages, find themselves saddled with a weekly or monthly payment for goods they did



They both condemn this legalised form of blackmail—Judge Tobin and Judge Cluer



not order and do not want, with the prospect of prison if they do not pay.

The type of firm I have in mind knows all this perfectly well; and, knowing it, makes deliberate use of the county court machinery for its own ends.

It is a monstrous scandal that a complacent State should maintain powerful machinery like this for their benefit.

Anyone conversant with county court procedure can testify how wholesale this business is. Traders issue their complaints in bundles and take out their summonses in batches.

Many of them can even afford to keep a skilled clerk to fill up the papers for them and see the whole business through.

Many firms, too, securely relying on the legal ignorance of their victims, send out "blue frighteners," made to look as nearly as possible like a county court summons.

Thousands of men are bluffed by these into paying debts which no county court judge would uphold for a moment.

What makes the position all the more serious is the fact that most of the cases I have in mind are hire-purchase agreements of a type that are secured by improper—not to say criminal—acts on the part of agents.

In the great majority of cases there has never been a contract, either in law or in fact. But the law actually shelters this illegal trading and provides the shark with a powerful and oppressive debt-collecting machine!

"I have known cases," says Judge Parry, "where a working-man's wife was dealing with nineteen different drapers. What wages could satisfy such an orgy of drapery as that?"

A monstrous abuse

There are very many reputable firms who scorn these methods, but steps must be taken against these others.

Some very simple amendments of the law would stop most of the abuses. The power of the registrar of a county court to allow the hearing of a case in any place other than where the defendant lives should be drastically curtailed, if not abolished altogether.

That in itself would go a long way towards removing the present injustice of the law.

It should not be necessary to swear an affidavit where a debt exceeds £10.

When that £10 limit was imposed no one had foreseen or even contemplated the tremendous growth of the hire-purchase system which the crook has so cunningly turned to his own ends.

The crook has defeated the law; it is the turn of the law to defeat the crook.

The quickest way to do it is to give the working-man protection against him where debts of any amount are disputed.

There is a third reform which would clip the claws of a good many of these fraudulent gentry.

A county court judge should have the power to award very high costs indeed against a firm who has utilised a special default summons to force payment of a debt that has always been in dispute and to which there has always been a sound defence.

That would make them think before trying to use the county courts as their private debt-collecting machine.

Do it this way

Meanwhile, let me give those of my readers who may be in the clutches of these people some very practical advice.

If you have got an ordinary summons for a debt, and you dispute it, go to the court and tell the judge the facts. He will settle the dispute.

There are no more wise or kindly men in the country than our county court judges. You need not be afraid.

If you have been summoned for a debt of £2 to £10, and if you know you owe the money, be quite honest about it.

Write to the registrar of the county court, admit that you owe the money, and say what amount per week you are prepared to pay in settlement of the debt. If your suggestion is at all reasonable you will be listened to.

But if you are one of the people I have been writing about, if your debt is more than £10 and you have received a special default summons, study this article very closely. Remember, you have only eight days in which to enter a defence.

I can assure you that JOHN BULL has taken up this scandal in dead earnestness and means to see the law altered.

Don't be scared by "blue frighteners," or bullying, or summonses, or anything else.

Put the whole of the facts before JOHN BULL and help to end one of the biggest scandals of the day.

The Human Machine

Inspiration—and Perspiration!

JOHAN HUNTER, the father of modern medicine, whose careful observations have sometimes been called "the very life-blood of modern surgery," was once asked what method he adopted to ensure that what he did should be successful.

"My rule is this," he said, "deliberately to consider before I begin whether the thing is practicable. If it is not practicable I do not attempt it; if it is practicable, I can accomplish it if I give sufficient pains to it."

"And, most important of all, having begun a thing, I never stop till the thing is done. To this method I owe all my success."

Inspiration—and Perspiration! The two levers that can move the world! And there is nothing so clearly marks the difference between the man of flabby mind and the man who is really a man as this purposeful energy, this invincible determination to carry a job through once it has been tackled.

All through history the great men of the world have been those who, having once made up their minds what they were aiming at, went straight ahead till they got it. Death or Victory!—in little things or in great—that is the attitude of mind that will accomplish anything that can be done in the world.

The habit of "sticking it" is one of the most valuable we can acquire. If you try it you will realise that, far from being the effect of energy, it is the cause of energy.

The man who can really make up his mind to see a job through is the man who will not tire till the job is done.



200

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All British . . . Rajar . . . daylight loading Worth 2 guineas. Simple to use. Fine Meniscus lens. Takes perfect pictures. $2\frac{1}{2}$ " x $3\frac{1}{4}$ ". This is the finest value ever offered in any gift scheme! Get your folding camera . . . start saving now.

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10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d. Plain or Cork Tips.
Coupons also in every packet of B.D.V. Tobacco. 11d. per oz.

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... bowl like GRIMMETT

1 Two marvellous booklets written by C. V. Grimmett—one telling how you can be a master run-maker like Bradman, the other how you can be a wizard wicket-taker like Grimmett.

also THUMB CINEMA

2 . . . A "Thumb cinema" showing, in slow motion, either Bradman making the ball whizz to the boundary or Grimmett delivering one of his "unplayables." (Say which you want—Grimmett or Bradman.)

Get these great AUTOGRAPHS

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(Coupons also should be sent to this address. Register them—as a safeguard against loss in post).



The Tide at Ramsay's Toes



"After a short summer holiday..."

EVERY week now the dominance of unemployment over all other domestic questions becomes more pronounced. There is no check to the rising tide. A few more weekly increases like those experienced since Whitsuntide and the gloomy prediction that the two million limit would be reached before autumn will be fulfilled.

Even if the upward movement were to be suddenly stopped at its present point the outlook for the winter would be alarming enough.

In three months the dark cold days when the hardships of unemployment are felt most severely will be upon us.

It is not astonishing that people are asking impatiently what the Government is doing.

It would be doing the Prime Minister and his colleagues on the Cabinet Unemployment Committee an injustice to suggest that they are not concentrating attention on the problem, or that they are not aware of the feeling both in the country and among a strong section of their own supporters.

The doubtful thing is whether they realise fully the effect of lack of information about what they are actually doing behind the scenes.

There is a growing feeling that if a serious reaction against the Government is to be prevented in the next few months a much fuller and franker statement about the difficulties will have to be made, and also the plans that are being prepared.

A few weeks ago Mr. Lloyd George urged that there should be an emergency session, devoted entirely to emergency unemployment legislation. The reply of the Government was an announcement that after a short summer

holiday a new session would begin in the early autumn.

Then Mr. Lloyd George accepted the Prime Minister's invitation to take part in joint consultations and pool his ideas.

According to the Prime Minister, discussions and examination of schemes have gone on incessantly. The Liberal leaders and their advisers have had access to confidential documents. They have been taken into the fullest confidence of the Government.

Mr. Lloyd George has said nothing more about a special emergency session, and Mr. Aneurin Bevan does not appear to be pressing his proposal that Parliament should sit continuously through the summer.

Is there likely to be agreement between Ministers and the Liberals on big, far-reaching schemes which can be put before Parliament as soon as it reassembles?

Whether the Government will survive very long after the autumn will be decided by the country's judgment on the answer to these questions.

IT is certain that nothing short of a bold announcement of a big policy will bring reassurance or the recovery of the Government's prestige.

Until the Prime Minister and Mr. Lloyd George or Sir Herbert Samuel have spoken as fully as the country expects, we do not assume that such a policy is not contemplated or in preparation.

Mr. MacDonald has hinted at an extensive scheme of land settlement.

The Liberals have advocated, and are no doubt now pressing, a much bigger road scheme

Without Fear or Favour

than that which the Government has hitherto considered feasible or desirable, as well as other important constructive works.

A big push under the new housing and slum clearance measure is possible. Another one could be undertaken in connection with the land drainage measure, although the amount of work that can be provided is more limited.

Most of the approved schemes of the local authorities, which require a total expenditure of about forty million pounds, have yet to be put into operation.

Another push by the authorities, if the new administrative machinery is made effective, could get work going on a large number of these schemes before the winter.

IF, with or without Liberal co-operation, the Government can really get going with projects on these lines, persuade local authorities to mobilise work on other useful schemes without delay, and induce all kinds of bodies with schemes in prospect, for which Parliamentary Bills are normally necessary, to bring them forward under the new short-cut and cheap procedure, it will go far to recover a strong position.

There are suggestions that Philip Snowden stands in the way by opposing any heavy expenditure commitments.

If it were true, and there were a united Cabinet against him, it is inconceivable that he could override the general will of the Government.

Mr. Snowden can certainly declare that so far he has refused no grant yet put before him.

It might be that any particular scheme could be condemned on the ground that it was impracticable, or that its cost would be out of all proportion to the contribution to the national industrial efficiency.

But there would be no excuse for turning down good schemes simply on the ground that they required so many million pounds.

If such an obstacle were raised by the Chancellor of the Exchequer while the rest of the Cabinet, or even a majority, supported the schemes, it is difficult to imagine that nobody would resign.

The financial resolution dealing with unemployment insurance will raise the borrowing powers to no less than £60,000,000, and already the fund is insolvent to the tune of £43,000,000, which sum has actually been advanced to meet benefit payments.

THE "insurance" element thus gets thinner and thinner. No work is created, and here is a real diversion from the capital resources of the country which should be available for the reorganisation and development of industry.

Is it beyond the wit of man to devise some adaptation of this dole system to associate it with work provision?

While it was real insurance there was a case against interfering with the purpose and method of applying the original scheme.

Now that it has been transformed by the magnitude of the unemployment crisis into something entirely different, does it not come within the scope of emergency measures?

We do not forget the permanent solution of unemployment lies in shorter hours, which must curtail the labour surplus, and higher wages, which must create a greater demand for manufactured goods.

But that does not lessen the Government's responsibility for the introduction of temporary measures now.

The next two months will be critical, and the country will be swayed by the plans worked out either before or during the recess.

If they are disappointing and ineffective, the movement for tariffs will gain tremendous impetus, and the Beaverbrook-Rothermere policy would capture the Tory machine.

That would be bad enough, but a worse result would be a victory for this campaign at the next General Election through failure to advance a constructive and convincing counter-policy.

Finger-



The criminal leaves his visiting card

FINGER-PRINTS! They cannot tell a lie. They have revolutionised crime detection throughout the world, and yet only the few know any of the secrets of this ruthless ally of Justice which has sent many to the scaffold and thousands to the felon's cell.

At Scotland Yard is the finest Finger-print Bureau in the world. Under the supervision of Chief Inspector Harry Battley, the department is a miracle of skill and organisation.

Carefully filed away are more than half a million sets of different finger-prints, each relating to a separate criminal.

In many cases each set contains ten or more separate impressions of the same finger.

Only thirty years ago the Bureau was nothing more than a vague experiment. To-day it has reached a state of perfection that makes it a model for police organisations in all parts of the globe.

Perhaps the day is coming when honest men will give their finger-prints to distinguish them from criminals. Finger-prints of babies may be put on birth certificates.

The finger-print art provides the one infallible fact in crime.

Alphonse Bertillon, the son of a Parisian doctor, is often credited by writers and criminologists with having been the inventor of the system. He was nothing of the sort.

Terrible error

Actually, Bertillon was the inventor of "Anthropometry," a useful, but clumsy, system, by means of which criminals were identified according to the size of their ears, length of nose, depth of forehead, width of face, and so on.

Although this brought him a degree of fame, the system was so unreliable that there was constant danger of a miscarriage of justice.

There was, for example, the case of Adolph Beck, who was charged with a series of forgeries. The Bertillon system corroborated the evidence of witnesses and he was sentenced to a term of penal servitude.

Long afterwards, when his finger-prints were taken, it was discovered that they had nothing to do with those of the criminal

with whom he had been confused, and he was given a free pardon.

Another case is that of twin brothers who were convicted time after time.

The Bertillon system failed dismally in solving the "Which is which?" problem, for the brothers were identical in looks and measurements. Not until their finger-prints were subsequently taken were the police in a position to know which brother was being charged.

The original inventor of the finger-print system will never be known.

Centuries ago, in the most remote and uncivilised parts of India, China and Africa tribesmen were compelled to imprint their fingers or toes as a receipt for food and other necessities of life in order that they should not apply and be served a second time.

So it began

Decades later Sir William Herschel, of the Indian Civil Service, realised the great possibilities that the wise old men of ages past had grasped all those centuries ago.

Sir William then suggested to the Indian Government that all signatories to State and legal documents should affix finger impressions as well as written signatures.

To this day, as a result, the taking of finger-prints as a precaution against fraud, impersonation, forgery and other evils is rigidly followed in Indian business circles.

Gandhi might never have been heard of except for the finger-print system. He gained prominence as a lawyer defending Asiatics who were sneaking in and out of South Africa.

Thirty years ago, when Sir Edward Henry came from India to New Scotland Yard as Assistant Commissioner of Police, he introduced to the Yard a system which has grown to be one of the wonders of the age.

All over the world police chiefs, realising the amazing value of the system, imitated it, the first of the followers being Kamillo Windt, of Germany; Siegmund Kodkrie, of Vienna; and Dr. Gabor Bela, of Hungary. By 1928 a police finger-print department existed in almost every civilised country.



Nothing escapes the laboratory expert at Scotland Yard's Finger-print Bureau

In 1927 a census taken revealed the fact that there were 13,885,315 finger-prints of criminals classified and stored in the world's police departments.

How does our Finger-Print Department at Scotland Yard do its work?

When a detective arrives at the scene of a crime he ascertains whether the criminal or criminals have left behind any articles of a personal nature, on which, of course, finger-prints are most likely to be found.

He next gloves his hands and searches elsewhere for such clues, examining, in particular, windows, doors, glasses, brass and metals.

When finger-prints are discovered they are preserved and sent at once to the Bureau at Scotland Yard.

Here the laboratory experts subject them to a thorough test with the aid of specially-prepared mercury and chalk or a preparation of graphite and charcoal powder which "shows them up" clearly enough to be photographed.

An apparatus much used by the experts is an invention which, by means of strong electric light under glass, enables the prints to be seen and studied in detail.

The indexing is a masterpiece of organisation. So cleverly are the number of digits, arches, tented arches, loops, whorls, twinned loops, lateral pocket loops, and other distinguishing features of the print recorded that it is only a matter of minutes to find the record of the culprit.

While Inspector Battley is responsible for the main work at the

Bureau, many of its most responsible duties are carried out by Inspector Cherrill, who, with his colleague, Inspector Rapley, has the reputation of recognising finger-prints as easily as other people read a newspaper.

There are endless examples of how finger-print detection has brought to book criminals who would otherwise have escaped.

During the past twelve months a number of warehouse and office-breaking robberies baffled the police in the districts surrounding Paddington, Ealing, Hampstead and, among other places, Kentish Town.

Only the merest suggestions of finger-prints were left behind.

Bits and pieces

Hear the sequel: a thief broke into an hotel in Holborn, rifled the safe and till, and got away with splendid "booty."

The rapid discovery of the robbery led to his arrest, and his finger-prints were found to correspond to bits and pieces of prints which, left at the offices and warehouses, had been cleverly put together by the bureau experts.

When taxed, he admitted his guilt.

A similar case occurred about a year ago, when fragments of finger-prints were left in burgled houses all over London. The police were baffled.

In the end one James Alfred Norton was arrested on a charge of being a suspected person. His finger-prints were taken, and they were found to correspond with the

Print FACTORY SECRETS



Chief Inspector Harry Battley, the genius of the Bureau



Sir Edward Henry was the first man to introduce a real system of finger prints in this country



Mr. Charles Collins, M.B.E., did great experimental work in earlier days



Sir Trevor Bigham, one of the Yard's Assistant-Commissioners, welcomes world co-operation



His record is there for life

complete print which had been made from the fragments found in the burgled houses.

A fine tribute to the Bureau is to be found in the case of a rascal called Thomas Ireland.

This man Ireland was in the habit of working with gloves, but, in making a hurried retreat from a house at Balham recently, he was unfortunate enough to leave a thumb-print on a door.

A representative of the local C.I.D. got the Bureau to examine the impression, with the result that Ireland was immediately arrested and confessed to many other crimes.

Seven finger-prints were found on the window of a Newcastle hotel after the place had been entered and ransacked. Investigation by the Bureau proved that they belonged to two "recorded" men who were known to work together.

Inspector Cherrill went to Newcastle and proved that the finger prints found on the window were those of the men in the dock.

There were actually about sixteen points of similarity. Finger-prints, you see, do not lie.

A few months ago a man was arrested after posing as a university official, ex-Army officer, doctor, and rich Brazilian philanthropist.

He gave his age as twenty-five, and said that he had spent most of his life in Germany.

His finger-prints revealed that he had been an international adventurer for twenty years, and had been jailed in Belgium, Spain, America and France.

A man of twenty-five could not have such a record, and as he certainly looked this age, the magistrate refused to believe the police evidence, until Inspector Battley

himself went to Wales and proved that he was really thirty-seven, and the crook in question. The finger-prints won again.

More than once they have played a dramatic part in the police hunt for murderers.

About two years ago a hermit was found murdered in a lonely hut in a Cornwall lane. Scotland Yard experts, under Inspector Protheroe, were called in, and within a brief period five local men fell under suspicion.

Finger-prints were found on a dusty article in the dead man's hut.

Of the five suspected men a rabbit-trapper was the favourite. It was necessary to obtain his finger-prints unknown to himself in order that neither his suspicions nor those of the other four were aroused.

How was it to be done?

The next time the rabbit-trapper called at his favourite inn for refreshment he was joined in conversation by a half-drunken man, and they exchanged drinks.

Drink disguise

But the half-drunken man was a perfectly sober police officer who had arranged with the hotel proprietor for the trapper to be given a glass with a peculiar polish each time he drank.

His finger-prints thus obtained were fatal to him. They compared identically with those found in the dead man's house, and he was sentenced to death and hanged.

The detection of criminals by finger-prints left on drinking glasses is, though a common procedure to-day, by no means new.

So far back as 1904, during a burglary epidemic in London, a cracksman entered a house in St. Peter's Square, Hammersmith. Before he left he made good use of the decanter, forgetting the two finger-prints on the glass from which he drank.

Those two chance prints were instrumental in his being sent to penal servitude.

Another of the Bureau's earlier coups concerns a London married couple who were found murdered in their bed. Their cash-box had been rifled, and a faint finger-mark was found on the side of an inner tray.

Two men were later arrested on an altogether different charge.

Their finger-prints were taken, and the right thumb of one was found to be identical with that on the tray. Both were sentenced to death, the finger-prints alone sending them to the gallows.

Then there is the affair of a man who, at the end of a long and successful safe-breaking campaign, was interrupted while on his last job.

In trying to escape he had to climb a wall topped by iron spikes.

His foot slipped; a ring on his finger caught on a spike and he found himself hanging into space.

It was torture to him. His weight tore the finger from his hand. He dashed to safety, leaving his finger on top of the wall.

How to trace a crime from a "dead" finger? The department went to infinite trouble. They pickled the finger and made it "come to life again," which cost him his liberty.

In 1929 there was a series of baffling burglaries in South London.

A thumb-mark found on a rifled drawer was subsequently proved to be identical with one left on a butcher's shop window two years before.

Again the finger-prints won and the crook lost.

One of the most amazing duties of the Finger-print Bureau concerns the "dead."

All bodies found in rivers or in open spaces are taken to a mortuary and photographed, and finger-prints taken.

All honest people

In many instances, the prints are found to be identical with those of people who had led criminal lives—in which case their files are marked "Dead"—as well as with those of "wanted" rogues.

This part of the Bureau's work not only does much to prevent impersonation, but also enables the police to keep a check on the records of all criminals, both dead and alive.

Silently the great work of the Bureau goes on and many another crook will live to repent the day the finger-print system was born.

There is a bigger side to come in finger-prints. The day will come when every decent citizen will be registered.



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REAL LIFE STORIES by famous authors

ONE evening in September, 1909, I was sitting in an office on the Boulevard des Italiens, which I shared with my friend Matthews (as we will call him).

Matthews, though the resident correspondent of a New York newspaper, was an Englishman. He was preparing a cable despatch for New York, and I was similarly engaged on one for London.

There entered the office a little Frenchman, named Durand, whose custom it was to bring in to Matthews all sorts of tit-bits of news.

Matthews and he were soon engaged in a conversation which, judging by the intense whisper in which Durand spoke, concerned something of importance.

When he had gone—no doubt with his usual modest fee for information delivered—Matthews came over to me.

"Guess what Durand brought me. . . . You remember that Duchemin case—the fellow who murdered his mother. He's to be guillotined in the morning."

This, in its way, was news of real importance, because for nearly eleven years there had been no execution in Paris.

The Chamber of Deputies, without abolishing capital punishment, had suspended it by the simple expedient of refusing to vote supplies for its continuance.

Thus, for all these years, M. Deibler, the famous "Monsieur de Paris," had been unable to use his sinister machine.

"The Widow," as it was called, had embraced no victims in all that time, and the old scenes of public execution

Next Week :

"TABOO"

by JOHN
NOLAN

on the Place de la Roquette had passed into history.

But it was understood that during this long period of depression M. Deibler had kept his machine in very good condition, hoping for the return of better days.

Latterly matters had much improved for him.

Crime had increased alarmingly, mostly organised and brutal crime committed by ruthless gangs of desperadoes in country districts.

One such band, known as the Pollet gang, had for years terrorised a region in northern France, so that country people were afraid to go to bed.

It had committed innumerable robberies and many murders, so that when at last it was rounded up the authorities realised that something even more drastic than transportation to New Caledonia—Devil's Island, as we call it—must be done.

So, on one bitter January morning in 1909, four brutal ruffians were led into the main square at Bethune—later such a familiar spot to the British armies—and in the sight of many people despatched, in a few seconds, into another world.

M. Deibler showed that, despite his long abstention from professional duties, his team had lost none of its skill.

And now his activities were to be renewed in Paris.

A Meeting

The murder for which the man Duchemin had been sentenced to death about a year before was of a particularly revolting type.

A typical *apache* of twenty-seven, he had for a long time been squeezing money from his mother, a hard-working old woman. There came a day when, tired of handing out five francs, she refused.

Comforted by the knowledge that there was no longer a death penalty, the young ruffian had stabbed and strangled her. What is more, at the trial he kindly described to the judge and jury exactly how he did it.

This was too much, even for France. A "crime of passion" is one thing. Matricide is very different.

No doubt the jury regretted very much at the time that a sentence of death had come merely to mean transportation for life.

For a whole year Duchemin lay in prison, awaiting his turn to go overseas.

Matthews and I decided that we must "assist" at this event. It was not that we expected to see a man guillotined. We did not imagine that we should be allowed to do so in any comfort.

But such an affair—if the news leaked out—would be bound to create a huge sensation. There would be great and excited crowds, perhaps crying "A mort!" as the wretch was at last dragged to his death.

As everybody knows, it is the law in

whole region of the prison was thus completely isolated by the cordon of troops and police.

We approached an *Officier de Paix* impressive in his blue uniform with silver facings. He was very polite. We each showed him a *coupe file*, that magic police-pass which really was of some use in journalistic Paris.

To our surprise, he asked for our visiting-cards. Then he said, "Passez, Messieurs. You will find them erecting the guillotine down there."

Thus, without asking for it, we were directed to the jealously guarded place of execution. We passed through the ranks of military, found ourselves in a wide and absolutely deserted boulevard.

To the left, the long wall of a convent; to the right, the long wall of the prison. Trees everywhere.

AFTER walking some hundreds of yards down this silent and peaceful thoroughfare we came on a very strange scene.

Deibler and his three assistants were putting up the machine on the pavement immediately beneath the prison-wall.

There was quite a touch of distinction in the bearded countenance of the chief executioner, who was wearing a light, working jacket. His stocky assistants were dressed in blue serge suits. All wore bowler hats.

We arrived at that moment when they were fitting the huge knife, backed

by a terrific weight of metal, to the machine. They were working by the light of a single candle-lantern, which Deibler held here and there. He had a spirit level which he applied frequently.

There came the moment when all was finished, and Deibler, hauling on a rope, made the heavy knife slide up and down in its tall, well-oiled grooves. It was left suspended, high in air.

Then a great moment. M. Deibler replaced his bowler hat and jacket by a tall hat and frock-coat. He was ceremoniously ready.

With his three aides following, he went off down the boulevard, and round a far-away corner to the prison-gates.

Those left behind stood chatting and fraternising. We were a group of about fifty

all told.

There was a sprinkling of officers, and a score or more of the biggest policemen I had ever seen in Paris—picked men from M. Lepine's "Brigade Centrale," kept in reserve for all sorts of emergencies.

At the foot of the scaffold were a half-dozen mounted gendarmes, in charge of an officer. The rest were writers.

We were an intimate group. Some of the big policemen were telling grisly stories of similar scenes they had attended years ago. Everybody smoked cigarettes, rather feverishly.

There was some apprehension. What would it be like at such close and intimate range? So half an hour passed. Dawn, like a pink pearl, was just showing, and birds were beginning to sing in the trees.

Then a man stationed at the corner that led to the prison-gates waved an arm and began running towards us.

There was the faint clatter of hoofs. A conveyance very like a closed ambulance turned the corner, its two horses whipped into a furious gallop.

To a word of command the mounted



France that executions shall be performed in a public place. No doubt there would be a gathering of *apaches*. It was this sort of thing we went out to see.

Executions in France take place at what is called "the legal hour"—that is, dawn—which would be somewhere between four and five o'clock. We therefore supped late at "Le Croissant," a cafe then much frequented by French newspaper men.

At about three o'clock a taxi dropped us near the Sante Prison, outside which the execution was to take place.

There was a crowd, it is true, but it was not a multitude; some thousands only.

WHAT is more, they made a very respectable gathering. No sign of any rough character. Evidently the news had not spread to the poorer quarters of the city.

We soon discovered, indeed, that there were almost as many police and soldiers as populace.

The authorities were taking no chances. Enquiries showed that the

with

MONSIEUR DEIBLER

by
Collinson
Owen

Illustrated
by Woods



"... They were fitting the huge knife to the machine"

andarmes flashed out their sabres. Instinctively we all threw away our cigarettes. M. Duchemin was being much honour. The ambulance pulled up dead in its tracks. One of the aides jumped from the front seat, and, running round to the rear doors, opened them. With that same movement a small flight of steps unfolded to the ground. There appeared, first, a corpulent man. Then Deibler and one of his assistants, supporting a figure that made everybody exclaim with astonishment. It was a man, but looked at first exactly like a woman. In prison Duchemin had allowed his hair and beard to grow luxuriantly, and his colour was a vivid blonde. He was completely naked, except for a pair of blue cotton drawers. Over his body, from head to foot, was thrown a black, open-work veil, completely enveloping him. He was like a ghastly parody of a bride. It was his blonde hair shining through the black veil which gave the ghastly impression that it was a woman we saw; that and the waxen colour of his skin. We had not been prepared for this. The Code Napoleon was the cause.

That code says that the matricide shall be executed with especially grim formalities:

That he shall be as naked as decency allows; that a black veil shall cover him until the last moment; that the details of his crime and punishment shall be read out at the foot of the scaffold, and that his right hand shall be severed with his head. All of which was faithfully performed—except the detail of the hand.

He stood there, on his naked feet, already half dead with shock.

A few minutes before he had been sleeping as peacefully as ever, knowing nothing of what was awaiting him outside, not knowing even that capital punishment had returned.

THEN the rude awakening, the ironical exhortation, "Have courage!" the quick ghastly toilet, the furious gallop to the scaffold, and here he was, with Deibler at his elbow.

An official unrolled a large parchment and began to read. Duchemin, his hands fastened behind him, stood facing the bascule—the sturdy upright plank which, under the shock of his body, would so soon be horizontal.

It would be difficult to say how long

the reading lasted, as we stood there, also a little stupefied. Then it stopped. What followed was like lightning.

The veil was whipped from him. He was not led to the plank. He was picked up and thrown at it, and in that same movement lay helpless and horizontal. In less than a second his head was engaged in the lunette.

Deibler touched something. There was a curious sound, and a shuddering of the machine. In a flash the body had disappeared into the huge basket, half-full of sawdust, and the lid closed. The head went elsewhere, out of sight. The man was gone.

It was done in a flash, and but for that one heavy noise from the machine, it was soundless.

In the utter silence that followed this grim conjuring trick I heard the faint snap of a watchcase. Then Matthews' calm voice, "Three seconds."

So we drifted away, and took a taxi to the first cheap Café Biard we saw.

As we sipped our coffee Matthews said: "Well, what about it?"

"It's a dream," I said. "It never happened."

Two nights later I had a dream of another kind, in which for hours Deibler was chasing me, saying that if I didn't leave Paris he would get me.

It was one of the few occasions on which I have been really glad to wake up early.

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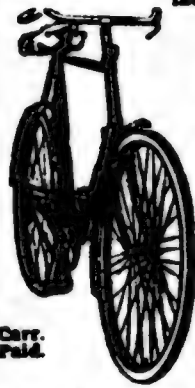


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Miss Susan Lawrence was put up by
the Government to acknowledge sur-
render to the Lords



No one has a more intimate know-
ledge of this scandal than Mr. George
Gibson, of the Asylum Workers' Union

PROFITEERS in LUNACY

UNNOTICED and unrecorded
in the daily Press, there
was perpetuated the other
day by the House of Lords
one of the grossest scandals
associated with the lunacy

laws of Great Britain.
For forty years insistent demands
have been made in Parliament by men
aware of the extent of this scandal
for the immediate suppression of pri-
vately-owned lunatic asylums, or
licensed houses as they are called in
the statutes.

Always the demands have been re-
fused. But reform at last appeared to
be within sight when the House of
Commons, adopting one of the firmest
recommendations of the last Royal
Commission on Lunacy, decided that
the new Mental Treatment Bill should
compel the owners of these licensed
houses to have their accounts publicly
audited—and published.

Publicity dreaded

JOHN BULL has always insisted on
this. Time after time we have exposed
the people who prey on the half-wit.

Publication of the profits of licensed
houses and the manner in which they
are earned would assuredly arouse such
public indignation and anger that it
would be almost impossible for places
of the kind to continue in business.

But the House of Lords, on the ab-
surd ground that publicity would en-
tail undue interference in the manage-
ment of private undertakings, quietly
vetoed this essential reform.

Worse still, the Government has
meekly accepted their lordships' dic-
tum of non-interference in private en-
terprise, and permitted the Bill to go
forward minus the vital clause.

Since local authorities were em-
powered to provide accommodation for
private paying mental patients, there
does not remain a single reason why
these licensed lunacy houses should be
permitted to exist.

Instinct revolts at the idea of profits
being made from the saddest of in-
firmities. And unquestionably the pro-
fits are unconscionable.

In some cases the charge is thirty to
thirty-five guineas per week.

A fee of this size would, of course,
be willingly paid by some people who
could succeed for certain reasons in
keeping a husband, wife, or other re-

lative indefinitely imprisoned in one of
the licensed houses which are tucked
away in secluded corners of the
country.

Here lies the real scandal of the pri-
vate asylum.

The continued residence of a patient
paying a high fee has a direct bear-
ing upon the prosperity of the licensed
house, and therefore, on the security
of those employed in it.

Generally, the medical superinten-
dent of the house is the proprietor or
a partner of the owning company. If
not, he and the other officers are share-
holders or their emoluments vary in
accordance with the profits made.

They receive a bonus on profits. Not
a bonus on the number of patients
cured, but on the number detained.

It would be commercial folly to mend
stricken people too quickly in licensed
houses.

Great as the difficulty is in obtaining
the removal of sane men and women
from ordinary asylums, it becomes a
heart-breaking task in the case of the
licensed houses, which obtain their
licences for a mere ten shillings yearly.

Again and again it has come to the
knowledge of the Society for Lunacy
Law Reform that people who are per-
fectly sane are, either by the wish of
relatives with a motive or by the profit-
making desires of the owners, being
kept prisoners in these places.

Every possible obstacle is raised when
efforts are made to have these wretched
people produced for independent medi-
cal examination so that liberty may be
restored to them.

Not content with simple dividends,
licensed house proprietors use every
device at their command further to
bleed patients and their relatives.

Cheats

They even add from ten to twenty
per cent. to the price of necessary com-
modities, clothing, boots and the like,
bought for residents in the houses.

They profiteer abnormally also in the
supply of fruit, wines, tobacco and
similar things which their prisoner-
guests require as extras.

It is all too common for the patients
to be deprived of services and addi-
tional attentions for which relatives
and friends pay dearly.

This meanness is typified by the case
of a patient whose wealthy family

made arrangements that he should be
given daily carriage drives and be
paid handsomely for the outings.

He was given a seat in the asylum
cart when it went to the station.

JOHN BULL has in its possession an
astounding document recording the
appalling manner in which patients
are treated in one licensed house.

We will willingly present the infor-
mation to the Home Office if that De-
partment will consent to an enquiry by
its own officers.

At this house there are thirty
patients, all members of affluent
families.

As is generally the case with places
of the kind, the staff is changed at
brief intervals. Otherwise they might
learn too much.

Unknown to the owners of the house,
however, a detailed account has been
kept of what goes on, and when mem-
bers of the staff have left, the observa-
tion has been maintained and recorded
by their successors.

Twelve attendants are engaged at
ridiculously low wages. They are not
required to have any knowledge of
mental nursing, and for the most part
are unemployed miners, labourers, and
seamen.

In fact, the whole policy of the
licensed house is that there shall not
be any nursing.

The entire staff is required for
domestic duties, and provision is not
even made for the patients to receive
regular exercise.

Worse than prison

When a patient is particularly
troublesome he is merely shut away.
One man has been kept in a dark
padded cell or strong room for nearly
two years, and the doors are usually
unbolted only when it is known that a
visiting magistrate is due to arrive.

Other patients have been deprived
of their clothes and kept in bed night
and day for years. They are rotting
physically from lack of outdoor
exercise.

At another licensed house a fifteen-
years-old page-boy came near to
death.

He had to assist in the kitchen, and
while chopping wood, he cut his hand.
The wound became septic and the boy
was in agony.

When reduced to helplessness the
boy was sent to the refractory ward of
the asylum and accommodated with
six elderly lunatics.

The explanation of his employment
was that he had to be placed in the re-
fractory ward because there was only
one night attendant on duty to apply
hot fomentations to the wound.

For three nights the suffering boy
had to sleep—so far as sleep was pos-
sible among raving madmen—in a bed
in which he knew that a lunatic had
died only two days before.

The boy's mother learned what was
happening, and on going to the asylum
found him prostrate and a wreck.

He was transferred to an outside hos-
pital where for fourteen weeks a battle
was waged to save his life. Long con-
valescence since has only partly erased
from his mind the shock to which he
had been subjected.

Yet places like these have been given
a new lease of life because Parliament,
ignoring the findings of a Royal Com-
mission, does not wish to interfere with
private enterprise.

"Who's that alert young girl?"



ON her feet all day long. Serving customers—answering questions. Brisk and cheerful. Never listless—never tired.

She always feels fresh, she explains, because she keeps her *mouth* refreshed. Her simple rule is—Wrigley's after every meal. The pure cool flavour of Wrigley's Chewing Gum refreshes the mouth as nothing else can. Removes all trace of eating, drinking and smoking. Keeps the teeth cleansed. Aids digestion, and sweetens the breath.

Wrigley's after every meal—the mark of refinement—the rule of efficiency. Doctors and dentists recommend it.

In two flavours—P.K., a pure peppermint flavour—and Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour.

Only 1d. a packet—but the finest quality money can buy.

British made by British Workmen with Empire materials

WRIGLEY'S



1^d
PER
PACKET

E.K.4.

Teeth SPARKLE Brilliantly



THANKS TO THIS
PENETRATING FOAM

Don't be content with polishing the outer surface of your teeth. Of course, Colgate's does that, and much more besides. Its active sparkling foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to penetrate deep into every

tiny crevice and fissure of teeth and gums, softening and dislodging impurities, and washing them away in a detergent wave of cleanliness.

If you have not become acquainted with Colgate's, please send the coupon below for generous free tube.

COLGATE'S

RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

FREE Colgate's Dept. 10V. Ranelagh Road, Grosvenor Road, London S.W.1.
Please, send me a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name

Address

(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

GOOD for real hard service DUNLOP CYCLE TYRES

Dunlop Roadster—here's an extremely popular cover which is capable of wonderful service under the most arduous conditions of use. The "Roadster" is the standard tyre equipment of the high-grade bicycle. Note its robust non-skid tread.

Warwick—a famous member of the Dunlop family. It is a "quality" production in every way and can be recommended for real hard service. If initial cost allied with high quality is required, the Warwick is your best possible choice.



Dunlop equipment on a machine is a
'Hall-mark' of excellence.

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LIMITED, FORT DUNLOP, BIRMINGHAM.
Branches throughout the World.

C.F.H. 303



You CAN STOP your dog SCRATCHING

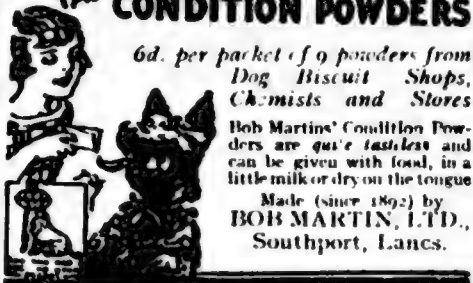
WHEN a clean dog scratches himself he is only trying to find relief from the terrible itching sensation under the skin which is caused by overheated and impure blood.

There is only one cure. You must give him Bob Martin's Tasteless Condition Powders to purify his blood. The Powders remove every impurity from the blood and tone up the whole system, curing and preventing all ailments due to poor blood condition, such as Excessive Scratching, Itchiness, Eczema, Loss of Appetite, Loose Coat and Swellings between the Toes.

See the difference condition makes to your dog. Give him Bob Martin's Tasteless Condition Powders NOW, and always keep a packet handy for treatment at the first sign of poor condition.

Since 1892 the best-known Doggie Remedy.

BOB MARTIN'S TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS



6d. per packet of 9 powders from Dog Biscuit Shops, Chemists and Stores

Bob Martin's Condition Powders are quite tasteless and can be given with food, in a little milk or dry on the tongue. Made (since 1892) by BOB MARTIN, LTD., Southport, Lancs.

Wash Away Superfluous Hair



In Less Time Than It Takes to Don Your Bathing Suit

As easily and quickly as you change from street clothes to bathing suit, you can banish superfluous hair... Three million women have done it!

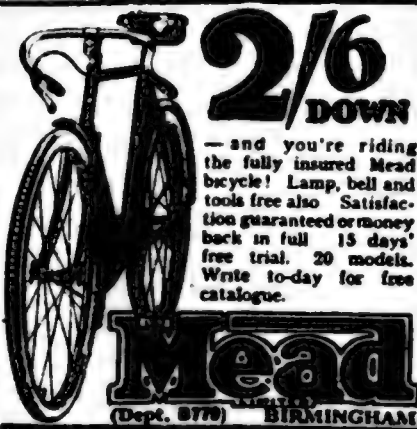
1 Simply apply a dainty beauty cream—called VEET—as it comes from the tube.

2 Then rinse away the hairs.

That's all there is to it. Not even a shadow

remains. And the skin is left as white and smooth as if there never had been any unsightly growth. Perfect results every time, or money refunded.

Free Trial. Trial size by post, in plain wrapper, 6d. in stamps. See Health Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. 502M), 68, Bolsover Street, London, W.1

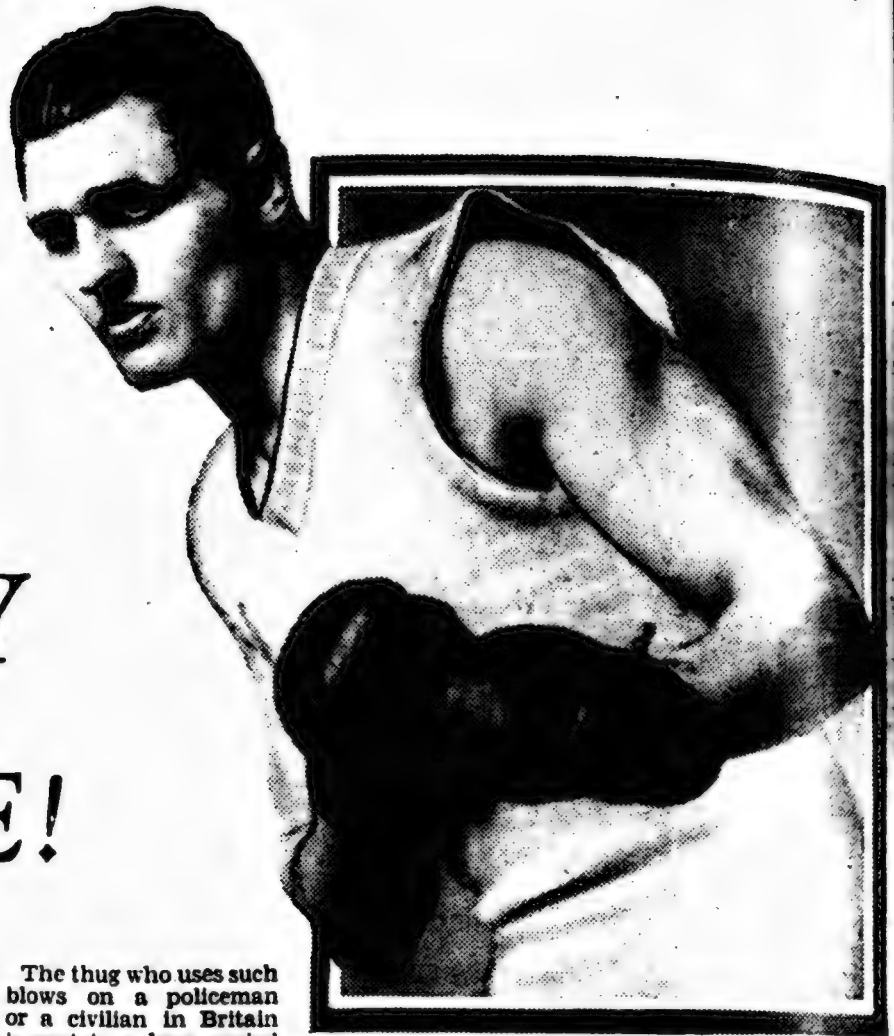


2/6 DOWN

—and you're riding the fully insured Mead bicycle! Lamp, bell and tools free also. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back in full 15 days' free trial. 20 models. Write to-day for free catalogue.

Mead
(Dept. 877) BIRMINGHAM.

Clean Up a DIRTY GAME!



"A gross libel—they said he quit"

A NEW and saner note must be struck in sport. There is a grave danger in this period of great sporting events that the mad dog will take charge.

We are forgetting that the game is the thing, and that victory or defeat is incidental.

Sports-lovers are turning with disgust from the exaggerated importance of incidents.

An England cricket-player loses his wicket with eleven on the score-board, and "Disaster!" is the cry.

At Leeds there was the unpleasant spectacle of two English batsmen being booed when they were merely obeying instructions.

There was the further unpleasant suggestion that victory was being snatched from the Australians by a conspiracy of delay.

Phil Scott, the British boxing champion, is grossly fouled by Sharkey in a world-title fight, and there is a howl that he quit when he could have gone on.

It is time to remember that Britain is the mother of all the great sports.

If those sports are to be the subject of wrath, international dissension and foul suggestions, the mother of sport should take charge or hold aloof.

Never was there a greater danger of sportsmanship developing into a disgraceful scramble.

JOHN BULL has long urged that in respect of boxing Britain should firmly take charge and direct the fine, manly sport into cleaner channels.

Big, clean punch

In the event at Wimbledon Stadium, London, on July 28, when Phil Scott and Stribling meet in the ring, we visualise the beginning of a welcome change in boxing.

The opportunity is here, and the reconstructed British Boxing Board of Control will not let it slip.

If Scott beats Stribling their task will be easier, but even if he does not win, the first drive will be made into the vicious circle of barbed wire and dollars which in America surrounds all world-championship honours.

While that fence of unscrupulous pride and "big money" surrounds the major events, boxing will never be clean.

The public has seen how every underhand shift has been practised to keep an outsider from winning in America.

It is a poor period for heavy-weights. Thus we have the new American rule that the husky brute can make certain of winning by using those blows which even the ruffian would scorn to employ in a street-fight.

The thug who uses such blows on a policeman or a civilian in Britain is sent to a long period of hard labour.

Yet such a blow in the American official view should win a world's championship. This does not reflect the view of the general body of Americans, but it is the plain inference of the new "no-foul" rule across the Atlantic.

And it is an infamous libel on the sport which is most characteristically British.

Journalists, referees and other officials in Britain can recollect thousands of hard-fought contests in which no foul blow was struck—not even an unintentional foul blow.

Year after year the Amateur Boxing Association and the Navy and Army provide countless bouts, in which even the unintentional foul is a great rarity.

They do fight

Always there is some rare good slogging. Often you will see more hearty hits in one round of these contests than in twenty rounds of a world's championship.

These men and youths are not highly trained, expensively taught professional boxers. They are mainly rough-and-ready amateurs.

Yet in the heat of their wildest bouts they do not hit below the belt.

Similarly with the British professional boxer. He fights cleanly, keeping ever in the back of his mind that a foul is a blot upon his honour. He does not go into the ring with a "foul-complex."

The excuse for Sharkey is that at any odd moment he is liable to "go wild" and sling his blows anywhere. Gone all his training and restraint;

THAT HEARTY ANNUAL

Laugh for your Holiday!

A real hardy and hearty annual. That's the JOHN BULL SUMMER NUMBER, now on sale. The moment its jolly cover appeared on the bookstalls, bang went "saxpences" all over the place. Fourteen short stories and a hundred laughs all for the price of a packet of cigarettes. No wonder everyone is taking it on their holidays.

gone his common humanity. He becomes merely a maddened thug.

Such a man should be debarred from any ring.

Apart from honour and decency, the gravest danger is that the fight may be lost on a foul and a great mass of money in wagers won by the backers of the foul fighter.

The crook side

There is the converse—an over-matched fighter of the wicked type will foul his opponent and lose the fight in quick time rather than take his beating like a man.

There are endless variants of the foul and the fake which sometimes escape the sharp eyes of officials.

When the official is a party to the conspiracy, boxing becomes a sinister and terrible thing. It goes into the gutter.

The British Boxing Board will never concede the American foul rule; some of the European authorities have already strongly repudiated it.

The good sportsmen of America will have to take the muck-shovel into the boxing-stable.

That is why the Scott-Stribling contest at Wimbledon is the most important sporting event for many years.

Both are clean boxers, with honourable records; they will have an absolutely impartial referee.

If Scott wins there will certainly follow a contest in Europe between him and the German, Schmeling, for the world's championship.

If Stribling wins, it is hoped he also will meet Schmeling in Europe.

When once a world-championship is fought in Europe the vicious circle will be broken.

It will help to bring back into sport the sane and healthy spirit which is now sickled o'er by cupidity and false pride.

Looking—wistfully

The championship of the world should be a matter of honour more than dollars. Money there must be—but honour and clean sportsmanship first.

The eyes of the world will be on Wimbledon on July 28.

The British Empire will watch the Test teams at Manchester on July 25.

The great public does not want to see the mad dog take charge of sport.

"Use Palmolive twice a day"



urges
Mme. Elin Dahlstrand
*foremost beauty specialist
of Stockholm.*

"This fine facial soap keeps the surface of the skin well ventilated. It is bland and neutral. Use it with warm water, for careful cleansing, then rinse with cold water to prevent relaxation of the skin or sagging."

Elin Dahlstrand
HAMNGATAN 10, STOCKHOLM.

Every skin needs the deep cleansing which only the pure vegetable oils of palm and olives can give. These cosmetic oils have been known for generations as nature's greatest beautifiers.

"HOWEVER successful I am with my beauty treatments, all my efforts would be in vain if my clients did not continue the treatments in their own homes," says Mme. Dahlstrand. "My principle for home treatments is first of all to keep the skin clean, the most vital condition for beauty, and Palmolive Soap is my valuable assistant in the service of beauty."

In all Sweden there is no more important beauty shop than that of Mme. Dahlstrand, of Stockholm, who gives this interview on beauty. Her salon is housed in a magnificent marble palace, and her beauty theory was learned in Paris, centre of the cosmetic arts.

"This fine facial soap," she goes on to say, "keeps the surface of the skin well protected. It is bland and neutral. Use it with warm water, for careful cleansing, then rinse with cold water to prevent relaxation of the skin."

Beware of irritation

So many soaps irritate while they cleanse. They are apt to roughen the texture of the skin and spoil its delicate colouring. Palmolive is a pure vegetable oil soap. Its colour, its odour, its very feeling is that of nature's great cosmetic oils. It cleanses safely, beautifies easily.

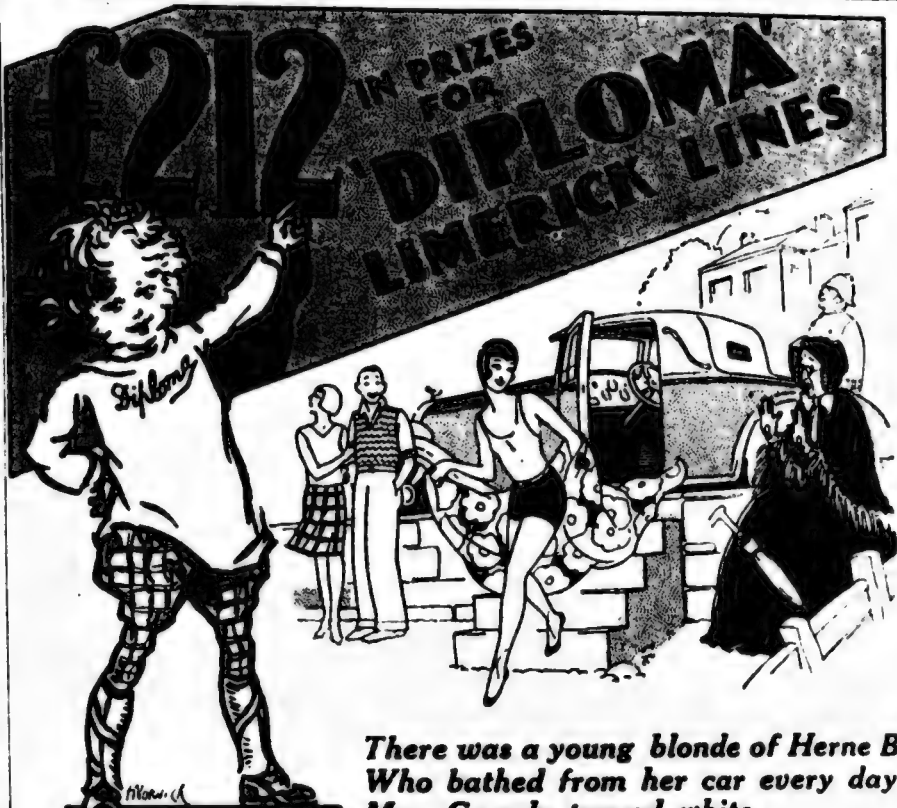
Mme. Dahlstrand is one of a great international group of beauty specialists who have discovered facts about Palmolive for themselves, and who now tell their patrons to use this soap in preference to others. To-day there are over 20,000 such experts. Here is the simple home treatment on which they all agree.

Massage a bland lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water gently into the skin, letting the lather get deep into every tiny pore. Then rinse away soap, dirt, make-up, with warm water, finally with cold, and you'll find your skin is wonderfully soft and smooth.

You will like Palmolive. You will be using it soon for the bath, too, since it costs even less than ordinary soaps. Follow Mme. Dahlstrand's advice. Begin this very day.



4 1/2^d Per tablet



*There was a young blonde of Herne Bay
Who bathed from her car every day;
Mrs. Grundy turned white
At the terrible sight*

PRIZES

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £20
3rd PRIZE £10
4th PRIZE £5
5th PRIZE £2

250 PARCELS
(each value 10/-)
of DIPLOMA PURE FOODS

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire, or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk, or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, but to each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

Competition (Dept. 7)

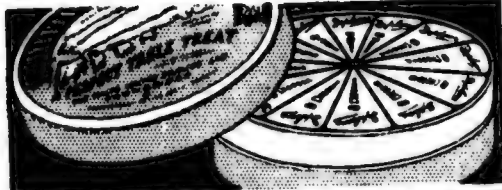
WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, August 8, 1930.

Result: A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

DIPLOMA

Cheddar
or Cheshire



6, 8 or 12
portions
1/4^{lb}

The ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE

NOTE:

★ *MOONRAKER' EMPIRE CHEESE labels may be used.*

£575 Awarded in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 71.

In the above Competition, solutions containing one error were received from the following nine competitors, who thus share the £575 offered for: To each of them, subject to the conditions of the contest, a cheque for £58 6s. 8d. will be despatched:—

F. Donovan, 77, Bridge St., Stalybridge.
A. Harrison, 62, Lawrence Saunders Rd., Radford, Coventry.
A. Lea, 3, Borden Terrace, Bicester, Oxon.
J. McLean, 38, Byron Avenue, Willington Quay-on-Tyne.
J. A. Mellis, 24, Selborne Road, Wood Green, N.22.
Miss E. Rook, 13, Durban Rd., White Hart Lane, Tottenham, N.
Mrs. Somerville, Wellside, Countesswell, Aberdeen.
F. M. Timberlake, 121, Lansdowne Road, Cardiff.
Miss M. Underwood, 3, The Friary, Leamington, North, Southsea.
Solutions containing two errors each were received from the following 42 competitors, who share the additional £50, each receiving £1 3s. 10d.:—
Ackrill, Mrs., Cross Roads, Stevenage, Herts.; Andrews, J. R., 49, Reddings Lane, Tyneley, Birmingham;
Bailey, H., 191, Coleman St., Wolverhampton; Barton, C. A. G., 45, Canonbury Sq., Islington, N.1;
Bennett, Mrs. H. R., "Raefer," Hasketon Rd., Woodbridge, Suffolk; Birkinshaw, G., 65, Buckler St.,
Barnesley, Brown, Mrs., Polkington Cottage, Armadale, West Lothian; Brown, S. J., 200, North St.,
Luton; Burton, P. W., 154, Kennington Rd., S.E.11; Butler, Miss R., 6, Dover Place, Templefield St.,
Small Heath, Birmingham; Clark, J., 50, Hopehill Rd., Glasgow; Clarke, W. H., 6, Hut, 30, Camp,
Larkhill, Wilts; Dickman, Mrs. E., 170, Northcote Rd., Walthamstow, E.17; Dks, Mrs. G., 134, Western
Rd., Haywards Heath; Evans, D. C., 5, Marsh St., Llanelli; Hawker, Mrs., 34, Victoria Rd., Sutton
Coldfield, Warwick; Hill, W., 48, Bradford Tce., Birches Head, Hanley, Staffs; Holden, A. R., 63,
Head, Hanley, Staffs; Hill, W., 48, Bradford Tce., Birches Head, Hanley, Staffs; Holden, A. R., 63,
Hillside Rd., Moor Top, Ackworth, Pontefract; James, Miss E., 8, Prospect Place, Shrewsbury; John-
son, J. C., 9, Welsh Row, Nantwich; Lovell, J., "Welwyn," Warbeck Ave., Aintree, Liverpool; Maguire,
son, J. C., 9, Welsh Row, Nantwich; Manning, Mrs. E., 5, Adelaide Rd., Shepherds Bush, W.12; Morgan,
J., 7, Upper Leeson St., Dublin; Murray, Mrs. M. A., 55, High St., Hunstanton, Norfolk; Peckle,
Mrs. E., Cefn Onnos, Cefn, Bridgend; Pickstock, A., 18, Cedar Ave., Wilnes; Pidge-Horran, Nurse, Nurse's
T., 12, Lydgalt, Haddington; Rawson, Mrs., The Warren, Crowborough; Reed, V., "Lyndhurst,"
Homes, Barmingham Heath, Macclesfield; Rawson, Mrs., The Warren, Crowborough; Reed, V., "Lyndhurst,"
Holland St., Ebbw Vale; Roberts, W., 2, Highfield Tce., Audenshaw, Manchester; Stocks, J., Priory
Rd., Milford Haven; Summers, W. J., 63, Walbrook Rd., Derby; Swainson, Mrs. F., Cockweir, Stoke
Lacy Hereford; Taylor, Miss E., Wauthead Boys' School, Wauthead, E.11; Thompson, C., 157, Fair-
field Rd., Droyliden, Manchester; Thompson, L., Hope Bowdler, Church Stretton, Salop; Thornton
A. 63, Gordon Hill, Enfield; Turner, W. H., 160, Anderton Rd., Sparkbrook, Birmingham; Whittle,
Mrs. C., 35, Turnhill Rd., Longsight, Manchester.

Another £400 X-Word appears on page 32. Try Your Skill Now.

HAIR SLEEK AND SMART



JB

Use Anzora every day! It makes the hair lustrous and orderly and keeps it so all day. Anzora is British and best. Refuse substitutes.

The Anzora Cream for greasy scalps. Anzora Tonic for dry scalps. Sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles by Chemists, Hair-dressers and Stores.

ANZORA
MASTERS THE HAIR

ANZORA PERFUMERY Co. Ltd., LONDON, N.W.6

Henry A. May Tells How Cuticura Healed Pimples

"Large pimples broke out on both sides of my head, all over my chest and between my shoulder blades. The burning and irritation nearly drove me mad, and the pain was intense. The pimples feasted and when I touched them they broke. My hair looked terrible, and when my head touched the pillow I experienced great pain.

"I tried other remedies but obtained no relief. My wife suggested that I try Cuticura Soap and Ointment so I purchased some. After using them about a week there was a great improvement, and by the end of a month I was healed." (Signed) Henry A. May, 12, West Hill Pl., Brighton, Eng., July 23, 1928.

Daily use of Cuticura Soap, with touches of Cuticura Ointment as required, keeps the skin fresh and clear, hands soft and smooth and hair live and glossy. Cuticura Talcum is fragrant and refreshing, an ideal toilet powder.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 6d. For sample, write to: F. Sawyer & Sons, Ltd., 11, Market St., London, E.C.1.

100% Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 6d.

FREE!

A 12/6

**WOOLLEN
PULLOVER**

WITH EVERY PAIR OF BOOTS

A Remarkable Offer. Blanford's famous Box Call Derby Boots, guarantee all leather, double sole and leather linings. Price 22/6 and a FREE PULLOVER with every pair. Blue, grey and brown backgrounds with designs in contrasting shades, sent at once with your order. Then the boots at 22/6 less the Pullover, can you only 18/-. Boots, sizes 6 to 11, cost post free on first payment of 1/6. No further payment required for one month then 4/- monthly to complete purchase. Also send shade of Pullover preferred.

JOHN BLANFORD LTD. (DEPT J.B.V/1)
11 & 13 BATH ST. CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.1

HOLIDAYS BROAD HIGHWAY

on the

THIS is the story of the broad holiday highway, of the motor-coaches that whisk the youngsters of all ages away over the hills to happiness.

They will take you to blue seas or green pastures, to deep forests and sylvan glades, to the mountains or the moors, to limpid lakes and gushing waterfalls, to the highlands and the lowlands — anywhere.

There are few "Cinderellas" so poor that they cannot ride in one, if not to the ball, to the beach. For the modern motor-coach is the magic pumpkin of the humblest holiday-maker.

It is cheap, comfortable and companionable. It will take you a hundred miles for a few shillings; right across England for nothing that matters more than a pound.

Palaces a-wheel

With each succeeding summer the coach surpasses itself. It has developed into a vast and vigorous industry. Its tentacles have spread to and gripped even the smallest villages; the big towns and villages are riddled with booking offices and depots.

Just take a trip around the departure points of London, for instance, at this busy holiday season. Victoria, Trafalgar Square, the Embankment, Aldwych, Paddington.

Here are contingents off to Scotland, there delighted parties bound for Wales. And here goes a stream of coaches to the sea-side. All of them starting as prompt to schedule as any train, accommodation wisely distributed, each seat ticketed. No rushing, scrambling, bickering.

And such coaches. It is little more than twenty years since the first few "charabancs" took to the road, bumpy and draughty, but so eagerly has this mode of transport progressed that to-day they are veritable drawing-rooms on wheels.

All the latest!

There are super arm-chair seats, beautifully sprung and handsomely upholstered. There are special head-rests and rugs if you desire them. There is ample room to stretch.

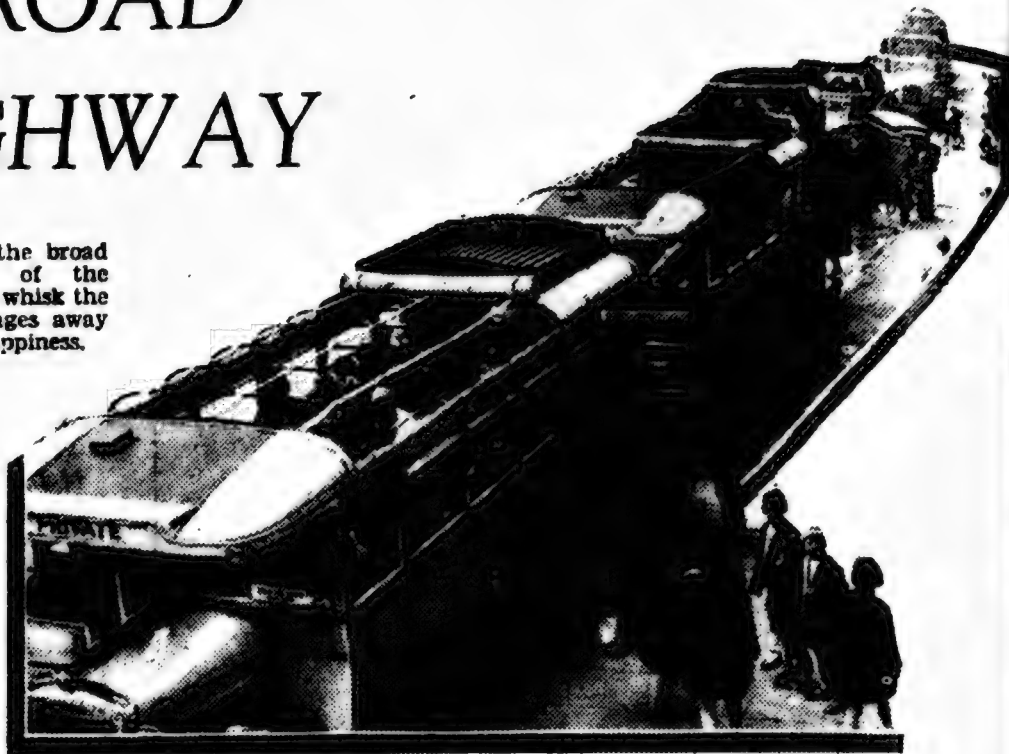
The super-coach is centrally heated. Tables for writing or refreshments are provided. There is a retiring room, a miniature buffet and, in some marvels of the road, even a small library from which can be obtained the latest in fiction.

They run smoothly and safely. The drivers are experts into whose minds has been drilled the fact that they have valuable lives in their hands.

From your arm-chair, glancing through ample window space, the passenger may watch the magnificent panorama of country unfold.

There is nothing more indicative of the progress of motor-coach transport than the "station" in Lupus Street, Victoria, London.

Here arrive and depart coaches from all parts of England, Scotland and Wales, coaches of every colour in the rainbow, big ones and small ones, fine, fat, luxurious "pullmans" and the



"Mag's pumpkins of the humblest holiday-maker" — an early morning lineup

slender, modest, "half-day up" variety.

The "station" itself is a hive of activity during rush hours. The booking hall, on real booking-hall lines, is thronged. There are more surging crowds around the efficient time and destination indicators.

Courteous officials are at hand ready and eager to answer the smallest query. You can buy cigarettes, newspapers, meals. The cloakroom accommodation is adequate.

From early morning until late at night passengers arrive and embark. Their own expressions of delight are a sincere tribute to the success of the road method of travel.

There are few places of importance to which there are not now efficient services. You can leave for Wales, for instance, at almost any time of the day or night.

The "Early Welshman" will take you at 9 a.m., the "Westward Ho!" at 10 a.m., the "Mid-day Welshman" at noon, the "Western Belle" in the afternoon, and the "Midnight Welshman" when Big Ben strikes his longest.

From Leicester Square to Pontypriid for fourteen shillings, to Swansea for less than a pound. It is value for money that is appreciated.

To Birmingham for a ten-shilling note; eight shillings to Yarmouth; to Brighton for five shillings and Bournemouth for six; eight shillings to Bristol, seven to the Isle of Wight — the cheaper holiday is here with a vengeance.

But in the provinces as well as in London the motor-coach boom has soared to great heights. There is scarcely a locality of any size or importance which does not possess enterprising firms catering for the road public.

Cheery folk

From the country they stream down to the sea. From the sea they roll luxuriously into the country. Day trips alone involve tens of thousands of excursionists, who, for the price of a few packets of cigarettes, can enjoy a rest and a change that train travel could not give them.

At one big London coach "station" you may count, at the rush hours, the names of anything in the vicinity of 150 different names among the huge fleets of arrivals.

You hear a strange babble of voices. The soft burr of the Scot mingles with the slow drawl of the Southerner.

Hearty Yorkshire blends with almost incomprehensible accents of the Northern Welshman. It is all very cheerful and companionable.

The holiday spirit pervades even a business trip when made by road.

A commercial traveller confessed that for four years he had not stepped into a train. He had travelled thousands of miles in all parts of England, Scotland and Wales.

Always, he said, he had been able to fix the necessary connections. In long "hops" and short ones everywhere was accessible.

"Travelling by coach," he said, "cheers me up. People are more sociable. You never seem to find those impossible people who will disguise themselves as deaf mutes and not speak a word during a journey of hundreds of miles.

"And it is more comfortable. The only class is 'first-class,' and, believe me, it is. Light refreshments are reasonable, and one likes the bird-halls at hotels for lunch, tea or dinner.

"I am sure of my seat. I book it and I know that I shall get it. Officials are courteous and drivers cautious. The highway seems a good way to me."

You just sit down

And children love the road too. The engine-driver, alas! is not the hero that he was. In this age of petrol their affection has swerved a great deal to the man at the wheel.

The coach "stations" would not seem the same without the wide-eyed youngsters ready for the joys of the broad highway.

Apart from the trips, there are the tours, a form of holiday-making that is increasingly popular. The whole of Great Britain is made one vast playground.

There are tours of two hundred miles and tours of two thousand. Prices vary from a few pounds to fifty. It is a real "leave-it-to-us" holiday. For from the moment he steps into the luxury coach the tourist's wants and desires are exhaustively catered for by the promoters.

Luggage is well-attended to; all meals planned; hotel bills paid, the most excellent service arranged, and the irritation of "tipping" disposed of quietly and efficiently.

Thousands more will try the broad highway to happiness this holiday time, and it is anticipated that all records in the great and growing motor-coach industry will be broken.



THINGS FAR OFF and long ago. Magic moments that would have slid so quickly into limbo. The Kodak does for happiness what happiness cannot do for itself. Picks out the best bits of life. Makes them live and last. Fills in the blanks of your memory. This is happiness hoarded up. Yours for keeps—in your Kodak snaps.

TAKE A KODAK WITH YOU

PRICES FROM EIGHT AND SIXPENCE TO FIFTY POUNDS

What couldn't I do to a lager!



When a thirst takes you by the throat, take a Barclay's by the neck! Crisp as a hill-top breeze! Clear and cool as a mountain stream! A brilliance lit by bubbles! A tang that makes great thirsts a precious memory!

BARCLAY'S LAGER

Light or Dark—the drink for a lordly thirst

Some can stand the loss of a diamond ring can you?

Prevent this disaster which is liable to happen at any time by obtaining our **FREE INSURANCE** at **LLOYDS** given with every ring we sell for £5 & upwards



The illustrations above are a selection of the latest and most fashionable designs from our window display of 10,000 rings. They are mounted in 18 Ct. Gold and Platinum, or all Platinum, & are priced from £5 upwards according to the size of the diamonds

Send for a copy of our Illustrated Ring Book Post free, on request.

BRAVINGTONS KINGS CROSS N.I.

(OPEN UNTIL 9 P.M. ON SATURDAYS)

CITY STOPS 71 LUDGATE HILL E.C.4.

WEST END STOPS 189 BROMPTON ROAD S.W.1

Don't Wear a Truss!

After thirty years' experience an appliance has been invented for men, women and children that cures rupture

SENT ON TRIAL

If you have tried most everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it, and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no knives, no harness, no lies.



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

We make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

Free Information Coupon.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.
(468J) 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2
(468J) 274, Deansgate, Manchester.

Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book, and full information about your Appliance for the cure of Rupture.

Name.....

Address.....
(Please write plainly)

ACIDITY CAUSES STOMACH TROUBLES

Stomach pains and inability to retain food often mean nothing more than indigestion resulting from gas and excess acidity. Gas distends the stomach, causing that full, oppressive feeling, while the acid irritates and inflames the delicate lining of the stomach. The whole trouble arises from fermentation, which is not only unnatural but most dangerous if not prevented. To stop fermentation, a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia should be taken immediately after eating. This will instantly neutralise the acid which is causing the trouble, and thus give immediate relief. 'Bisurated' Magnesia can be obtained from all chemists at 1s. 3d.—a small sum to ensure immunity from all stomach troubles arising from acidity. A free sample will be sent upon request to Dept. K/15, Bismag Ltd., Braydon-road, London, N.16.

RHEUMATISM INSTANT RELIEF!

FREE TRIAL

Thousands of people have gained relief from Rheumatic agonies by taking Urace Brand Tablets. Urace instantly relieves the harrowing pain—dissolves and banishes Uric acid and other poisonous accumulations—defends your system against further attacks. It is also good for sciatica, lumbago, backache, etc. In boxes 1/3, 3/- and 5/- from all chemists.

URACE BRAND TABLETS

Where external treatment is required use URACE Brand Liniment, which is specially prepared for all forms of rheumatic pain, stiffness, etc. It quickly penetrates and speedily relieves 1/3 and 2/-.
URACE LABORATORIES, 26, Provost St., London, N.1.

FOOD TAXES

THE position of industry in Britain is so hopeless, and the menace of unemployment so great, that desperate remedies must be regarded as better than no remedy at all.

None of the political Parties has done anything worth while to improve the position. Lord Beaverbrook has, at any rate, taken a bold stand.

Empire Free Trade seems to be the only thing which might lead to that trade revival which is so essential if the British Empire is not to collapse and die.—John Russell Durrois, Belgium.

More Grey Hairs

As a working man's wife, I cannot see how taxing imports is going to be of any advantage to me.

All taxes are eventually recovered from the buyer, and I as the buyer will have to pay them.

It will mean the tightening of the belts of the poor, and a few more grey hairs for poor women like myself struggling to make ends meet.—Worker's Wife, Cardiff.

Worth It

As an Ironmonger's assistant, I handle nails from Germany, wire from Belgium, glass from Czecho-Slovakia, watches from Switzerland, and dairy utensils from Sweden, to mention but a few articles which should be made in Britain.

I am willing to pay, say, a penny more on a loaf if by so doing I can give employment to more Britishers.—Assistant, Bridgend.

Buried

Between 1605 and 1680 the English farmer was helped with bounties, while imports from Ireland were prohibited.

High prices and high rents flourished, but low wages and forced labour were the lot of the worker.

In 1773 the Corn Laws were passed. One-seventh of the population, the majority farm-labourers, were in receipt of Poor Law relief by 1800.

Cobden and Bright pointed out to the people the cause of their misery, and Parliament buried the offender in 1846.

Why resurrect such a corpse?—E. P. Mordaunt, Hants.

How?

Empire Crusaders tell us that a tax on foreign imports would not make food or other necessities any dearer, as there will be an abundant supply, free of tax, from Empire and home producers.

They tell the farmer that he will receive a subsidy from the Customs dues on foreign imports.

Who is going to be disappointed? If there are no Customs dues paid, from where is the farmer getting the subsidy?

If there are Customs dues paid, how can the consumer escape paying it?—J. M., Belfast.

We Can Can

All food imports, except those from the Empire, must be taxed. Once this is done we shall be one step nearer solving the unemployment problem.

We could provide for ourselves easily in the canning industry. We have enough salmon, peas, beans, apples and pears to supply our needs, thus stirring up the tin-mining industry, farming and can-making.

The housewife would then be able to get an all-British product at a small cost.—C. Wilkinson, Cheshire.

At Their Mercy

Food taxes limited to the foreigner would mean that the British farmer would be undersold by the Colonial; hence the home grower would be no better off.

As for consumers, we should still be at the mercy of manipulators of food prices—and the Colonial variety is as bad as any other.

Our Letter Parliament

For and Against

Out of many hundreds of letters in our Parliament 70 per cent. are against food taxes

(See page 5 for latest about our ballot.)

With the cost of living up, the mass of the people would have less money to spend. That means less work for some others somewhere.—W. J. Flatman, Birmingham.

Chance for Poor

Foreign food and fruit, imported free, enables poor people to enjoy things which otherwise they would not be able to buy, and prevents shopkeepers from making excessive profit.

I saw in a shop recently—"Home-grown black currants, 9d. lb.; imported, 6d. lb."

If there were no imported black currants, the home-grown would probably be 1s. 1d. per lb.—H. Skinner, Sussex.

Those Rings

Taxing foreign foods would give the unscrupulous British dealer an unfair advantage to create a monopoly.

Food rings would monopolise the output and the price of necessities would naturally go up.

Britain could not produce all the food consumed annually by us; and a tax on

foreign foods would automatically cause foreign countries to buy less of our other goods than at present. Kennedy Scott, Hanley.

Helping the Enemy

English and Dominion farmers would benefit by increased turnover; also their employees, by more work and better wages, to say nothing about the other industries indirectly.

Capital would be held within the Empire and not sent out to help the foreigner to compete against us.

We are at present exporting more to the foreigner than to our Empire. That would be largely compensated by our enabling our Dominions to have a larger spending power and by stabilising Empire credit.—Diggle, Yorks.

Who'll Profit?

By taxing food imports we are subsidising one class of the community against the other.—F. J. Y. Bedminster.

If we cannot—or will not—produce enough food for our own consumption, why tax the foreigner, who is willing to do it for us?—G. Jones, Portsmouth.

Food taxes would give the profiteers his chance—and he would take it!—Jimmie, Falkirk.

I would rather be at work, and be able to purchase "dearer" food, than stare in a "land flowing with milk and cheap foodstuffs" dependent upon charity.—W. Bird, Beckenham.

Food taxes would lead to the formation of trusts, so that the consumer would pay still more, whilst the farmer would lose still more.—Cymro.

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, July 25.

Does International Sport Foster Friendship?

How to Win £250

MUST BE WON—NO ENTRY FEE

All estimates must be written in ink and in figures (not words) and made on the coupons taken from JOHN BULL. One X only may be made on the Voting coupon. Each competitor is allowed ONE entry only.

Any coupon upon which an alteration has been made or which arrives after the closing date (first post, July 30) will be disqualified.

The sum of £250 will be paid to the competitor or competitors from whom is received the correct or most nearly correct forecast of the number of electors in favour of Taxes on Foreign Food.

This figure will be decided by the Editor in accordance with the proportion of votes cast in the JOHN BULL Referendum.

Each Competitor is allowed one entry only.

In the event of a tie the prize will be equally divided. The £250 must be won—there is no entrance fee. No individual's vote on any Voting Coupon will be disclosed, not even that of the winner.

No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the delay, loss or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.

No correspondence will be entered into. The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding.

No claims from competitors are required in the contest, as all entries received will be carefully examined by our staff. Results will appear in JOHN BULL as soon as possible after the closing date.

VOTING COUPON

If you are in favour of Taxes on Foreign Food put your X here—

I am in favour of Taxes on Foreign Food.

If you are NOT in favour of Taxes on Foreign Food put your X here—

I am NOT in favour of Taxes on Foreign Food.

Only one X must be placed on this Coupon.

A SIGNED..... ADDRESS (in Block Letters).....

OUT HERE

£250 MUST BE WON REFERENDUM FORECAST

Of the 22,639,117 people who voted at the last Election, I estimate that the number below are in favour of Taxes on Foreign Food:

(Write clearly in figures.)

I enter the JOHN BULL Referendum Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS (in Block Letters).....

B Coupons must reach us not later than first post on Wednesday, July 30. This coupon must be sent in together with the Coupon above.

Out out Coupons separately and post BOTH together in one envelope (1d. stamp). Address your entry: "Referendum Competition," 1st Floor, 73-77, Endell St., London, W.C.2 (Comp.). Closing date, first post July 30.

JULY 26, 1913



**Don't
forget**

*Player's
please*



N.C.C. 826A.

Human Documents

The Value of Good Will

An interesting note appears in an advertisement on page 12 in which an advertiser tells his old customers that they need do no more than send their money. This shows a very clear belief in the satisfaction which has been given. Interviewed, Messrs. M. A. Barry and Co. pointed out that most of their business is amongst old, satisfied customers. The 50/- blue serge suit which they are offering is the best value they have ever given and is sold for much more by ordinary tailors. This can also be said of the "Military" coat, which at a guinea is remarkable. In replying to this advertisement one has not only the assurance of the prestige of this old-established firm, but there is also the feeling of reliance which can be placed on goods advertised in "John Bull," backed by the journal's guarantee. We invite a study of this advertisement on page 12.

TAKE OUR ADVICE

Bet with
"THE BIG TWO"
DAVID COPE

& ALFRED H. MAURICE, Ltd.

and be sure of
your Winnings!

LETTERS!

If your letter is forwarded in
accordance with their rules and
bears a time-stamp not later than

SET TIME OF RACE

YOU ARE ON

NO LIMIT

WIN OR PLACE.

Books Open on
STEWARDS' CUP, ST. LEGER
CESAREWITCH and
CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Write at once for lists.

DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE, Ltd.

(Dept. J.B.)

227, BATH ST., GLASGOW, C.2

WHY SUFFER FROM YOUR LIVER?

Why be handicapped with blotches on the face, eyes with a yellow tinge, that tired languid feeling? These indicate a torpid liver.

Headache, Dizziness and Biliousness are sure to follow. You must stimulate your lazy liver with Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Purely vegetable, free from calomel and poisonous drugs, small, easy to swallow, and not habit forming. They are not a purgative that cramps or pains. All Chemists, 1/3 and 3/- packages.



Start 'em young
with the Blakey
habit and save
half their boot
bills!

A 2nd CARD OF
BLAKEYS BOOT
PROTECTORS
SAVES £1



Did the Dress Cost DEATH?

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

TWELVE years ago, I, my husband and two promising sons were a happy family. My husband had been brought up as a miner, but shortly before our marriage he left the coal-pits to start a small market-garden with greengrocer's shop attached.

It flourished, but after a few years' trade depression set in, and we were making a poor income.

About this time an old school-friend who had married well came to reside in our district. She kept house in style and dressed so fashionably that jealous envy was aroused in my mind.

I strove to ape her in every way I could, but found myself blocked by lack of income.

Solely with this rivalry in my mind, I persuaded my husband to sell the business, and be content, once again, with the work of a miner.

At this time good money was to be made in the pits, and my husband's wages, plus the money derived from our sale, enabled me to keep "upsides" with my friend in dress and in smartening up the home.

My two sons matriculated, and were keen to go on to the University.

I suggested that it would be a good idea for both to get work in the mines for a year in order to gain practical industrial experience, and put them into a better position to take up their studies later with a definite end in view.

BUT my chief thought was dread of the pinch that college education was bound to bring.

Neither my husband nor sons were keen on the plan, but said that if the year's wait was necessary they would agree.

For just three weeks all went well. Then came the catastrophe that I shall never forget.

There was a fall of roof, a flood, and water broke into a section of the mine where my husband and sons were working. Along with two other miners they were lost.

Since then I have been tortured day and night by remorse. I feel it is killing me slowly, but can see no ray of hope either this side the grave or beyond.

"HUMANIST" says: You are unhinged by the tragedy. Your sons were grown-up and both they and your husband probably weighed all considerations before deciding against taking up the college course immediately.

Your emulation of your friend could have no bearing on the mine accident, and you will be wise to seek consolation in work.

To try to help others is the best balm on earth for sorrow.

THE SKUNK,

the gentleman and the baby

THREE years ago I fell in love with the one girl whom I felt it possible to make a life companion; but my special pal, a boy of whom I had made a chum since schooldays, was equally attracted by the same girl.

Although she said she liked me immensely, she finally chose my chum, and they began to go about as though engaged.

During the next two years I saw little of either, but I heard that the wedding-day was fixed.

Later, I heard that when the day

arrived, the girl, with a friend, attended at the register-office, but that her lover never turned up.

After lingering about for a long time, it became evident that the girl was being fooled. She turned away in despair, for she was expecting a child.

Indignation so boiled within me when I learned the facts that I sought out my one-time chum and asked the meaning of his conduct.

We quarrelled, and the interview ended with a set-to fight. This, of course, has ended correspondence between us for good and all.

As for the girl, I love her still, and want to marry her. I am broadminded enough to realise that she was betrayed under promise of marriage.

But I don't want the child to be a bone of contention between us, and would like, from the start, to give it my name. Please inform me how this can be done.

"HUMANIST" says: If you can marry before the child arrives it will be held by the law to be yours, and no one need know otherwise.

If not, you can legally adopt it, and it is possible to gain permission to re-register it on payment of a very small fee.

Race with "Silver Ring."

Out of the GOODWOOD!

GOODWOOD marks the half-way stage of the flat campaign and should be stocktaking time.

On reference to my notes I find that the Code horses are just on thirty points up. Of the last ten selections to run up to the moment of writing six have won (including 21-to-1 "double"), two have been second and two third.

May we continue on the same lines! Glorious Goodwood furnishes some delightful yarns that would not suit present-day backers. They would probably resent several heavily backed horses being left at the post and the start declared by the Stewards as "good."

They might also be annoyed if an objection to the Stewards' Cup winner were not decided until the following May, or if the start were eighty minutes late.

However, we live in a more enlightened age, and these things do not happen now.

A few weeks ago I suggested Mr. Sol Joel's Fleeting Memory for the big gamble of the meeting.

This selection stands, but if Mr. Wertheimer sends Zambelli from France, the daughter of the famous Epinard is worth an each-way saver. She ran well at Ascot.

I think, too, that Mountain Lad, who lost the Goodwood Stakes last year on an objection, will win outright this time. Capt. Gooch's horse is a glutton for distance.

The Saturday "double" at Hurst Park is Miss Linn and Rivalry.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, July 24, to Wednesday, July 30.

E 2 K S A W 3 L Z U 5 D Y V N
M T F 9 I B C Q H G R P X J 0

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* and the *Daily Herald*, read the one above or below, as the case may be. 21UMOP would read TAG END.

"SILVER RING."

BRUTE'S BONDS can be cut

NINE years ago I married happily, believing the man was a widower. The happiness quickly faded, for within three weeks he was actually ill-treating me and creating such disturbances when in drink that I lost more than one decent home through his conduct.

If I asked for his wages, which he preferred to spend on horses and drink, I bore continual black eyes in consequence.

Yet, though I was often flogged off with 10s. as my share for housekeeping, I was expected to produce four meals a day, and good ones. This forced me to find daily work.

The crisis came one day when my husband handed me £2 and ordered me to get his best suit out of pawn.

As rent was owing, and all the week's provisions still to buy, and especially as I knew he had double the amount left in his pocket to redeem his suit, I plucked up courage and refused.

I told him I needed that money and more for housekeeping.

He then knocked me down, kicked me, and left me with two black eyes and a badly cut and swollen lip.

I left him, and have never lived with him since, now nearly two years ago.

Since then I have heard that he was not a widower when I married him, as his first wife was living, though not with him.

All my husband will say is "he believed her dead, as he had neither seen nor heard of her for seven years."

In the circumstances, should I be committing any crime by marrying again?

"HUMANIST" says: Not if you can prove that the man committed bigamy, for in that case there is no legal bond.

But try your best to verify the fact. Otherwise your position will still be far from happy and a very invidious one at the best.

HER LUNATIC at large

MARRIED fourteen years ago, I knew my husband laid great stress upon religious observances.

Presently, however, religion occupied his thoughts above work or anything else, and before I had been more than eighteen months a wife he was taken away to an asylum, suffering from religious mania.

In less than a year the treatment had done him so much good that I applied for his release.

I struggled on for eight years, but during all that time he would not work, and finally I was forced to appeal to the Poor Law. The relieving officer saw that my husband was quite insane, and he was removed again.

During the time he was at home two more children were born, and these are still at school. I go out charing in order to keep them.

In April the police informed me that my husband had escaped from the asylum, and that he could not be found.

Poor and lonely, with children to keep and no money to trace the fugitive, the suspense is worrying me sick. For what will my children do if their poor, insane father comes home and frightens them when I am out?

"HUMANIST" says: A man out of his wits cannot long evade capture. Meanwhile, if your children must come home while you are at work, ask a kindly neighbour to keep an eye on them.

ULCERS

healed with 1½ tins!



'FOR nine years I had two large ulcers on my leg; so painful I could hardly walk at times. I TRIED ALL OINTMENTS, but to no purpose; then my wife advised Germolene. After using ONE-AND-A-HALF BOXES in just five weeks my leg is quite cured!"—Mr. G. N. Pilditch, 4, Walham Avenue, London, S.W.6.

ECZEMA, RASH, ULCERS, PILES, PSORIASIS, RING-WORM, IMPETIGO, CUTS, ETC. It's the wonderful non-smarting ASEPTIC action that does the trick. What a change from biting, corroding antiseptics! Pain goes at once; you can almost feel it heal. And heal it does, too, like nothing else can; quick and clean, without leaving scars! Heals any skin trouble in record time. Buy a tin of Germolene TO-DAY!

1/3 & 3/ per tin

Germolene

ASEPTIC SKIN DRESSING

"GERMOLENE BLOOD PURIFIER AND TONIC"
cleanses the blood of all impurities. Essential for perfect skin health. Price 3/- and 12/- per bottle.

NOW READ THIS FOR CYCLE BARGAINS

You can buy your cycle from Coventry's great cycle warehouse, **AND SAVE SHOPKEEPERS' PROFITS OF AT LEAST TWO OR THREE POUNDS.** This week I am holding a gigantic Bargain Sale of brand-new models, fresh from the works, many with **DUNLOP TYRES, STURMEY-ARROWER THREE-SPEED GEARS,** and all the best fittings. **FREE ACCESSORIES** during the Sale will include an **ELECTRIC LAMP, BELL and CARRIER.** Hundreds of Ladies' and Gent.'s de Luxe Roadsters, Racers, Sports, All Blacks, and real Miniature Cycles at £2 17 6 cash or terms. Carriage paid, on approval. Thousands of testimonials. My **WHOLESALE PRICES** and **SALE OFFERS** will amaze you, so send for **FREE CATALOGUE NOW.**



Chas. T. Robey, Ltd.
THE WORLD'S PROVIDER, DERBY, COVENTRY.

'ASPRO' as an

All-round Summer Medicine



Sun-Glare Headaches - Heat Debility
Fever - Lassitude - Irritability
Malarial Fever - Nervous Disorders - Aches & Pains - Sleeplessness, Yield to 'ASPRO'

That 'ASPRO' is the most useful - practical and efficient all - round Summer medicine has been proved beyond a shadow of doubt by actual experience of users. For instance sun-glare headaches yield to its soothing influence in a few minutes—it brings sweet sleep to the sleepless—those suffering from feverish conditions, such as hay fever, malaria, influenza, can obtain immediate practical help and stop the development of these complaints by taking 'ASPRO.' The motorist suffering from the discomfort of continuous driving through congested traffic will find 'ASPRO' a great soother. Hot weather irritability yields to the soothing influence of 'ASPRO.' Again 'ASPRO' is a safeguard against rheumatic attacks. In fact 'ASPRO' is the one medicine that no home can afford to be without. A trial will convince the most sceptical. More wonderful still is the fact that 'ASPRO' does not dope, deaden or drug. Neither does it harm the heart nor upset the digestion—it can be taken by all, young and old, anywhere and everywhere.

Follow these Directions

- HEADACHE**—Take 2 tablets.
- NEURITIS**—For this distressing complaint take 2 tablets four times a day. Drink plenty of milk.
- NERVE SHOCK**—For any nerve shock 'ASPRO' is invaluable. It calms the nerves as nothing else can. Take 2 or 3 tablets after meals when required.
- TO STOP A COLD & INFLUENZA**—Take two tablets four times a day, when you feel the cold coming on. This reduces the temperature and stops the cold.
- RHEUMATISM**—The quantity of 'ASPRO' to be taken for this complaint must necessarily depend on the acuteness and stubbornness of the malady. From 2 to 4 tablets can be taken with perfect safety and with beneficial results.
- SORE THROAT**—Dissolve 2 tablets in a half-tumbler of water and gargle.
- SLEEPLESSNESS**—2 tablets after a light supper, before retiring.
- LUMBAGO**—2 tablets four times a day after meals.
- FEVERISHNESS AND TEMPERATURE**—For Malaria, Ague or any Fever, 'ASPRO' Tablets are a boon. Take 2 tablets every two hours until normal. They reduce temperature within a few minutes.
- REGULAR PAINS AND DEPRESSION PECULIAR TO WOMEN**—Take 2 tablets three times a day after meals.
- SCIATICA**—Take similar doses to instructions given for Rheumatism.
- FOR THE AFTER-EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL**—2 to 4 tablets.
- NEURALGIA AND TOOTHACHE**—2 tablets, and 1 every hour afterwards until pain disappears.

FIRST AID FOR MOTHERS

Most children are subject to Teething, Earache, Colds and sudden bursts of Temperature. 'ASPRO' can be safely given to children so affected. It will soothe the pain away and quickly reduce Temperature.



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(Aspro Dept.), **SLOUGH, BUCKS.**

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ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES, INCLUDING BOOTS, TAYLORS, TIMOTHY WHITES, SQUIRES, NEEDHAMS, ETC., STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

PRIZE AGAIN INCREASED

"JOHN BULL" will pay £600 for a correct solution on one form of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 74 appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), July 31st. Solution of puzzle will be published in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, August 7th. Winner will be given in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, August 14th.

Result of Crossword No. 71 appears on page 25.

Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully.

1. Fill in puzzle opposite IN ORDINARY INK, not copying ink or copying ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing three-halfpenny stamp and post to "John Bull," Crosswords (No. 74), 27, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.), so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, July 31st.

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed - & Co. - and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £600 prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, August 14th. Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the £600 prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post Tuesday, August 19th, after which date the prize-money will be despatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to: The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to JOHN BULL.

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.



An Extra £50 for Runners-up.

Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupons early.

Clues Across.

1. Get hold of.
6. Stubborn animals.
10. Merriment.
11. Contesting place.
12. Organ of hearing.
13. Somebody is always doing.
14. Feminine pronoun.
16. Broad ribbon.
19. Otherwise.
23. These provide honey.
25. Fall down.
26. Finest in quality.
29. Observe.
31. Tear.
33. You see these on a billiards table.
34. Part of verb "to be."
38. Fly aloft.
39. Before.
40. Loved by children.
41. These amuse sunny.
42. Merry frolic.

Clues Down.

1. Mother attends to.
2. An age.
3. Traders' names are found on.
4. Split.
5. Eat away.
6. Serve us daily.
7. Vessel.
8. Lower limbs.
9. If you're this, you're all right.
15. Summer finds them in the garden.
17. Makes oldest inhabitant talk.
18. Animal's skin.
20. Part of the body.
21. Flow back.
22. Wearing apparel.
24. Long fish.
25. Woman likes this fashionable.
26. Often given a dog.
29. Exhausted.
30. Lay bare.
32. Metal.
34. You find it by the fire.
35. These propel a boat.
36. Irish.
39. Lengthen.

Chambers' 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest editions) were used in compiling this puzzle.

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word No. 72.

NIPPER COUNT
AVALUED DOOR
M T LARGE SY
EAT PAR PE
DYED GIBE S
SP LAG TORSO
H PAD B W AL
OMIT CAT ADO
TIRELESS ND
SN I TACKLE
CHATTER LEG
LEET OD RED

JB 72

Result will be published next week.

The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 72 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasize that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

Swing over to
"John Bull's"
£600
Must-be-won
X-WORD

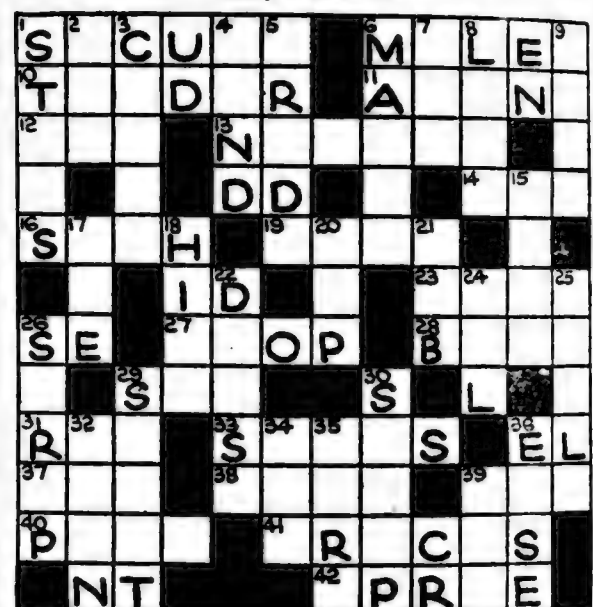
PULL off a big prize this week by filling up the squares below now. Here is a pastime that may bring you JOHN BULL's great £600 cash prize

Closing Date, Thursday (Noon), July 31st.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 74

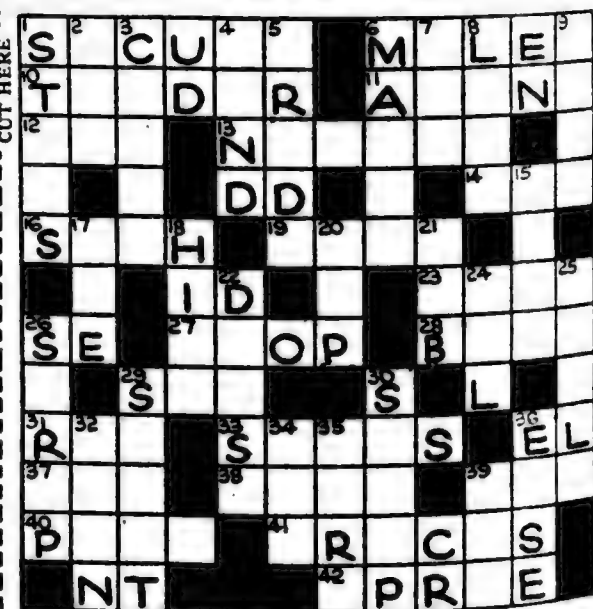
Entry Form "A."



JB 74

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."



JB 74

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

Closing Date Thursday (noon), July 31.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

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Prove to your own satisfaction that no other preparations can equal those made by Icilma. We will send a complete beauty treatment, including generous samples of Icilma Vanishing Cream, Icilma Cold Cream, Icilma Face Powder four shades, Naturelle, Rose, Creme and Brunette, and FULL SIZE Icilma Wet Shampoo and Icilma Hair Powder. Simply forward your name and address with 6d. (in stamps) to I.C.I.L.M.A. (Dept. 38), 37-45, King's Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1.

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NAME

ADDRESS

J.B. 153.

THE EDITOR REPLIES



J. T. S. (Liverpool).—"At a political meeting in Mexico, a bomb exploded on the platform." We understand that the speaker immediately rose and left the building.

F. C. (Glasgow).—"Even vermin can prove useful." Rats!

J. B. (Templeton).—"He is deaf and rather stubborn." Is he a waiter?

PROFESSOR (Harrow).—"A woman's voice has the range of an organ." But not so many stops.

S. H. (Winchester).—"I keep a record of all the quarrels my wife and I have." In a scrap-book?

G. N. (London, S.).—"My husband wants me to learn the violin." To give our chin a rest?

L. B. (Marlow).—"A flow of angry words came from his lips as he missed the last putt." The Golf Stream.

A. B. (Loughton).—"Honesty is the most profitable policy." Yes, it saves time.

A. N. (Hendon).—"After all, who really approves of sun-bathing in Hendon?" Mosquitoes.

P. N. (Hayes).—"My husband wastes his time sketching in the garden." Can't you get him to draw the roller?

T. B. (Tring).—"You can't judge a woman by her clothes." No, the evidence is often insufficient.

P. N. (Edgware).—"He married his secretary." Now she's probably his treasurer.

E. G. (Birmingham).—"A record number of seals are said to have been caught this summer." This may cause a slump in rabbit skins.

A. B. (Portsmouth).—"I went to a dance last night, but all I heard was laughter and chuckles." You must have struck a very happy medium.

D. B. (Dawlish).—"A few days ago an audience in Sydney heard a talkie from Elstree, 13,000 miles away." This seems just about the right distance.

N. D. (Bookham).—"With the hundreds of thousands of cars in this country there need be no fear of Bolshevikism." That shows that you've never heard the sentiments of the man driving at the tail end of the procession.

J. D. S. (Leith).—"I see that a skeleton, believed to be 3,000 years old, has been found with its hands supporting its head in a posture of extreme weariness." Yes; it is thought that the loud speaker must have crumbled away.

P. N. (Highgate).—"It is not always easy to distinguish between a first-class orchestra and a jazz band on a gramophone record." There's very little difference when they both start from scratch.

J. B. (Stanmore).—"Some talkies are not popular." There are sound reasons for this.

R. N. (Burnham).—"Nobody can play tennis on alcohol." Still, many players indulge in mixed doubles.

EX-SOLDIER (Preston).—"Thank heaven there is no 'No man's land' to-day." What about the bargain basement?

N. W. (Hastings).—"I'm afraid I've lost my complexion." Where did you drop your vanity bag?

M. B. (Lynton).—"I and Mum are always the same." Yes, spent either backwards or forwards.

C. V. (Brixton).—"I am going to play a well-known actor's part next week." Thanks for the warning.

H. G. (Battersea).—"I've never read a book through in my life." What paper do you review them for?

T. G. (Ashford).—"What really is a home?" It is a little-used building that usually stands on the same plot as the family garage.

H. S. (Norbury).—"Is the stork famous for any other reason than bringing babies to earth?" Yes, it is also noted for its long bill.

P. J. (York).—"It is surprising how often an amateur shot mistakes his guide for a deer." And suspicious how accurate his aim is on such occasions.

A. F. (Cobham).—"What happens to all the pedestrians who are run down?" They wind up in hospital.

A. F. (Uxbridge).—"I do not know when I did my last day's work." Do you know when you did your first?

K. C. (Oxford).—"My new car does sixty easily." We've heard of those long downhill stretches.

T. N. (Llandudno).—"Talking of holidays, try Wales for a spell." A long spell, of course.

D. N. (Stockwell).—"Man's inhumanity to man is notorious." It certainly makes thousands hesitate on the kerb.

S. C. (Bloomsbury).—"London's murder rate is the business of every Londoner." Surely it's not as bad as that.

J. C. (Epsom).—"You can see by the inscription where I had this photo taken." Yes, but we can't understand why.

J. B. (London, S.).—"I have taught myself to play six different musical instruments." We suppose the houses on either side of you are for sale.

CURATE (Sheffield).—"I don't blame a man altogether for running into debt." There's often a great deal owing to his friends.

MRS. L. (Preston).—"Seeing I do all my own housework I don't need a maid." We've got the maid for you. You'll just suit her.

G. J. (Taplow).—"If a man jumps from his bed immediately he wakes up, it's a sign that he is in good health." Or that he's overslept himself.

DOMESTIC (Everton).—"Why do you think I left my last place?" Because you didn't know what your present one was like.

H. Y. (Dover).—"Now and again, I do not agree with your opinions." Well, you can't expect to be right every time.

T. N. S. (Cardiff).—"Cutting hair by electricity is a tremendous success." The kind of success that goes to people's heads.

G. S. M. (Darlington).—"A few years ago I could sign my name to a cheque for over £400." And so you can to-day. There's a cheque for 400 Guineas awaiting you on page 35, and we shall want the winner's signature on the back.

L. N. (Victoria).—"A doctor says that persons of dull intellect sleep more and deeper than hard brain workers." But Whitehall officials wake up at the first tinkle of the afternoon-tea cups.

Write to JOHN BULL

about it!

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

KATE (Kilkenny).—"Can you tell me any people who don't grow fat on potatoes?" Farmers.

T. S. (Streatham).—"Some men are brilliant talkers in public." Others go out with their wives.

B. M. (Chicago).—"Quite recently all the warders attached to one prison came out on strike." Did the prisoners come out in sympathy?

MISS D. M. (Bournemouth).—"After a day in the sun, I always feel angry when my scorched face confronts me in the mirror." You see red.

T. M. C. (London, W.).—"A well-known M.P. says that he can get from his constituency to Westminster much better by air." Hot air, that is.

F. L. (Hastings).—"He has taken my girl away, although I must say I always thought he was my friend." Perhaps he is.

M. B. (Ventnor).—"The rain makes everything so beautiful." Judging by your photograph, you could do with a couple of showers.

TOM (Yoxford).—"Could I live my life again I should remain single." That would mean at least one more happy girl.

R. H. (Dover).—"There are now no beauty contests in Italy." We don't blame Mussolini for stopping the one thing he could not hope to win.

J. M.D. (Leith).—"There is no such thing as accuracy in judging distances." You have evidently experienced those boarding-houses which are advertised as "two minutes from prom."

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

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RAINY DAY
LADIES!

SMART, FASHIONABLE, GOOD
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REP COATS

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SIDE-Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are not quoted. On the printers' errors not noticed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2'6/- paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes, "Slips."

SCREEN STORIES:—"From CLOSED SHE WATCHED the two men go round the room."

PARISH MAGAZINE (Four Oaks):—"After tea the children will go by char-a-banc to the Botanical Gardens, where in addition to the beautiful grounds they will have the attraction of OTHER WILD ANIMALS."

YORKSHIRE EVENING POST:—"Among other CAVALRY regiments for which the height standard has been lowered are the GRENADIER GUARDS and the COLDBRIDGE GUARDS."

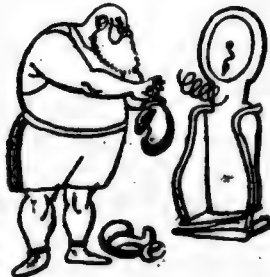
COATERIDGE EXPRESS:—"The half-yearly census of vagrants revealed a total of NINE males—FIVE Scottish and FIVE Irish."

THE STAR:—"The resignation by of the CHAM-PIONSHIP of the governors of College is announced."

BURTON OBSERVER:—"Mrs. — receives a BANQUET after performing the opening ceremony."

"DESIRE OF HIS LIFE" (Ethel M. Dell):—"His other hand lay upon his CLASPED ONES."

SOUTH WALES ECHO AND EXPRESS:—"The thought flashed into his mind that here might possibly be the car which had caused the death of Sir Abernethy and HIMSELF."



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743	Mr. Clark, Inverness	£420
744	Mr. Hodgson, Rock Ferry, Cheshire	£850
747	Mr. H. Hopcraft, Thame	£892/10
748	Mr. Heard, Exeter	£300
749	Mrs. D. E. Henry, Dorchester	£600
750	Mr. J. Tucker, Barnstaple	£250
751	Mr. G. Brockett, Glasgow	£500
752	Mr. J. Irvine, Paisley	£4,200
753	Mr. A. H. Law, Norbury	£300
754	Mr. B. Warburton, Birmingham	£100
757	Mr. W. Jones, Penygraig	£900
758	Mr. R. Brown, Bradford	£350
759	Mr. P. Taylor, Birmingham	£2,625
760	Mrs. Whitelaw, Edinburgh	£300
762	Mr. G. A. Waller, London, N.W.	£600
764	Mrs. E. Nisbet, Witham, Essex	£300

Every issue of **EVERYBODY'S** contains helpful advice on how to construct prize lines to fit the current examples, together with what to avoid. **EVERYBODY'S** will also help you with "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORD competition, for advance solutions, with alternatives, are published every week for this as well as all other Crosswords and Picture Puzzle contests carrying prizes of

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"The Greatest of These—" Fund

"THEY ALSO SERVE—"

CITIZENSHIP, with all its duties and privileges, is inculcated as a part of the school curriculum from a child's earliest years. That the lesson sinks home was proved by the willingness of those who flocked to the Colours in 1914.

But some were more willing than able. The subject of our present little sketch offered himself no fewer than thirteen times for military service and was thirteen times rejected.

The trouble was a permanently crippled leg, which made anything in the nature of drill or route-marching impossible.

But "they also serve who only stand and wait" and every country has need of men who are thrifty, honest and industrious, able and willing to do their bit at home.

Our friend accepted the inevitable and got a job of work. This he kept until March of this year, when the firm with which he was employed went into liquidation.

The heartbreak of unemployment ever since has been intensified by the sufferings of a wife unable to get four little children one quarter of the things they need.

There is also an old father, close on ninety, to feed, because the pension of 10s. a week simply will not stretch to bed and board.

It was not until every rag of spare clothing, including boots, had been pawned that an appeal was made to us.

The application is backed by the family doctor, who has known them for years, and testifies that literally no stone has been left unturned in the hopeless search for work.

We want money for this man and hundreds like him.

Send any help you can to The Hon. Secretary, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

M. P. (Parkstone), 1s.; M. F. H. T. B. (Drem), 1s. 6d.; Anon. (Barrow-in-Furness), 2s. 6d.; R. M. E. (Ryde), 2s. 6d.; J. A. R. (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; M. C. (Liverpool), 2s. 8d.; Anon. (Larkhill Camp), £1 5s.; Mrs. J. Tough (Glasgow), £1 10s.; W. O'Neill (Birmingham), 10s.; M. S. 1s.; Rorie McNab (Argyllshire), 2s.; J. R. A. (Liverpool), 2s.; E. and G. (Clapton), 10s.; Miss M. Remettes (Widnes), 1s. 6d.; J. Leathe (Northwich), 1s.; A. Worker (Bournemouth), 2s. 6d.; Grateful Heart (Dundee), 3s.; Mrs. A. L. Leach (Heywood), 10s.; The MacNab (Amblerote), 10s.; W. J. Lovell (Rhodesia), £1; Mrs. Goldthorpe (Guernsey), 2s. 6d.; Charles Clark (Newhaven), £1 1s.; A. B. (Earlston), 2s. 6d.; E. K. (Bradford), 2s.; C. V. Read (Sheffield), 10s.; V. J. P. (Bury St. Edmunds), 2s. 6d.; Kitty and Cyril (Salford), 1s.; Sorry (Willesden), 5s.; Lily (Harwich), 2s.; Anon. (Warnborough), 2s.; C. E. W. (Grays), 6d.; A. M. Casely (Edinburgh), 5s.; Mrs. E. L. Cooper (Darwen), 6d.; Billie, 41d.; Mrs. I. B. Hall (Wattlefield), 2s.; Mrs. Cockcroft (Hallifax), £3; Mr. Darnbrough, £5; D. H. (Maldstone), 2s.; W. N. Evans (Hull), 10s.; Mrs. J. Benajah (Hammersmith), 2s.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from: Baby Dion (Dovercourt); Emily; Well - Wisher (Horsmonden); A. Overton (Leamington Spa); Mrs. Wilkins (Ashby-de-la-Zouch); L. F.; Irene (Seven Kings); Anon. (Maida Hill); A. Hayward (Brighton); Granny; Old Reader (Leamington Spa); M. E. C. (West Derby); M. Young; Mrs. O. (Birmingham); Anon. (Tiverton); E. Stewart (Eastleigh); A. M. Johnson.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)



He did his
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WEST KILBURN, N.W.6.—Mr. S. Pollard, 30, Albert Road.	LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. M. Mullin, 9A, Harold Street, Edgehill.	HEILSTON, CORNWALL.—Mrs. A. Reel, 102, Menage Street.
PLYMOUTH.—Mrs. A. Pett, 24, Dingle Road, Swilly.	EAST TITCHERTON, NR. CRIPPSHAM, WILTS.—Mrs. F. E. Summers.	MAHERRA, CO. DERRY.—Mr. P. McLaughlin, Lower Main St.
SOUTHAMPTON.—Mrs. J. Maidment, 42, Wilton Street, St. Mary's.	TWYFORD, HANTS.—Mr. R. C. Lawrence, 1, Army Row.	INVERNESS.—Mr. D. B. Grant, 37, Thornbush Road.
CHESHAM, BUCKS.—Mrs. P. Climpson, 286, Berkhamsted Road.	SOUTHORPE.—Mrs. B. M. Hunsley, Appleby.	LEICESTER.—Mrs. K. Cotton, 59, Barfoot Rd., Saffron Lane.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. A. S. Hemmings, 29, Gunter Road, Pye Hayes, Erdington.	OUTWOOD, SURREY.—Mrs. E. Gatland, Sunnyside.	BULWELL, NOTTS.—Mrs. R. Meek, 5, Mulberry Terrace.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. J. Evans, 245, Coventry Rd., Small Heath.	SMALL HEATH, BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. S. G. Hill, 708, Coventry Rd.	GILLINGHAM, KENT.—Mr. L. Smith, 30, St. Mary's Road.
STANFORD-LE-MOPE, ESSEX.—Mrs. E. A. Larkin, 49, Billet Road.	CRAY HILL, NR. BILLERICAY.—Mrs. H. Revening, 1, Pump Cottages.	NELSON, GLAM.—Mrs. M. Green, 51, Long Row.
WREKHAM.—Mr. T. C. Lea, 98, Kings Mills Road.	BIDSTON, BIRKENHEAD.—Mrs. M. Lea, 51, Mason Avenue.	EARLSHINGTON, DUNDEE.—Mr. W. Hemmingsway, 14, Walker St.
BISHOP LYDEARD, NR. TAUNTON.—Mr. G. Linley, 9, Council Houses.	BARINGSTON.—Mr. F. H. Falce, The Butts, Upton Grey.	LEICESTER.—Mrs. M. A. Bradbury, 155, Duntun Street.
DELINGTON, N.I.—Mr. R. H. Nash, 6, Prebend Street.	SLAFORD, LINCOLN.—Mrs. R. D. Ingamells, 1, Gladstone's Yard.	DAVENHAM, ESSEX.—Mr. P. Bishop, 56, Thompson Road.

Against Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident "John Bull" covers you free.

JOHN BULL Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent. To (Name of Newsagent) Address Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice. Signature Address Date PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 26/7/30.		Post this Coupon to "John Bull" Registration Department Long Acre, London, W.C.2. I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader. Reader's Signature Age Address Name and address of Newsagent Date Use 4d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 4d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 26/7/30.
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JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER

"WISH FOR NOTHING BETTER"

"Just a few words about your wonderful offer of John Bull Pens. I am very pleased to have received such a reliable Pen. It writes perfectly and I can find no fault with it whatever. I could wish for nothing better."

M. Wilkinson, 49, New Street, Easton, Portland, Dorset.

Cash the Coupons!

Cash the Coupons! Grasp this opportunity to become the possessor of the famous JOHN BULL Pen fitted with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, heavily plated complete with re-fill. With each pen is presented a £6 Everpointed Pencil Free. Written guarantee accompanies both pen and pencil.

'John Bull's' Pen Coupon Value 6d.

Two of these Coupons (value 6d. each) will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the JOHN BULL Pen.

For the 5/- Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 4/-

For the 3/6 Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 2/6

Add 3d. for postage and insurance in each case.

State if fine, medium or broad nib is desired (cross out grades if suitable). Name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Give name or initials required. Cross remittance / & Co. (make payable to JOHN BULL).

Address: "John Bull" Pen Dept., 83, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

25 BIG BULLET HOLIDAY PRIZES!

This Week Only

50 GUINEAS 25 GUINEAS 20 GUINEAS 15 GUINEAS 10 of 10 GUINEAS 10 of 5 GUINEAS

400 GUINEAS



HAPPY HOLIDAYS FOR 25 READERS!

MAKE a hint from the youngster you see above. Set up a castle which no "rainy day" can wash away—by building a *Bullet* to win the solid sum of 400 Guineas! Equipped with this page, a pencil, a sheet of paper and determination, this increased First Prize, or any of the 24 other Holiday Prizes, may reward your efforts.

Scores of entrants have already secured their 1930 holiday expenses for a minutes' thought, and this is how you can gain a place amongst them. You have merely to add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of original comment to one of the Examples given on this page. Thus the Example *RAPIDLY DEVELOPING*, the added words *SONNY—THANKS—FIRMS*, would complete a typical *Bullet*.

PRIZE-WINNERS IN "BULLETS" No. 765

FIRST PRIZE OF £3,000 AND MOTOR-CAR, OR 3,000 GUINEAS:

Mr. Leonard Levens, 228, Barking Road, London, E.

Example:—TICKLISH JOB

Bullet:—WHACKING AUSTRALIA—SOOTHING INDIA.

SECOND PRIZE OF £200:

Mr. Shaw, 3, Gladstone Street, Manchester.

Example:—Sensible Couple

Bullet:—Cut Coat—Divide—Trousers.

Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. W. A. Payne, 14, Heaton Street, Birmingham.

Example:—What We're Looking For

Bullet:—Money to "Go Somewhere."

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. F. G. West, 18, East Durrants, Rowlands Castle.

Example:—Unpardonable

Bullet:—Motorist's "Tots" Imperilling Mine.

20 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

ALLAN, 20, Union Place, Grangemouth.

Example:—The Seaside Front—Divinities Of

Bullet:—Excess Shapes.

ATKINSON, Diamond Villas, Whittle-le-Woods, Lancs.

Example:—Who Can Fly—Powders Nose, Passing

Bullet:—Nominally—Motorist Waved Fire-engine

Pass.

CANTLE, 43, High Street, Markyate.

Example:—Call Of The Sea—Defies Even Wages

Bullet:—Offered.

EVANS, "St. Valerie," Priory Avenue, Tamworth, Som.

Example:—Only To Be Expected In "Rut"—Trodden

Bullet:—On.

FENN, 17, Lincrope Road, Willesden Green.

Example:—Thinking Of Home—Fired—Soldier—

Bullet:—"Infames" Ex-soldier.

GOODWIN, 12, Gorse Road, Ipswich.

Example:—No Good—Arguing—Orders Are Going.

Bullet:—

"BULLETS" RULES.

The First Prize will be awarded for what

the opinion of the judges in consultation

with the Editor is the best *Bullet* received

of the other prizes in order of merit, the

Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* re-

ceived shall have careful consideration by a

competent staff of qualified judges.

Only two attempts may be written on

each coupon, and a postal order must be

made at the rate of 6d. for each coupon

used of. This must be made payable to

JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors

must write their names and addresses and

the date of sending the order on the back of

the postal order, the number of which must

be duly noted on each coupon submitted.

Coupons must not be mutilated.

The Editor's decision on any matter of

dispute arising in connection with this com-

petition must be accepted as final and legally

binding in all respects, and acceptance of this

is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their

families are not eligible to compete.

J. HICK, 6, Chesney Terrace, Hunslet.

Example:—Empire Loaf—Isn't Satisfying Land

Bullet:—"Hunger."

Mrs. P. KIRK, 105, Hornby Road, Blackpool.

Example:—In The Running—If Ambition "Enters"

Bullet:—Him.

H. KNIGHT, Ramsden Heath, Billericay.

Example:—Weathering The Storm—Agitator's "Old

Bullet:—"Tub" Worthless.

Mrs. KNOX, 94a, Greenfield Street, Alloa.

Example:—Off The Map—Unless, On With Plans!

Bullet:—Miss MAKIN, 132, Radcliffe Road, Bolton.

Example:—The Next Generation—Probably "Dropping

Bullet:—"On Mars."

Mrs. A. L. MAY, 43, Diamond Street, Pem-

Example:—broke Dock.

Bullet:—No Good—Father's "Strawberry"—Earning

Gathered.

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. MOSLEY, 132, Ella Street, Hull.

Example:—Works Wonders—Father Time—Father,

Bullet:—Sometimes.

Mrs. M. S. SMITH, "Montrose," Coventry

Example:—Road, Sheldon, Nr. Birmingham.

Bullet:—Breath Of Scandal—Is Grumpy Really

"Mrs.?"

W. SMITH, Easter Kellie, Pittenweem.

Example:—The Next Generation—Sharper—Blunter—

Bullet:—Broader—Thinner.

S. SCOTT, 15, Burn Row, Shiremoor.

Example:—Call Of The Sea—Welcome "Summons"

Bullet:—"From 'Blue'."

(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

G. TITMAS, Stanmore, Holifast Road,

Example:—Erdington.

Bullet:—Breath Of Scandal—Then "Plock"

Brands "Shepherd."

A. WEBB, 234, Woodstock Road, Oxford.

Example:—She Went Bathing, But—Used Ocean Like

Bullet:—Lotion.

E. WILLIAMS, 42, Villa Road, Birmingham.

Example:—The Next Generation—Or Next War—

Bullet:—Which?

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

A list of 25 £1, 50 10s. and 1,000 2s. 6d.

prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

"Examples" for Competition No. 769.

Empire Team—Beaverbrook And Rothermere

—End Of The Slump—Public Property—

Blighted His Life—Pulling The Trigger—In A

New Dress—Going To The Wall—Wave Of

Popularity—Merely—Stick To The Truth And

—Spells Trouble—Seaside Air—Time, The

Enemy—Every Nation—In The Traffic Jam—

Hour Of Opportunity—Above Us—Queered

Career—He Signed The Pledge, But—Much

Simpler—Not A Bit—Stunning Smoothly—

Never Worries—An Old Stager—Extra Work—

Profiting By Experience—Flight Of Imagination—

Let's Hope That—Between The Sexes—

Sunny Days—Talking Business—Bombshell

Parliament—From First To Last—Sur-

prise For The Goeties—For A Week—

Humiliating—The Best Part—In Self-defence

—Unseen.

(Closing Saturday, August 16.)

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 769

IF FOOD WERE TAXED
BRAZEN EFFRONTERY
STRANGELY FAMILIAR
FOR A TIME
IDEAL HOLIDAY
MAKING IT UP
CAN'T GRUMBLE
THUNDERING ALONG
LOOKING FOR TROUBLE
GLAD HE'S ALIVE
TAKING THE RISK

RESTING
SPOON-FEEDING
ACCORDING TO HER
IT ALWAYS RAINS WHEN
PREVIOUSLY
HE MAY BE POOR, BUT
TURNING AWAY
LUCKY WOMAN
RAPIDLY DEVELOPING
GOLDEN FUTURE
CRY OF A CHILD

AT A STANDSTILL
MAN IN PRISON
SLOWLY BUT SURELY
ALL THAT'S LEFT
HURTS HER FEELINGS
TO SAVE TIME
HE'S GOT A FAMILY, SO
SIGN OF WEAKNESS
BRAVE SHOW
WAY TO WIN HER

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 2.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(769) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 2.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(769) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 2.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(769) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 2.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(769) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper. "Bullets" No. 769, "John Bull," Address Entry: Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Every week regular readers of *Bulletin Bulletin* are stepping up into the prize-list—you also will find its free weekly help invaluable. Apply for a free specimen copy, enclosing a halfpenny stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Or, better still, make sure of the next 12 issues by sending crossed P.O. 6d. (to cover postage) made payable to JOHN BULL. Address: "Bulletin" Department, Odhams Press, Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENT'S PRIZES.—Shoppers for 25, 52 and 51 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief Prizes in Competition No. 769 have purchased "John Bull."

1000 GUINEAS

RECORD AUGUST FIRST

NEXT WEEK'S SENSATION



Mr. ROBERT LORAINE,
the great actor, writes: "I have found 'Shavex' a great improvement on the old soapy creams, and it is splendid for speed, smoothness and keeping the skin in a good condition. It gives me perfect satisfaction."



Mr. RALPH LYNN,
the celebrated actor, writes: "I consider 'Shavex' really splendid for shaving. It leaves the face soft and sweet, also removes the beard better than any shaving soap."

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

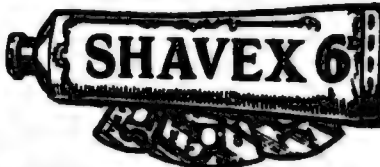
"Shavex" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than smearing a little "Shavex" lightly over the beard, and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had, and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "Shavex" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush. Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "Shavex" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic and a Skin Preserver. SHAVEX prevents formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeps away the ravages of time. Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying SHAVEX and look fresh. After being in sun or wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a SHAVEX shave.

It has taken the proprietors of "SHAVEX" three years to get a perfect blade that no one could compete with. There are very good blades on the market, but to go with "SHAVEX" we wanted a perfect blade. At last after three years we have a "SHAVEX SUPER BLADE" that no blade can compare with. The "SHAVEX SUPER BLADE" and "SHAVEX" make the most perfect shaving combination that ever will be known.

SHAVEX IS SOLD EVERYWHERE AT
Large Tube **1/-** Double Quantity in Tube **1/6**
or Pot (lasts 4 months)

WONDERFUL REDUCTION SHAVEX SUPER BLADES

Of all Chemists and Stores:—One Blade 3d., instead of 4d. Packet of 5 Blades, 1/3
A SAMPLE TUBE OF SHAVEX AND 3 SHAVEX SUPER BLADES FOR 6d. See Coupon.



The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. SHAVEX gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of SHAVEX.



Outside the Cafe in Paris.

MABEL: Isn't it wonderful!—I am sure that is an Englishman sitting at the next table. You can always tell them because they are so much better groomed than foreigners, and the skin is so much healthier and cleaner. Doesn't he look handsome! I wonder who he is?
JIM (looking across): Why!

that is my old friend Bill Travers; he's been shooting big game in the East, and he told me that when he was short of water he could still have a good shave with "SHAVEX" and remain civilised. Many a time in a railway carriage I have shaved with "SHAVEX" without any water at all and my face felt as fresh as a daisy.

MARVELLOUS OFFER OF SHAVEX SUPER BLADES THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY!
For Three Shavex Super Blades and a Sample Tube of Shavex, Post Free. Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and send with a 6d. stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.



ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."



UPON AND LIP ULCERS.
"In years I could not get rid of these. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."



ABSCESS.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.



ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

SKIN DISEASES Cured in a Night

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest skin diseases such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a patent medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. There is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures in record time Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hemorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.



BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away. New skin forms in a few days.



BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.



PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had blackheads and pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."



LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for Stiff Joints rubbed in gently by the hand and for Rheumatism.

ZEE-KOL

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K. 18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19. At all chemists; Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.

THE NEW MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER

However sallow or pasty your complexion may be we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complexion restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market. It is the most remarkable and the most

perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles and leaves the skin as smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream. Vanishing creams only dry up the skin, but Doge Cream keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.



At the Casino.

SHEILA: Look at that beautiful dancer. That is Naide. She is supposed to be the loveliest woman in the world. She is Venetian. Everybody raves over her lovely skin. She has a special cream she uses.
BARBARA: Oh, darling! Do tell me what it is.
SHEILA: I asked her hairdresser this

morning and he told me it was a cream called Doge Cream, and he also told me that she never uses soap for her face and neck, only this Doge Cream. Doesn't she look beautiful! I thought the Cream must cost at least 10/- a pot, but you can get it for 1/- and 2/-.
BARBARA: That's wonderful. I shall not rest until I have got some.

DOGE CREAM

Per Pot 1/-; Large Pot 2/-; Large Tubes 9d.

For Free Sample Tube send 2d. stamp for postage and packing. Obtainable from Boots and all Chemists and Stores, or post free direct from SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. De. 6), 40, Blenheim Rd., Upper Holloway, N.19.

John
Ralls

SUMMER
HOLIDAY
ANNUAL
1930

6



FULL OF
HOLIDAY
FUN

R

*"Happy Days
are here again!"*



*'Happy days' and Craven 'A's
Why of course life's simply grand!*

CRAVEN "A"

CORK TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

Made Specially to Prevent Sore Throats

In Six Different Packings for your convenience

10's. 20's. 25's. 50's. 100's. 150's.
6/- 1/- 1/3 2/6 5/- 7/6

CARRERAS LTD.

142 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY.

Listlessness

EXHAUSTION, INERTIA & DEPRESSION

How Do YOU Feel?

YOU NEED
**YEAST-
VITE**

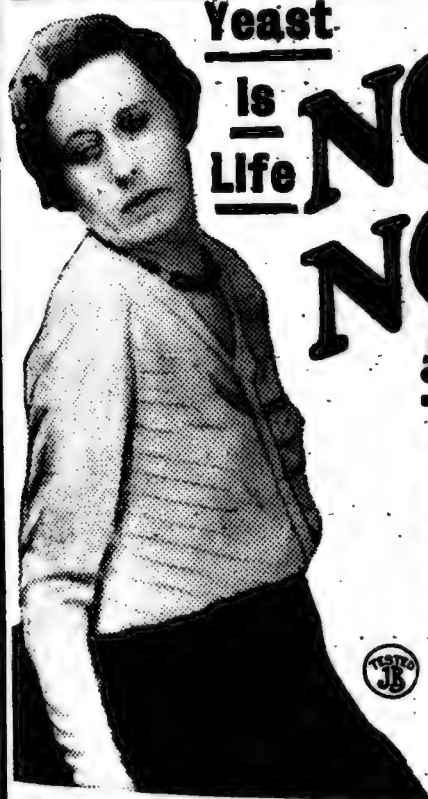
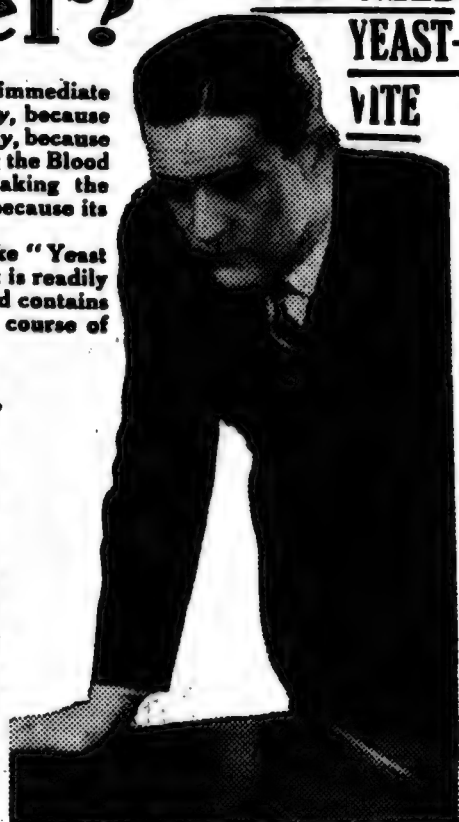
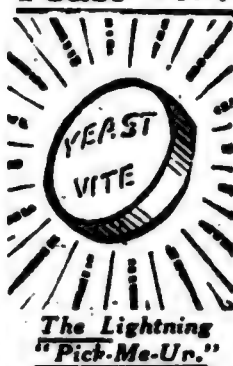
Have YOU felt the "Summer Fatigue" creeping on you—a sense of antagonism towards the necessity of having to work—a leaden numbness that seems to have taken your last ounce of Vitality—sapped your Mental alertness, frayed your Nerves? Are you overcome by a strange Fatigue and Listlessness—a longing to "Laze" and a disinclination to exert yourself? All this indicates the need for a QUICK and SURE TONIC such as "Yeast-Vite" so admirably provides.

Firstly, because it supplies the Vital and immediate Need—i.e., Vitamin Nutrition. Secondly, because it acts SURELY and QUICKLY. Thirdly, because it is one of the finest agents for Purifying the Blood Stream, Steadying the Nerves and awaking the Sluggish Internal Organs. Fourthly, because its beneficial effect is LASTING. The Young and Old of either sex can take "Yeast Vite" with the Utmost Confidence. It is readily absorbed by the Weakest Digestion and contains nothing harmful. YOU should start a course of "Yeast-Vite" Tablets TO-DAY!

YOUR QUICK-HEALTH TIME TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS	Glorious Relief	In 5/15 MINS.
HEADACHES	Deliverance	In 5/15 MINS.
LASSITUDE	Vim and Vigour	In 10/20 MINS.
DEPRESSION	Buoyant Energy	In 10/20 MINS.
"NERVES"	Steadiness	In 10/20 MINS.
INDIGESTION	Keen Appetite	In 15/30 MINS.
EXHAUSTION	Animation	In 15/30 MINS.
SLEEPLESSNESS	Calm Repose	In 30/60 MINS.
RHEUMATISM	Pain Relief	In 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION	Regularity	In 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD	Purification	In 36 HOURS

Yeast-Vite



Yeast
Is
Life

NO CURE NO PAY!

£5,000 Guarantee

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of YEAST-VITE TABLETS from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of YEAST-VITE, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded in full without quibble or question, under a £5,000 Guarantee. Can YOU afford to miss this veritable PROMISE OF HEALTH? Accept it TO-DAY and so start NOW in the Daily Enjoyment of Better Health and Brighter Spirits than you have ever known before.

YOU Can Benefit TO-DAY!

In most cases benefit is experienced only a few minutes after taking two Yeast-Vite Tonic Tablets, for the Vitamin Atoms of Health which they contain in great abundance are readily absorbed—even by the Weakest System! Immediately the Pure Medicinal Yeast comes into contact with the Gastric Juices of the stomach its gentle fermentation induces a feeling of extreme Buoyancy and Vigour.

Yeast Vite

BRAND TONIC TABLETS. From all Chemists, Price 1/3, 3/- & 5/- per bottle

No proprietary rights are claimed in the method of manufacture or Formula other than the registered trade mark "Yeast-Vite."

T.C.B.



The Easiest Way to get the Best Value

THE easiest way to get the most for every shilling you spend is to buy goods that you see advertised. No advertised goods can survive unless they are all they claim. A manufacturer cannot afford to advertise unless he is sure you would not only buy once, but many times.

Many lifelong friends were first introduced by advertisements. Several old advertisers renew their acquaintance in this issue. Some of them are household names. They

are known and trusted. Their offers are good enough to merit the attention of millions of people, day after day, week after week, and year after year.

Advertisements keep us well informed. At some time or other our attention has been drawn to a phrase, a slogan, a picture of the goods, and you, desiring the necessities (and even luxuries) of life, have considered and compared some of these values. Subsequently you have decided on the particular product that best suits your judgment and your purse.

Only reliable firms are allowed to advertise in "John Bull," and readers therefore need never hesitate to respond to them, for they are all of proved value. The advertisements in this issue will bring to you in the comfort of your own chair and in perfect ease a choice of many suggestions. It will pay you to glance through them and to take advantage of the offers made. It is certainly the easiest way to get the best value.

Of vital importance is the care taken to ensure that no reader suffers any disappointment or loss through any of the goods purchased from the announcements appearing herein. They are all covered by the "John Bull" guarantee which appears on page 65.

An invitation is extended to all readers of the "John Bull" Summer Annual, to look through the advertisement pages, which are full of interest.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

I Guarantee

your Satisfaction

SHOP BY P. ST
SAVE TIME
AND MONEY

JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. These goods have been chosen for their outstanding quality and value. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly, send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.



Only reliable and fair dealing firms are allowed to display their goods in JOHN BULL'S Shop Window. You can buy from them as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under a strict guarantee of absolute satisfaction or Money Back in full.

READ HOW
YOU ARE
SAFEGUARDED

FUR SETS

STUPENDOUS OFFER!



Fur collars and cuffs at 50 per cent. below actual cost. Biggest Bargain ever offered. Made in all the latest styles and shades of fur. Taped ready for attaching to coat.

PAY AS YOU WEAR.
Cash Price, 13/6 per set, post free, or 6 weekly payments of 2/6 (18/-).

Send to-day for free Illustrated Art Catalogues.

1. Of Fur Collars and Cuffs. Actual for patterns.
2. Season's Fashions in Fur Ties and Wraps.

H. B. MANUFACTURING CO. LTD., Dept. J.B.S., 8, Redcross Street, London, E.C.1.

£100 for YOU!

NO ENTRANCE FEE

Why is
Evans'
Electric Waving
Comb
like Britannia?



Aptness and originality will win £100 prize, available only to purchasers of Evans' Electric Waving Comb. A prize of £10 is offered for the best answer from non-purchasers. No employee of the House of Evans can enter, and the Advt. Manager of the "Daily News" has kindly consented to judge the contest. Each entrant will be notified by post of the result.

NEW HAIR IN A WEEK
Real Waves in 2 Days



Note the
Wavy
Teeth.

Pocket size
only

3/-

Large size
(Double
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SUMMER HOLIDAY ANNUAL

CONTENTS

MOONSHINE 9

Fourteen Short Stories

THE MISCHANCE OF A LIFETIME <i>by Ashley Sterne</i>	10
THIS WAY FOR THE SKYLARK <i>by Will Scott</i>	14
THE MURDER OF DOCTOR MERKLE <i>by Robert Benchley</i>	18
SERVICE <i>by Bernard MacCarthy</i>	22
WASTED ART <i>by Geoffrey Williamson</i>	26
THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT <i>by Ralph Plummer</i>	30
THE VENGEANCE OF ATHELSTAN <i>by A. A. Thomson</i>	36
MRS. MAY AND THE UMBRELLA <i>by Thomas le Breton</i>	40
WHAT DO THEY KNOW OF ENGLAND <i>by Anthony Grey</i>	44
SCOTCH LOVE LYRIC <i>by Hedley Barker</i>	48
THE EURGLAR <i>by Rolf Bennett</i>	52
A LESSON FOR BILL BROWN <i>by W. A. Sweeney</i>	56
ALL CHANCE PLEASE <i>by John K. Newnham</i>	60
A FOUNDARY HIT <i>by Hector Hutt</i>	64

Joke Drawings and Illustrations by : Gilbert Wilkinson, George Whitelaw, Edgar Spenceley, H. M. Bateman, Treyer Evans, D'Egville, Albert Bailey, L. R. Brightwell, Ridgewell, Charles Harrison, Harold Beards, Fitz, A. T. Smith, Herbert Helps, Woods, Bowes, G. S. Sherwood, Dudley Tennant, Edwin Morrow, Tom Cottrell, Bertram France, Charles Chilcot, J. A. Beale, Norman Pett, Wilson Fenning, Herbert Hyde, Batchelor, Lupton Webb, Rick Elmes, Frank Grey, Alf Jackson, Waters, Frank Whitburn, Moorsom, A. E. Beard, Rene Beauchamp.



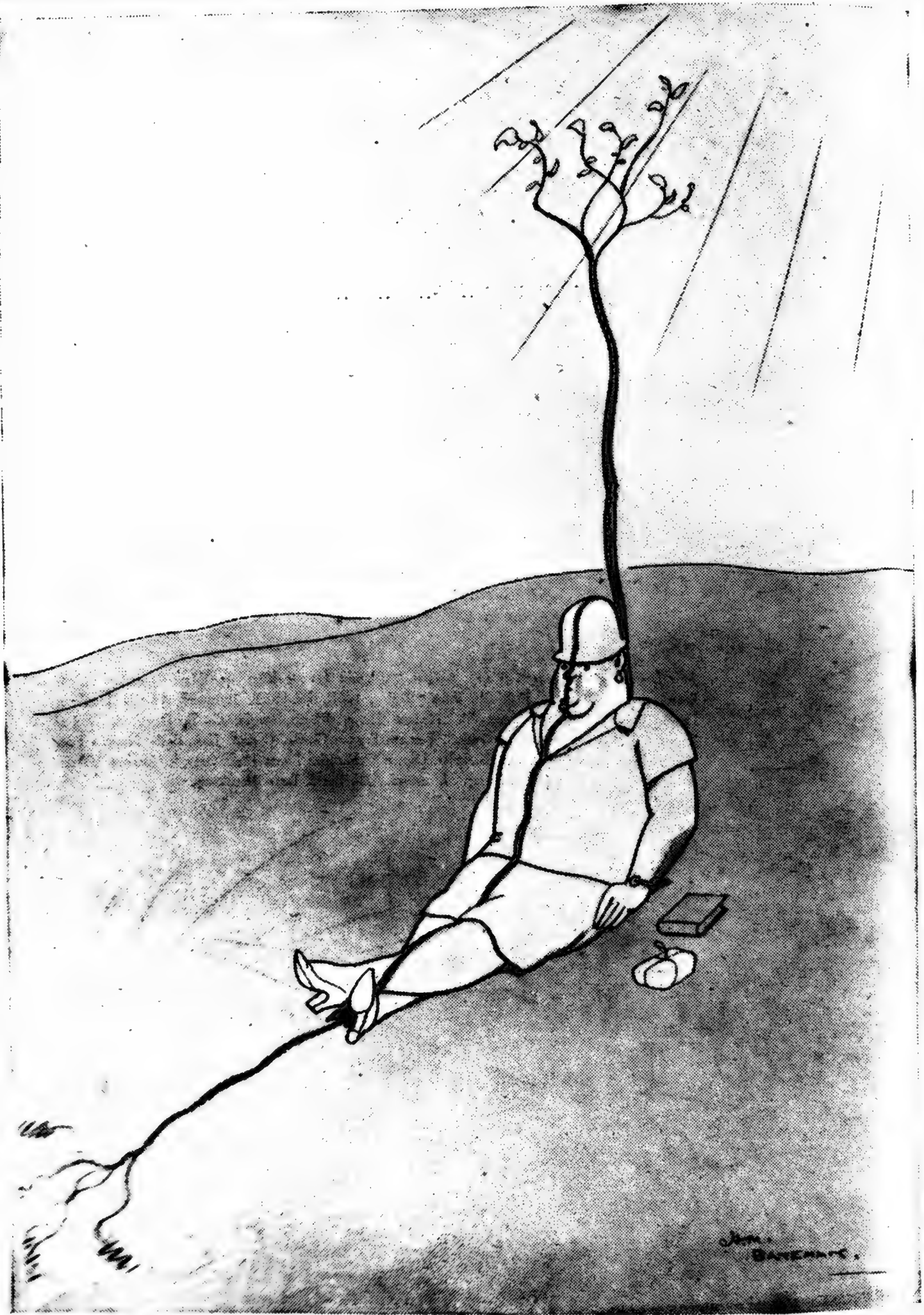


Illustration by J.M. Baker

IN THE SHADE





IT'S a wise child that knows his own father, especially after he's just buried him in sand.

"EXPERT packers wanted," says an advertisement. But will they be ruthless enough for the holiday trains?

HOW we should love the joys of the open road if the eighty-seven cars in front of us would open out a bit!

HOLIDAY travelling is a form of torture in which Father usually finishes on the rack.

IF you go camping, take care that, at midnight, exploring cows don't reach the pole.

"MEDALS for Seaside Towns," says a headline. Will handsome young visitors expect a bar for each engagement?

THE returning holiday-maker's greatest worry is what he's going to do with the hotel he has so obviously bought and paid for.

"SEASIDE reports," says a newspaper; "show some interesting figures." Inspiring figures on the beach and depressing figures in the hotel-bill.

OH, mournful are the sad sea waves
When the golden sun is setting,
But saddest of all are the Marcel Belle's—
The waves the waves are wetting.

"IN this secluded cove," he said,
"I'll tell how madly I adore you."
A strange, unpleasant voice called out:
"Some other cove's got there before you!"

FASTIDIOUS critics complain of the quality of seaside instrumental music, but the young, in their countless thousands, remain entirely satisfied with the merits of ice-cream cornets.

GREAT excitement was caused last month by the supposed discovery of strange ocean stalactites on the end of a well-known pier. But they were only anglers left over from last summer.

CHLOE is learning to swim
By the summer shore;
She's had the blessing of fifty lessons,
And yet she's needing more.
You may think Chloe slow,
But, I assure you, NO.

WHEN we laugh at the tall tales of sea-side anglers, we don't really know the tales the fish they haven't caught tell about them.

"YOU can scarcely throw a stone at a sea-side resort," says a contemporary, "without hitting an entertainer of some kind." And even when your arm is tired, plenty of people will be willing to go on throwing.

THE War Office has a job-lot of periscopes for sale. These might enable boarding-houses behind the gasworks to be called Sea-View with Truth in Advertising.

"OH, nieces dear," Aunt Agnes says,
"In all your seaside joys,
Be very careful that you don't
Swim out beyond the buoys."
How dutiful those nieces are,
For from the boys they're never far. . . .

DON'T resent the happy laughter of the crowd that watches you wrestling with a deck-chair on the beach. Nip round with the hat and make them pay amusement-tax.



Drawn by G. S. Sherwood

"ANOTHER time, Arthur, bring your beach shoes!"

THE MISCHANCE OF A LIFETIME

A Thespian Tragedy



ASLLEY PERNE



The fateful
night arrived.
The theatre
was packed.

MACREADY KIMBLE GARRICK BUREAGE PHELPS was an actor. With a name like that he couldn't very well have been an architect or a cash chemist. It would have been flying in the face of the baptismal font. He came, too, of good old theatrical stock, albeit that stock was more of a Common stock than a First Preference.

His mother had been a programme girl at the old Gaiety, and had known Fred Leslie and Nellie Farren intimately. By sight. His father had been O.C. Fire-Buckets at the theatre formerly called the Britanyeroston. Precise name unknown.

Thus it was only in the natural order of things that Mr. K. G. B. Phelps, with a name reeking with such intense Thespian significance, should have gone on the boards for his livelihood.

The first board he went on, at the early age of three, was a see-saw in Penge Recreation Ground. The next, a less amusing one, and he went on it face downwards, while a panting, perspiring pedagogue made hot-cross-bun patterns with a rattan on the seat of his pants.

The third board he appeared on was the one on which they strap you when you refuse to go quietly; and the fourth was the kind for which they provide no mattress, and on which you invite the Chaplain to sit when he pays his periodical cellular visit.

The fifth was—

But no matter. Let us cease having comic business with words, and pass along to the time when our young friend first went on the boards proper, as distinct from the boards improper to which I have made facetious allusion.

Like every actor who is worth his salt (and previous few are worth more), young Macready Kimble Garrick Bureage Phelps

(I think I'd better call him Mac in future, as it's the compositor's afternoon off) desired to begin at the bottom of the ladder of histrionic fame, and work his way up.

He realised that such was the only way to attain a thorough knowledge of his profession, and that it was all wrong to start by playing Hamlet at the Lyceum at the age of 18, and possibly end by playing the concertina outside the Red Lion at the age of 80.

With this excellent principle firmly grounded in his mind, he began by haunting stage-doors in the hope that he would be able to buttonhole some kindly disposed theatrical manager.

BUT in those first days he did not know what he knows to-day: that to speak of a kindly disposed theatrical manager is to employ a contradiction in terms, and that a theatrical manager rarely uses his stage-door, preferring to enter and leave his theatre by the front entrance, where he can more conveniently look into the box-office and see how much pelf has trickled into the till.

However, Mac must have been born under a lucky sixpence, or something, for after practising the Kerb Step for only two years he did actually buttonhole a manager at his stage-door, and no less a one than Abe Schweinfleisch.

Puffed with pride, self-importance, and a heavy punch, Abe one day ambled up to his stage-door, and, sticking his chest out another couple of inches at the prospect of a coming interview with a powerful Press agent, would certainly have crashed expensively had not Mac grabbed him by the watch-chain and saved him.

Abe's profuse but stammered thanks gave Mac his opportunity. He forthwith proceeded to state his case.

"I only want a chance, sir!" he pleaded. "I only want to start right on the bottom rung, and work upwards to the top of the tree."

"Trees haven't got rungs," Abe objected.

"I will do anything—anything!" Mac went on. "Can't you give me a job as a crowd, an excursion, an alarum, or even a flourish of trumpets?"

Abe considered. He meditatively scratched the top of his felt hat, and put up a brace of moths. In similar manner, he rubbed his chin, and made his fingers bleed. He reflected that he (Mac) looked the right sort of young fellow, indeed he (still Mac) did.

"All right. I'm putting on 'Mother Goose' at Christmas-time. I think I can use you for that."

"You mean—you want me to play the Goose?" gasped Mac, his heart thumping madly.

"No, not the Goose, sonny boy. Just one of Momma's eggs. Seven bob a week, and find your own incubator."

AND thus it was that Mac's foot became placed on the bottom rung—no, the bottom bough—or, better, the bottom—I see I'm going to have trouble with my simile here, so perhaps it were wiser merely to say that thus it came about that Mac started at the bottom.

Of his gradual rise thereafter to higher things a brief epitome must suffice. From

his playing the egg in "Mother Goose" (concerning which performance of his that discerning critic, Hammond Swasher, declared that in it he saw the ova-ture to a great career), Abe promoted him in his next production—a revival of "Julius Caesar"—to the important part of Exeunt Omnes, and, at the same time, gave him the job of second understudy to the Fourth Citizen.

So great a success did Mac achieve in these rôles that he attracted the attention of Sir Frank Benson, who engaged him for the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford at an enhanced salary of seven-and-three-pence a week, and cast him for the parts of the left ear of the ass's head in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the hind legs of Launce's dog in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," the tyre in "Pericles," and, lastly, Apparition: a bloody Child in "Macbeth."

Subsequently, first under one management, then under another, and occasionally under a completely different one, he played such varied parts as the hump of a camel in "Joseph and his Brethren," the bunch of groundsel in "Canaries Sometimes Sing," the corpse in "No 77, Park Lane," and a variety of "noises heard off," notably the creak in "The Creaking Chair."

And all this time he was not content merely to attend and play his part at the theatre night after night. All day and every day would he plug away studying to fit himself for the time when he should become a great star.

He actually taught himself the principle of defective elocution, so that his voice might not carry beyond the ears of the conductor of the orchestra. He trained himself to move and comport himself about the stage so that he could always contrive to usurp the spot-time intended for somebody else.

HE even composed and committed to memory, against the great day when he should become an actor-manager, little curtain-speeches, wherein he expressed, in suitably varied terminology, his deep sense of gratitude to the audience for the kind manner in which the play had been received; his utter unworthiness of the generous reception accorded to him personally; and the devotion of his company, one and all of whom had contributed far more than he had to the success of the evening.

And then, at long last, came his chance of a lifetime. Abe Schweinfelsch had followed Mac's upward career with a 1,000-candle-power eye. The time was now ripe, he considered, to launch Mac as a star, and make a hatful of bunce.

He would stage a revival of "Romeo and Juliet" with a splendour and magnificence never before attempted. Mac should be the Romeo and Mary Brough the Juliet, and if that wouldn't draw the whole town he would not only eat his hat, but his entire wardrobe.

He accordingly made an early opportunity to approach Mac, and eventually

succeeded in approaching him at the counter of the Bedford Street Bodega, where Mac was feeding heavily off free cheese and biscuits.

Abe unfolded his scheme. Mac leapt at it on all-fours. Here was the dream of his life about to come true—to play Romeo in the West End!

It did not take Abe long to realise that his choice of Mac for the part of Romeo was more than justified. The dashing and handsome young fellow was simply immense. There was no other word for it—except huge, gigantic, tremendous, and half-a-dozen more.

Privileged persons who were permitted to watch the rehearsals went away declaring that even that great romantic actor, Douglas Fairbanks, simply wasn't in the same street with Mac. Which was quite true, Doug, being in Hollywood at the time.

Paragraphs and photographs galore appeared in the Press; public excitement was whipped till it cried for mercy; and long before the first night Abe had sold the entire house out three times over, and the various box-office agents twice more. Success was amply assured, and Abe bought himself a new diamond centre-stud the size of a balloon out of the advance-booking money.

AT length the fateful night arrived. The theatre was packed. People were sitting on one another's knees, three deep. Some were standing on the shoulders of the members of the orchestra. Some were swinging by their arms from the electric light brackets, and hanging by their toes from the ledges of the boxes and the circles. Some had even squeezed into the hose of the fire-hydrant.

The play began. The opening scene went splendidly, full of pep, zip, and vim, and Montague (Mr. Tom Walls) delivered the lines preludeing Romeo's first entrance with much impressiveness into an atmosphere charged with electricity generated by the audience's eager anticipation of Mac's appearance:—

"Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know."

Then on to the stage stepped Macready Kemble Garrick Burbage Phelps. So well had the Press agents done their work that he was greeted with a prolonged and resounding "hand," even by those who, a week previously, had never heard the name of Phelps, and couldn't have said whether it was a disease or a religious sect.

Benvolio (Mr. Leslie Henson) saluted him with the words, "Good morning, cousin," and all ears were akimbo to catch Romeo's first utterance. But none came.

A convulsive shudder was seen to shake Romeo's torso, and his mouth, half-open in readiness to

speak his lines, was heard to close with a click like a castanet. Throwing up his hands in a wild gesture, Romeo turned on his heels, and rushed pell-mell off. . . .

Let us follow him. Out of the stage-door there shot, like an arrow from the bow, a figure in the undress uniform of a Montague. It struck a loitering taxi in the inner, and a frantic voice shouted madly into the speaking-tube. The vehicle started off at full speed just as a huge diamond centre-stud with a raving savage behind it sprang from the stage-door.

But the figure in the cab took no notice. It merely tore at its hair (or rather at Clarkson's), and reflected sorrowfully, remorsefully, on the folly of making a lavish meal of free cheese and biscuits at the Bedford Street Bodega immediately prior to playing the exacting rôle of Romeo.

That, and the intense excitement of his first appearance as a star, had invested our poor hero with a trivial, but, in the circumstances disastrous physical affliction, the nature of which we shall learn if we step on the running-board of the taxi and listen carefully to the distraught murmurings which fall from his quivering lips:—

"Could they but, hic, learn from, hoop, whence my, hic, sorrows grow, hoop,
They would as, hic, willingly give, hoop, cure as, hic, know, hoop!"



"Could they but, hic, learn from, hoop, whence my, hic, sorrows grow, hoop!"



Drawn by Bertram France

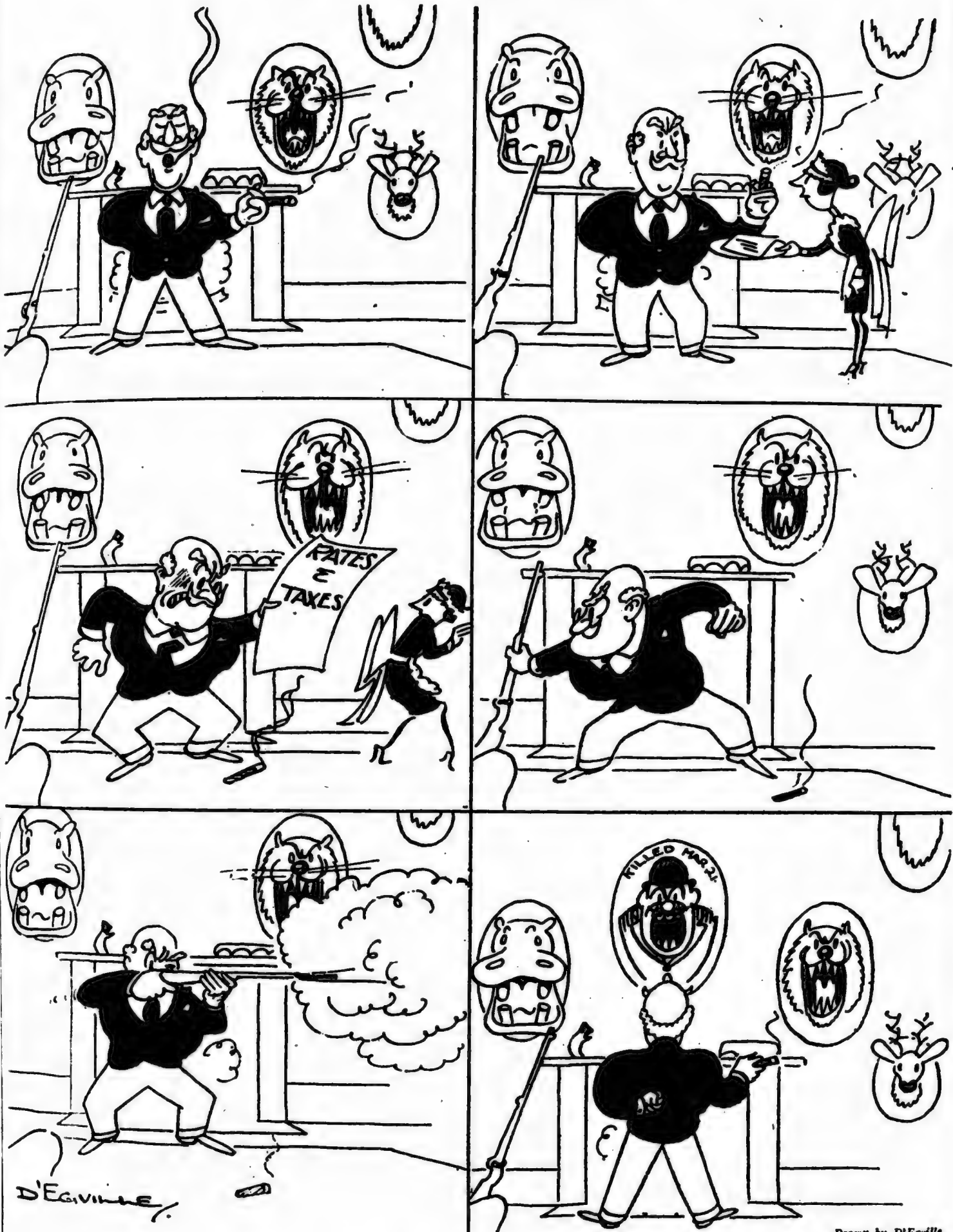
PORTER (at rural station as train dashes through without stopping): "That's the third time this month Joe 'as done that trick—is wife lives 'ere."



Drawn by A. T. Smith

AUNTIE: "What were you doing, darling, to make pussy scratch you?"
LITTLE NIECE: "I only tried to put her tail in her mouth like a whiting."

THE BIG GAME HUNTER AT HOME.



Drawn by D'Egville

COLONEL BOGEY BAGS A VALUABLE SPECIMEN.



THIS WAY FOR THE SKYLARK!

BY VILL SCOTT

The wreck of the "Skylark" was not the end of Amos Bell—rather was it the beginning

OLD Amos Bell, sir, was a sailor all his life, sir, and his father before him.

And old Amos, sir, was a better sailor than his father, sir. Old Amos once sailed as far as five miles out, sir—as far as the Pigeon Lightship. That was when somebody pinched his anchor, sir.

Old Amos was an institution, sir. I remember my father pointing him out to me when I was a nipper. Old Amos used to stand on the sea front, yelling "Any more for the Skylark?" as hard as he could go when I was only three years old.

I can see him now, sir.

The Skylark held twelve, sir, and old Amos he wouldn't start out till he'd got the twelve. Sometimes he'd have three, and he'd yell his hardest to get three more. He'd keep on yelling and get another two. Then the first one would get fed up waiting, you see, sir, and go. And then two more would come, and three would go.

And so on, sir, if you follow me.

I remember one day, sir, years and years ago, what with comings and goings, old Amos Bell, sir, he never got the Skylark going at all. And he never had less than six people in it at a time.

But what was I going to tell you, sir? Oh, yes—

In the 'nineties old Amos had it all to himself, you see, sir. It was the Skylark or nothing; and if you wanted to go to sea it was a case of joining old Amos or joining the Navy. Fat times, them was—er, they were—for old Amos, sir.

And for the first ten years of this century, sir, old Amos was on velvet. He was

more or less part of the scenery in these parts, you see, sir.

First things visitors did in the summer was to take a look at old Amos and his Skylark, to see if they were still there from the summer before. And they were.

Then the visitors would look at the pier, and then at the clock tower, and then they'd look for digs. But it was Amos first. For years and years and years. They used to sell picture postcards of him.

Old Amos Bell and his Skylark! Ah, sir, them was the times! Were the times, sir. They was—

BUT around about 1910, sir, these blokes began inventing all this science, sir, these gentlemen did. These gentlemen which I've mentioned. Er—what I've mentioned. And they tied up some of this science to a boat without sails, and the blinking—and the thing went.

Old Amos wouldn't believe it at first. Motor-boat? No, sir, old Amos wouldn't have it at any price. He thought they were pulling his leg. He thought it was a kind of conjuring, sir.

So did the public, for that matter, sir. The new motor-boat did no trade at all, and old Amos, out of the kindness of his heart, used to give the motor-boat owner detailed instructions as to the shortest way to get to the workhouse on the top of the hill.

The next year the motor-boat blo—the gentleman with the motor-boat, sir—he turns up—turned up with a bigger sample, and he persuaded one or two people to take trips. Only one or two, sir. It made old Amos laugh.

"Five bob to ride in that!" he used to say. "I wonder how many people he thinks he's going to catch at that game. And me charging only sixpence for this pretty little craft o' mine, and never charged more. Oh, no! Oh, no! Any more for the Skylark! This way for the Skylark!"

But times is always changing, they are indeed, sir, as you was or were remarking just now. 1912 saw more people risking the motor-boat, and less people risking the Skylark. We all noticed it—except old Amos. A passing phrase, he called it.

"They'll come back," he used to say, sir. "You see if they don't come back."

But they didn't, sir. You know how these things happen.

A BIGGER motor-boat turned up, then a bigger one still. More and more people turned up for motor-boating. They were able to bring the price down. It came down to half-a-crown. It came down to two shillings. A few years ago it came down to a shilling.

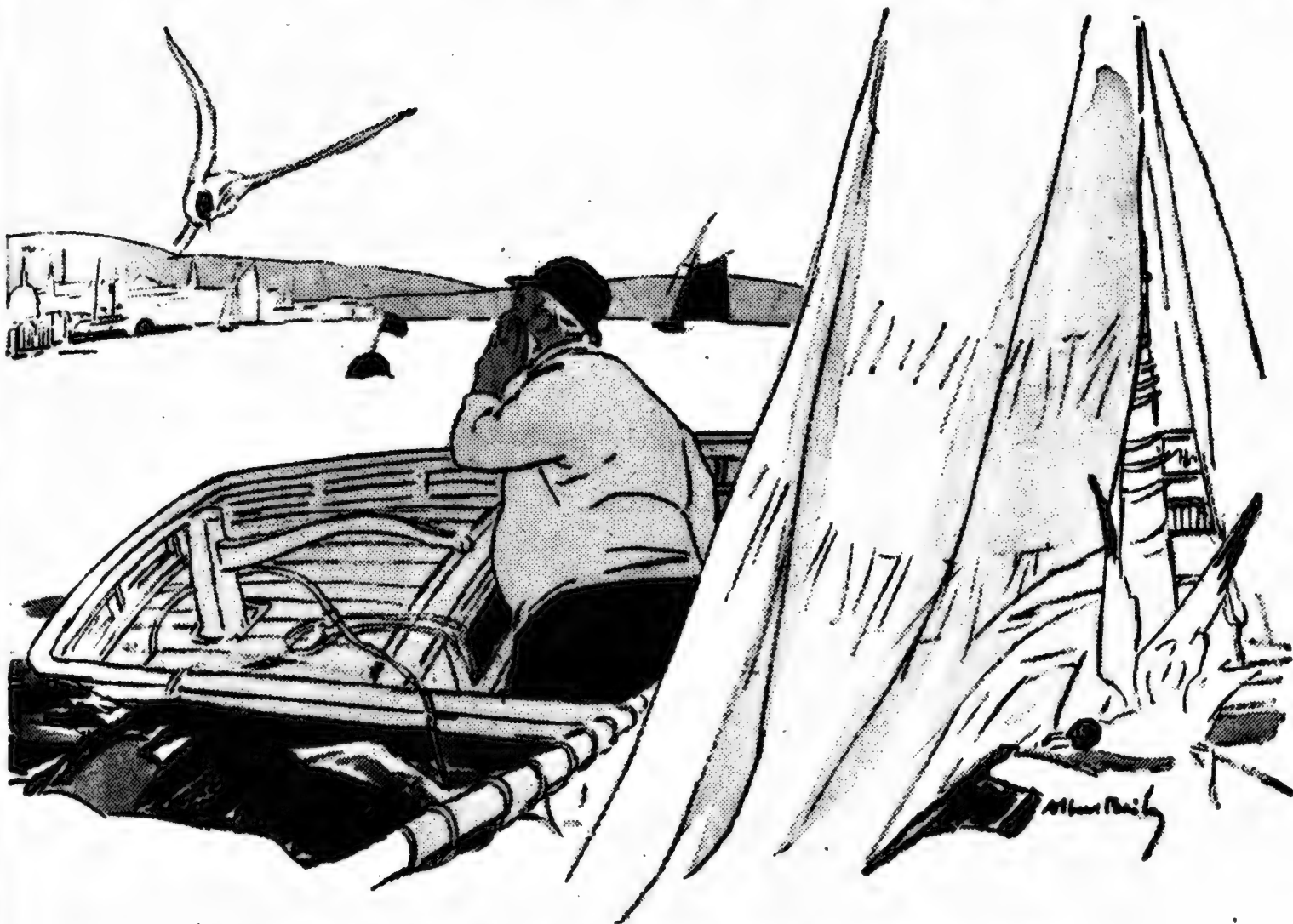
Old Amos began to look doubtful, sir.

"Any more for the Skylark—this way for the Skylark!" he'd wheeze.

But there weren't any more for the Skylark any more, sir. Times don't half—do not half change, sir.

Two years ago old Amos touched bottom. Ten motor-boats were sharing the trade between them, and he was getting nothing. Very sad, you know, sir. It wasn't that people didn't warn him.

"You get a motor-boat, Amos, or you'll be finished," they said. But it was like giving Amos a friendly pat with a brick.



A mile out was the Dragon Rock, and the old Skylark made for the Dragon Rock. Wallop!

"The Skylark's been good enough for fifty years," he woze—er—wheezed. "I reckon there's more guts in the old Skylark than in ten o' these new-fangled thunder boats."

But he had to see reason at last, sir, and he drew out all he'd put by out of his Skylark savings and bought a motor-boat.

And what do you think happened, sir? Did old Amos get the business, sir? Old Amos did not, sir. Not!

YOU know what you was just saying—we were just saying—about history repeating itself? In 1910 the new-fangled motor-boat men couldn't get no—any—none—couldn't. What I mean is, old Amos was old-established, with his Skylark, and these new-comers couldn't capture none of his—any of his. What I mean is, old Amos had got 'em, sir.

In 1910. Which for the same reason they'd got him last year as ever was, you see, sir. He was an old hand with the Skylark, but a beginner, sir, an interloper, with his motor-boat. And they were old-established at the game. They'd got him, sir.

Old Amos drivelled on for some weeks, sir, and all his motor-boat used in the time was four gallons of petrol, sir, owing to a slight leak in the tank. And at last old Amos he gets—became fed up, sir.

"There are too many motor-boats about here," said he, sir. And he gets out his

Skylark again to see if history's willing to do a bit more repeating.

We shan't never know—er—we shall know not ever—if history was in that mood, sir. Because old Amos had got so out of touch with the old craft, sir, that he'd left his anchor at home, and away went the Skylark with old Amos aboard, as hard as they could go.

Off it flew—she flew, sir, with old Amos yelling the sky to bits; and three of his rival motor-boats put out after it—she—her, sir.

But it wasn't any use. A mile out was the Dragon Rock, and the old Skylark made for the Dragon Rock as if her—she—it wanted to. Wallop! It was all over in less than it takes to drink a quart, sir.

There was old Amos being lugged ashore in a rival motor-boat, and there was the poor old Skylark half over, stuck on the Dragon Rock for the rest of its career—her life, sir. There for the rest of her life, sir. Dead as mutton, sir.

AND that was what, sir? The end of Amos Bell, sir? Don't talk like a da— You are mistaken, sir. It was the *beginning* of Amos Bell, sir. The founding of the family fortune, sir. Fact!

Why, what didn't everybody want to do as soon as they reached the sea front, sir? Ask yourself. I'll tell you. They wanted to be took—they wanted to see the wreck of the Skylark, sir. Who wouldn't? The

old Skylark had sailed these seas for fifty years, sir. Who wouldn't want to bid it a tearful good-bye?

And that's where old Amos had got 'em, sir. The other motor-boats could take 'em out to the wreck at sixpence a time; but old Amos could take 'em out and land 'em on the wreck at a shilling a go—per time, sir.

And that's how he did it, sir. "Sole prop. of the wreck of the Skylark." That's what it says on his boards, sir, and the other motor-boat owners aren't half-sick—er—indisposed about it, sir.

YES, old Amos has certainly got 'em. All summer he rakes it in, taking 'em out to the wreck; and all winter he looks after the wreck and pampers it, in case it comes unstuck off the Dragon Rock. He patches up the hulk and props it up with sacks of cement. It's a fine wreck, sir, these days, she certainly is. She'll last another twenty years, at present going. He's just had her varnished, sir, to keep the weather from her.

That's her—she—it, out there, sir. And here's old Amos himself, sir, just coming along the prom. to his motor-boat. What's that he's shouting, sir? "Any more for the Skylark? This way to the Skylark!" Ah, sir, it's just like old times, you know, ain't it—ain't they—or whatever it is, sir?

What, sir? Oh! Thank you, sir. Thank you very much. I will, sir. I will. Morning, sir.

THE FOOR LITTLE RICH DOG

L. R. Brightwell.



"Mother's precious"



"Nice chicken!"



"Please, Precious"



"Certainly not"



"NO!"



"G-r-r-r"



"Come at once"



"Precious is sick"



"Good-bye"



"Hallo, what's this?"



"Halves partner"

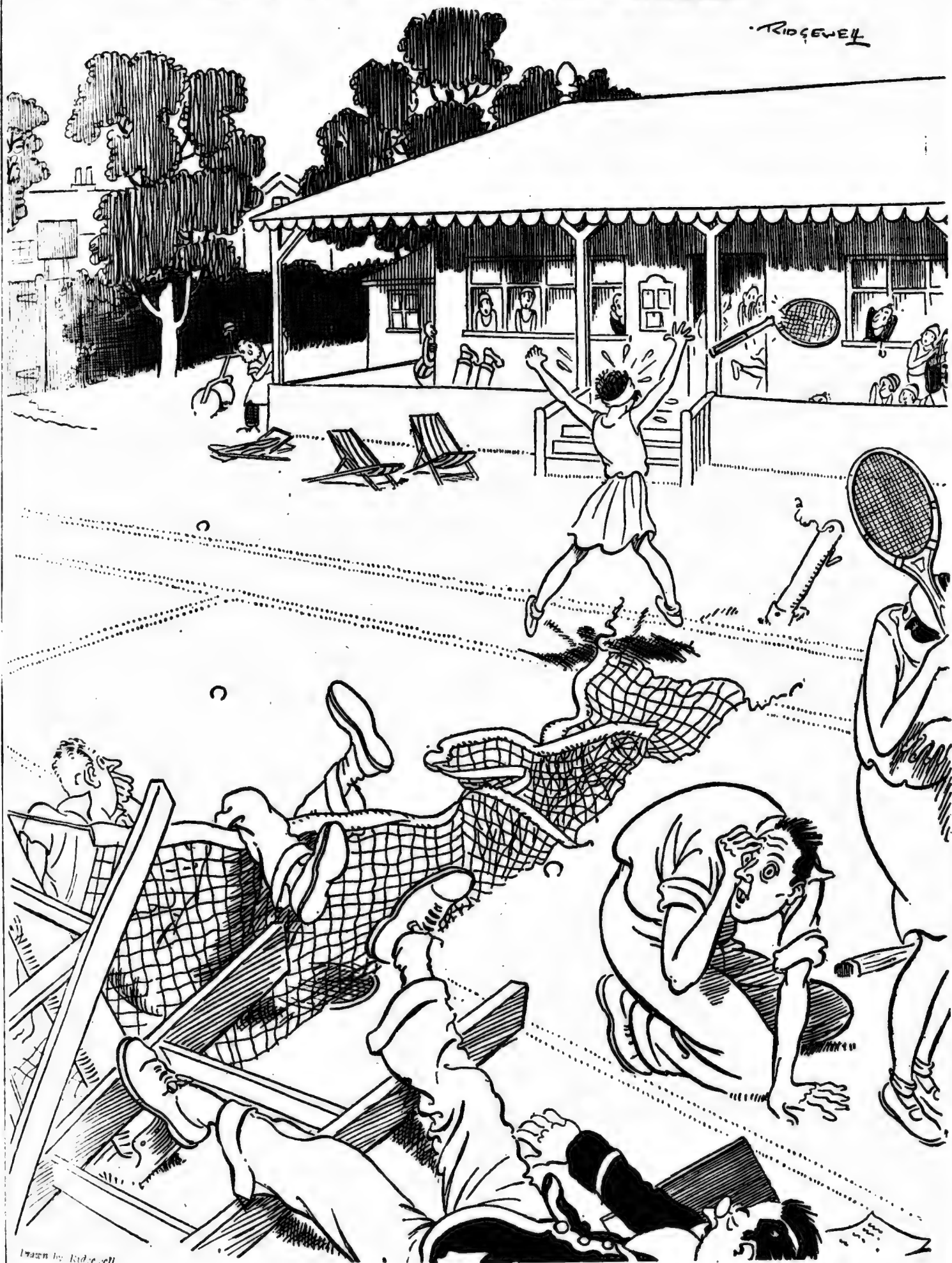


"That was tasty. Show me some more!"

Drawn by L. R. Brightwell

"THAT WHICH AN ENRAGED WOMAN CAN ACCOMPLISH!"

• RIDGEWELL



TENNIS TEMPERAMENT.

YEAR in and year out, Mr. Peters had very little trouble with Mrs. Peters. A nervous man, at best, and one easily moved to deeds of violence, he was scarcely ever upset by anything his wife did, possibly because she very rarely did anything.

Once, under the influence of a diet specialist, she had begun making strange readjustments in her eating habits which had ended up by her gnawing at stalks of herbs and old roots, and this had not pleased Mr. Peters any more than the rhythmic undulations she began performing on the rug by the bed every morning. But it had been the diet specialist who had suffered, and Mrs. Peters had been left alone to see the error of her way.

But, of late, something had been wrong with Mrs. Peters, something decidedly wrong. In the first place, for a woman of her age, she was growing suspiciously timid. Mr. Peters first noticed it when she refused to go to the movies with him one night.

"I don't want to go in there with all those people," she said, looking nervously at her finger-nails.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Peters.

Mrs. Peters did not answer. There was a hunted look in her eyes.

"It will be dark in there," Mr. Peters tried again, thinking perhaps that she felt that her clothes weren't right. "No one will see you."

At this, Mrs. Peters went upstairs and shut the door to her room. He could hear her crying.

This was serious, but Mr. Peters could find nothing out. It was so unlike the woman who had been his helpmeet for twenty years without flinching. He had read in novels that this was the way some women behaved when they had met what is known as "another man."

And what was all this about not wanting to go into the movie theatre with "all those people"? Anybody who could go to the bridge-parties that Mrs. Peters went to couldn't be by nature a recluse. She couldn't even be fussy. So Mr. Peters shrugged his shoulders and went down to his club.

A few days later he came upon Mrs. Peters up to her wrists in what seemed to be pages from an old book which had been torn out of its cover. With an apron on, she was seated at a table, and was messing around with a glue-pot. There were several other articles on the table which Mr. Peters didn't recognise.

"More puzzles?" asked Mr. Peters, remembering the jig-saw day when the house had been littered with sections of "Napoleon on the Deck of the *Bellerophon*." Those had been fairly irritating days, too.

"I'm binding a book," said Mrs. Peters, very quietly. She was evidently undergoing a great mental strain as well.

"Binding a book?" asked Mr. Peters, incredulously. "I understand that there is a new invention now whereby books are bound by machinery by the people who sell them to you. They take care of all that—the printing, binding, wrapping and everything—all before it reached your hands. Had you heard of that? . . . You didn't bother to print it, too, did you?"

"I am binding this book to express myself," replied Mrs. Peters, giving him a dirty look. "I have been just 'Mrs. Walter Peters' long enough."

The MURDER OF DOCTOR MERKLE



Mr. Peters took his pipe out of his mouth. "You mean you want to marry someone else?" he asked timidly. "A book-binder?"

"If you knew anything at all about modern psychology," said Mrs. Peters, pasting the wrong page on a strip of backing, "you would know that everyone has to have some means of self-expression. My subconscious mind has been in rebellion for years. I am just now coming into the light. . . . It was all my father's fault," she added.

"This is a fine time to find *that* out," said Mr. Peters. "Your father has been dead for thirty years. So you should bind books?"

"It hardly seems worth while to talk to you about it," said Mrs. Peters, stopping her work to gaze out of the window. "You wouldn't understand. What I need is to get away for awhile."

"I guess you're right," said Mr. Peters. "Why don't you run up to Manchester and visit your sister?"

"My sister!" Mrs. Peters almost screamed with hysterical laughter. "He wants me to visit my sister! Great heavens, Walter, don't you realise it is my sister and my father and what they did to me when I was a child that have given me my claustrophobia?"

There was a silence for a few seconds.

"Your what?" Mr. Peters finally said, putting his hand on his wife's forehead gently.

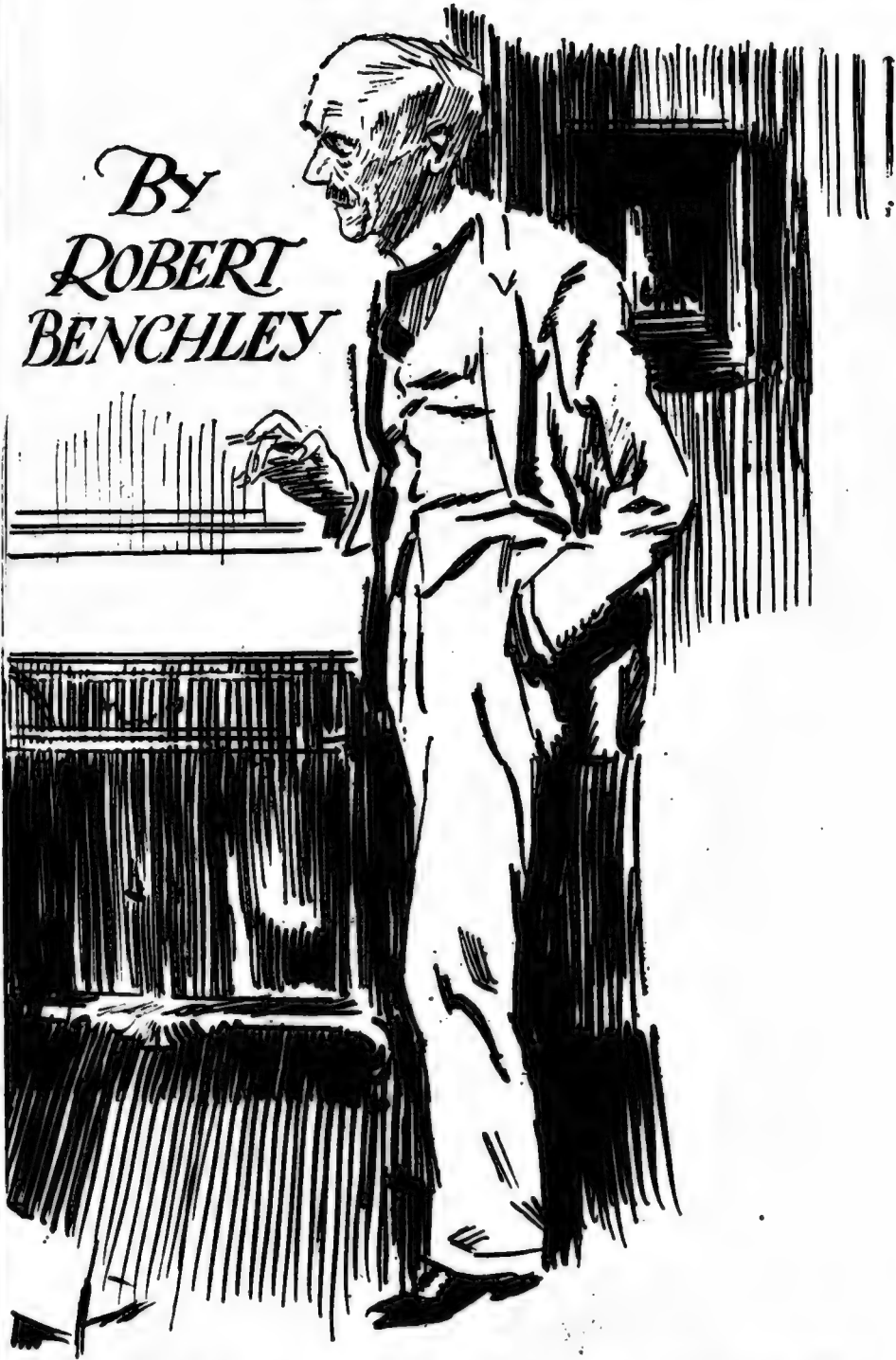
"Take your hand away!" she said sharply. "One of the things that is wrong with me is that I have a very decided claustrophobia—I am unable to go into a room where there is a crowd of people. My father is to blame because he kept me away from fairs when I was little and because he loved me more than he did my sister. My sister was to blame because she made fun of me for not being able to go to fairs and because she married a man who looked like my father. . . . Oh, but what's the use of telling all this to you? You have done nothing but crush me under all my life."

THIS was so strange as to make Mr. Peters genuinely worried. His wife—dear old Nell—who had gone on for twenty years being just a pal, to be talking like this and at this late date!

Perhaps he *had* been thoughtless. Perhaps he *had* paid too little attention to the simple amenities of married life. But why should that make her afraid to go into a room with a lot of people?

"I'm sorry, Nellie," he said, sitting down

By
ROBERT
BENCHLEY



Mrs. Peters, with an apron on, was seated at a table, and was messing around with a glue-pot. "More puzzles?" asked Mr. Peters

beside her. "Why don't we take a little run to the seaside—maybe to Eastbourne? You need a change."

Mrs. Peters began to cry. "You don't understand, Walter," she said, putting some glue from her finger on to her cheek. "I have got to do more than just go to Eastbourne. I have got to free myself from this mental state that I've been in all my life. I must get myself where I can go into a crowded room—"

"How is it you have just found out that you can't go into a crowded room?" asked her husband. "You're forty-nine years old and you've been serving on church committees all your life. Who told you all of a sudden that you are afraid to go into a crowded room?"

"I've known it all along, but never knew what it was," sobbed Mrs. Peters, evading part of the question. "I never realised that it was a claustrophobia."

"Who told you that it was a claustrophobia?" insisted Mr. Peters grimly. He was beginning to see a little light.

"Well," hesitated Mrs. Peters, starting in at her book-binding again to conceal her embarrassment, "well—I went to this Dr. Merkle—"

"What Dr. Merkle?"

"This Dr. Merkle that has just come here from America. Alice Bemis goes to him and he has done wonders for her. She is a new woman. He draws her out, you know—"

"Draws her out where?" asked Mr. Peters. "On a sled?"

"You wouldn't joke if you knew how much good he has done me already," said Mrs. Peters, and burst into tears again.

"He certainly has done wonders for you," replied her husband. "He's got you to crying and has told you you're afraid to go into a crowded room. What else has he done? Did he set you to book-binding?"

Mrs. Peters, at this, swept all her papers and covers on to the floor and ran out of the room. To Mr. Peters it was as if, after twenty years of peaceful married life, the end of the world had come. He put on his hat and went down the street to the Bemises. He found Mrs. Bemis in the side yard.

Mrs. Bemis was more than willing to tell what she knew. "Dr. Merkle is a wonderful man," she said, looking apprehensively over her shoulder. Then, drawing Mr. Peters with her, she went in a nervous manner toward the house.

"Do you mind coming inside?" she asked in a low voice. "I have a perfect horror of being out in open spaces. That is one of the things that Dr. Merkle is treating me for. He says that—" and, bursting into tears, she ran in the house, followed by Mr. Peters. He was wondering how his wife and Mrs. Bemis ever got together, one being afraid of being indoors and one being afraid of being outdoors.

IN her own living-room, Mrs. Bemis was more calm.

"Dr. Merkle makes you lie down on a couch in his office," she explained, "and then you just relax and tell him everything that is in your mind. You tell everything about your childhood and your mother and father, and gradually he analyses what your trouble is, and, before you know it, you feel so much better."

At this point Mrs. Bemis burst into a light sobbing.

"A very remarkable man!" ventured Mr. Peters. "Where is his office?"

"In Regent Street," murmured Mrs. Bemis through her tears. "Oh, Walter, he would do you so much good, too, if you only would just go there and relax. He could tell you right away what is the matter with you."

"I know what is the matter with me," said Mr. Peters quietly. "And I think that Dr. Merkle is just the man to help me cure it." And he flexed the fingers of his right hand very, very slowly. "Well, keep away from those open spaces, Alice," he said, and darted out into the street.

THE char-woman on the fifth floor of 502A, Regent Street, told the police that, as she was passing Dr. Merkle's office on Wednesday afternoon, about six o'clock, she heard voices coming through the open transom.

A man's voice, which she did not recognise, was saying: "Now tell me more about yourself!"

Then there would be a series of sounds which she thought might have come from Dr. Merkle, but couldn't be sure.

Then the man's voice would say: "Now tell me about your mother and father!"

Then the sounds again.

Then the man's voice: "Now about your home-life! Is it happy?"

This time the sounds in response grew fainter and fainter, until all was quiet in the doctor's office.

She did not see the strange man come out, and it was only when she went in at seven-thirty to clean the place that she saw what had happened.

By an odd coincidence, that was the very evening when Mr. Peters came home late, but took Mrs. Peters out to the movies.



Drawn by Edgar Speckley

BEACH PHOTOGRAPHER (struggling with over-size clients): "Excuse me a minute, sir, I shall have to use the camera I keep for groups."



Drawn by Frank Whitburn

OFFICIAL (as very crowded excursion train is signalled to start): "Now then, sir, hurry up and get in please."
LITTLE BINKS (peevishly): "Dammit all, man—I've got in three times—but I can't stay in."

WHY HE DIDN'T BOOK UP.



Drawn by Harrison

PROPRIETRESS OF SUNNYBEACH BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT (showing prospective visitor over the place): "—AND THIS IS THE LOUNGE."

Mrs. Lonsdale's children decided to give their mother a treat she would remember, and they succeeded, although things did not work out strictly according to plan

MARY STUART was one of a large and poor family, and when the Rev. Robert Lonsdale, a struggling curate, was attracted by her prettiness and took her to wife, she carried on the family tradition.

Before her young years were gone she brought into the world a large and clamorous brood of sons and daughters who made her their willing slave. Ordered here and there, laughingly chided for her meekness and old-time docility, her staidness of outlook, so she spent the years until most of her offspring had grown up and gone out to face life on their own account.

She was about fifty-eight and only recently a widow when a few of her married sons and daughters decided that something unusual was due to her for her long toil. Some treat she would remember.

After deliberation they said it must take the form of a month's visit to her eldest daughter Millie, who had made quite a good match by marrying a substantial landowner. Mother hadn't had a real holiday as long as they could recollect, but it would be made up to her now.

She could rest and enjoy herself to her heart's content. Nothing to do all day. Servants in plenty to wait on her and anticipate her every wish.

THE family felt quite proud of the treat they had prepared for her. So to Berkley Towers she came amid a jubilant chorus of satisfied consciences.

"You know, mums, you used always to say you never had a moment to spare in the old days," said Millie. "We will try to make it up to you now."

And at last she had ample leisure on her hands. Millie Berkley and her husband Thomas rarely spent an hour at home unless they were entertaining.

Nearly every day saw them off to tea parties, tennis parties, and the full social life of the county. Of course, they pressed Mrs. Lonsdale to accompany them, but, after one or two experiences, she always refused.

She would have to sit and talk to people who did not interest her and whom she could not interest. She never had any social gifts or parlour tricks to win popularity. She had always been a worker, bearing others on her shoulders.

If remonstrated with, she smiled and declared she was too old to adapt herself to a new life.

"Follow your own bent, mums," Millie would say. "Everybody and everything at the Towers is at your disposal. Don't hesitate to ring for what you require."

But Mrs. Lonsdale seldom troubled the staff with orders of any description. Their massive dignity and stateliness awed her, made her long to creep away and hide from them. She had no smart commanding airs to pit against the icy condescension of old family retainers. She was outside the sphere of a poor parson's widow.

SERVICE



Time hung on her hands. Where everything was perfect, running on well-oiled wheels, there was nothing to be done. Once she was in her bedroom performing, from mere habit, some task she was used to doing at home, when a maid entered and glanced at her with pained surprise.

"If madame will allow me—it's part of my duty, you know."

The maid's remark made the woman flush. This was not the atmosphere of home. She was lowering the status of the Berkleys.

THAT afternoon, tired of inactivity, she set out to explore an unknown part of the grounds, and presently came to a far entrance called the Southern Lodge.

The low building was neat and trim on the outside, but she was appalled by the sight of a dirty, tousled child squatting on the porch attempting to stuff gravel into its mouth. She hastened to dissuade the child from its dangerous play, then entered

the lodge to get material authority to back her interference.

The kitchen she stepped into was untidy, disordered, the table littered with unwashed ware, and near the fireplace was a weary looking girl of about twenty, listlessly stitching a frock. A baby girl was sprawled among the ashes on the hearth, and a third child was whining peevishly on the soiled counterpane of a rickety cot.

THE girl jumped up, abashed. Would the lady excuse her, the house was that upset? And the distressed housewife babbled on, explaining and excusing herself.

She was a Mrs. Shandy, the wife of a labourer on the estate. A factory girl, married very young, and with a rapidly increasing family, she found herself out of her element. She knew nothing of how to manage a home, and her health was poor.

"In fact, ma'am, Mr. Berkley is so disgusted with the place—he likes tidiness

by J. Bernard MacCARTHY

The kitchen was untidy, the table littered with unwashed ware, and near the fireplace was a weary-looking girl of about twenty, listlessly stitching a frock



this freedom, for her husband, dearly as she loved him, had been exacting, a faddist, and her offspring, when they realised her submissiveness, had insisted on having their own ideas carried out.

Mother did not move with the times. Mother had been in the background so long she did not know that new ideas were abroad. Mother should know that nobody kept hideous china ornaments nowadays, and, really, that sofa was impossible. . . . And the samplers and the lacework—what quaint survivals out of the ark! . . .

But now there was none to question her taste or judgment. What harm in wax apples under a glass shade? What harm in crocheted chair covers? Much more tasteful, indeed, than ugly metal Burmese idols or jazz cushions. The sort of home she fancied (though this was only a humble form of it) took shape under her hands.

"She's a gift from heaven, that's what she is," said the overjoyed Mrs. Shandy her health and spirits returning under the transformation.

"She's a woman who knows wot she wants an' gets it done," exclaimed Shandy. "It was a lucky day for us that she chanced to come on our floor."

AND so great was the improvement that Thomas Berkley, on his next inspection of the lodge, nodded amazed approval and told the Shandys that they could remain on the estate.

And now Mrs. Lonsdale's work was at an end, and her stay at its close. The evening before she left for home the Berkleys arranged a small dinner party in her honour.

Most of the members of the family were there, and they fussed over her, reminding one another what a treasure of a mother they possessed.

Late in the evening a Mr. Parkson from Kenya, a relation of Thomas Berkley's, arrived, making profuse apologies for missing his train. He was presented to Mrs. Lonsdale who sat beaming next to her son-in-law.

"Mother is leaving for home to-morrow, Mr. Parkson, so I'm glad you have had the opportunity of meeting her," said Millie. "She has been with us a whole month, and wanted the change badly. You see, she has been rather wonderful—working herself to death for us for I don't know how many years. Until recently she could not leave father, who was an invalid; but after his death we insisted on her coming to us. We all made up our minds that she must have a real good time at last."

"It was very nice of you to ask me, dear," said her mother.

"And she really has had quite a splendid time since she came," went on Millie. "Nothing to do but sit down and rest all day long." She turned. "You had a lovely, restful holiday, mums, hadn't you? It was one after your own heart."

"It was one after my own heart, dear."

In the homes of his tenants and workmen—that he has given us orders to quit," Mrs. Shandy concluded.

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Lonsdale, horrified. "I'm sure you would do very well, if only you had some experienced person to teach you."

"But who would do the likes, ma'am, and I a stranger in the place?"

A light flashed on the mind of the widow. There were yet three weeks of her holiday to run, three weeks sitting idly on the terrace or strolling round the grounds, three weeks during which she would have to wander through rooms so spotless that she hardly dared move in them lest she should soil them by contact—she who had ever been a worker. . . . A determination was born.

"I will, Mrs. Shandy," she said quietly. "But, mind, it's to be a secret. Nobody except your husband must know of it."

"Oh, ma'am, you'd do that for me?"

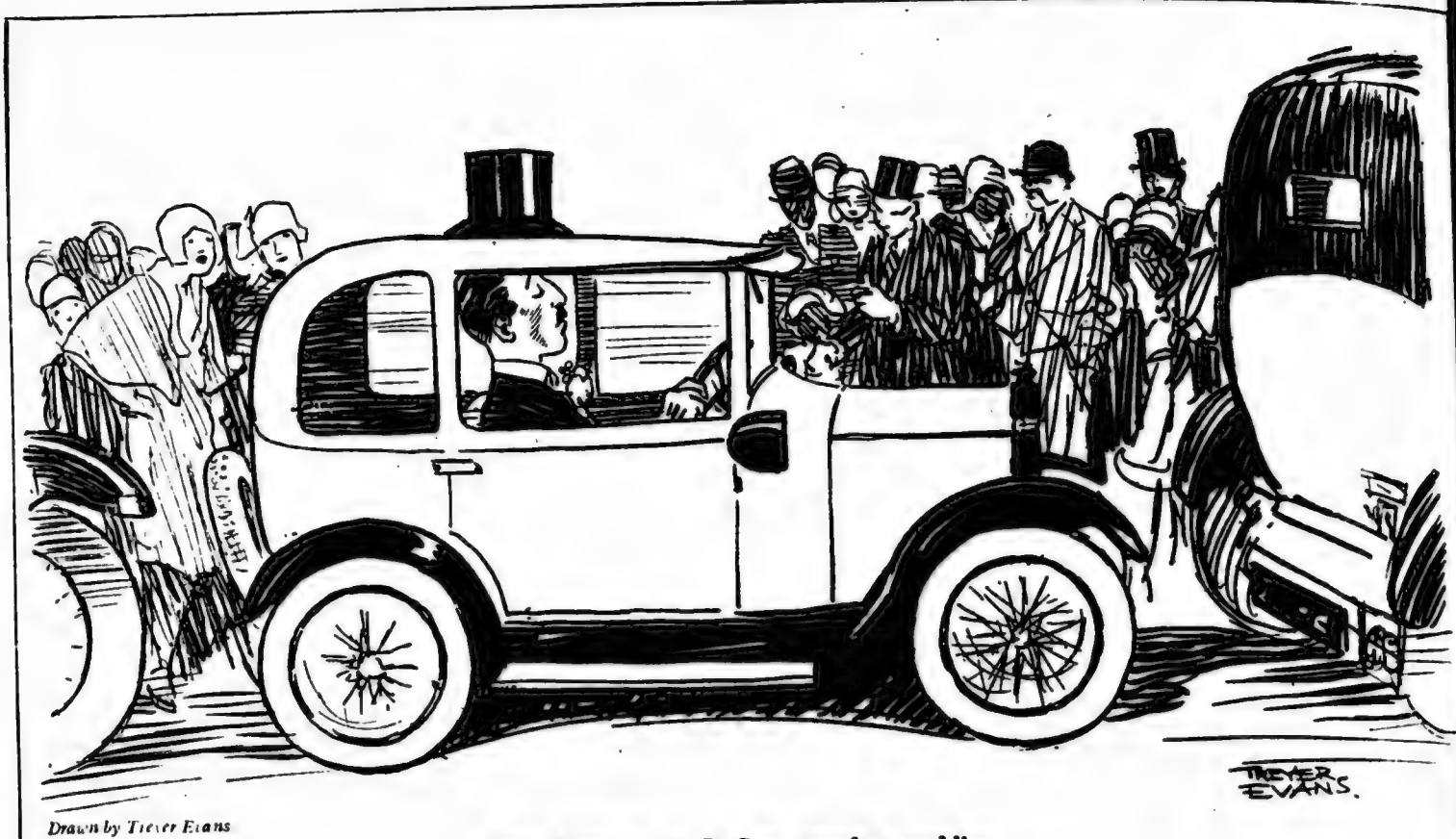
"Yes. I'll be over early to-morrow."

And Mrs. Lonsdale kept her word. No more languid lounging on the terrace, no more dull hours. Her leisure time was spent at the lodge, her hands and brain busy, her voice suggesting, commanding, advising.

SHANDY and his nephew, huge, bulky men, gasped as they tried to keep pace with her. Under her supervision they removed the torn and grubby wallpaper, painted doors, mended chairs, cleared smoky chimneys, and gradually brought the little home to order and comfort and cleanliness.

For the first time in her life Mrs. Lonsdale was having her own way, had people to carry out unquestionably her slightest wish in household matters.

At home she had never been allowed



Mr. Septimus H. P. Carr attends a wedding.



MISTRESS: "Master Willie is very quiet."

MAID: "Yes, mum. 'E's found a centipede and he's tryin' to count its legs."



Drawn by Harold Beards

"AFTER YOU WITH THE SALT, DEAR."

THE Folkestone boat was just drawing away from the quay at Boulogne as George and I raced breathlessly alongside.

"Jump!" cried George brightly, "you can do it in three!"

For answer I proceeded to give George an uncensored piece of my mind. You see, it was all his fault. We should never have missed that boat if he had been an ordinary, normal, sane-minded citizen. George is an artist and had lingered to sketch some utterly uninteresting piece of architecture, turning a deaf ear to all my protests about the flight of time.

"Have you *quite* finished?" he asked at length.

I nodded fiercely.

"I'm glad of that," he commented, "cause if you'd rattled on much longer we'd have been in danger of missing the next boat, too!"

"The next boat," I told him coldly, "does not leave here until seven. We have exactly two hours in which to cool our heels here in blighted Boulogne—though even that time would hardly suffice to enable me to express my full opinion of you."

"May I remind you that we hold excursion tickets which are not valid on the seven o'clock boat; that I have only two francs left; and that we are in our present plight simply because you insisted upon sketching a section of masonry which is far more accurately reproduced upon picture postcards available at all the kiosks?"

George looked as serious as George can ever be expected to look.

"By jove!" he exclaimed. "You beat me. I have exactly one franc. You'll have to pawn your watch!"

"I refuse to pledge my timepiece on a foreign shore," I objected. "What's the objection to pawning your own?"

"Only the fact that I pawned it in Folkestone before we started," was his startling reply. "Oh, well; this is obviously a crisis in which I shall have to take the lead, I can see. Come and sit on those cases over there, and let's think this out."

I was quite content to leave things to George. I always am. He thought for about five minutes, and then demanded my two francs. I handed them over, not so much because of my blind faith in George, as because they seemed hardly worth keeping.

"What's the scheme?" I asked, but



WASTED ART

GEOFFREY WILLIAMSON

It was a beautiful tale, magnificently told, but—

George did not bother to reply. He simply rose to his feet and signalled to me to follow him.

We tramped around until we finally came to a chemist's shop, into which George dived with an exultant cry. He was back at my side a minute of so later with a minute package and fifty centimes change. Again I asked him to enlighten me as to his plans, but again he seemed smitten with deafness and led the way back to the quay in silence.

There, in the shadow of a pile of baggage, he tore the paper from his purchase, disclosing a neat roll of bandage.

"Hold up your left hand!" he ordered, and I wonderingly obeyed.

I DON'T know whether George ever underwent a course of training in first aid, but he certainly made a workmanlike job of my hand, which he swathed convincingly with the entire length of bandage.

"There! That'll do, I think," he exclaimed, stepping back to survey his handiwork with a critical eye. "Now to get aboard the boat."

The quay official at the foot of the gangway for the 7 o'clock boat hauled us up immediately he spied our tickets.

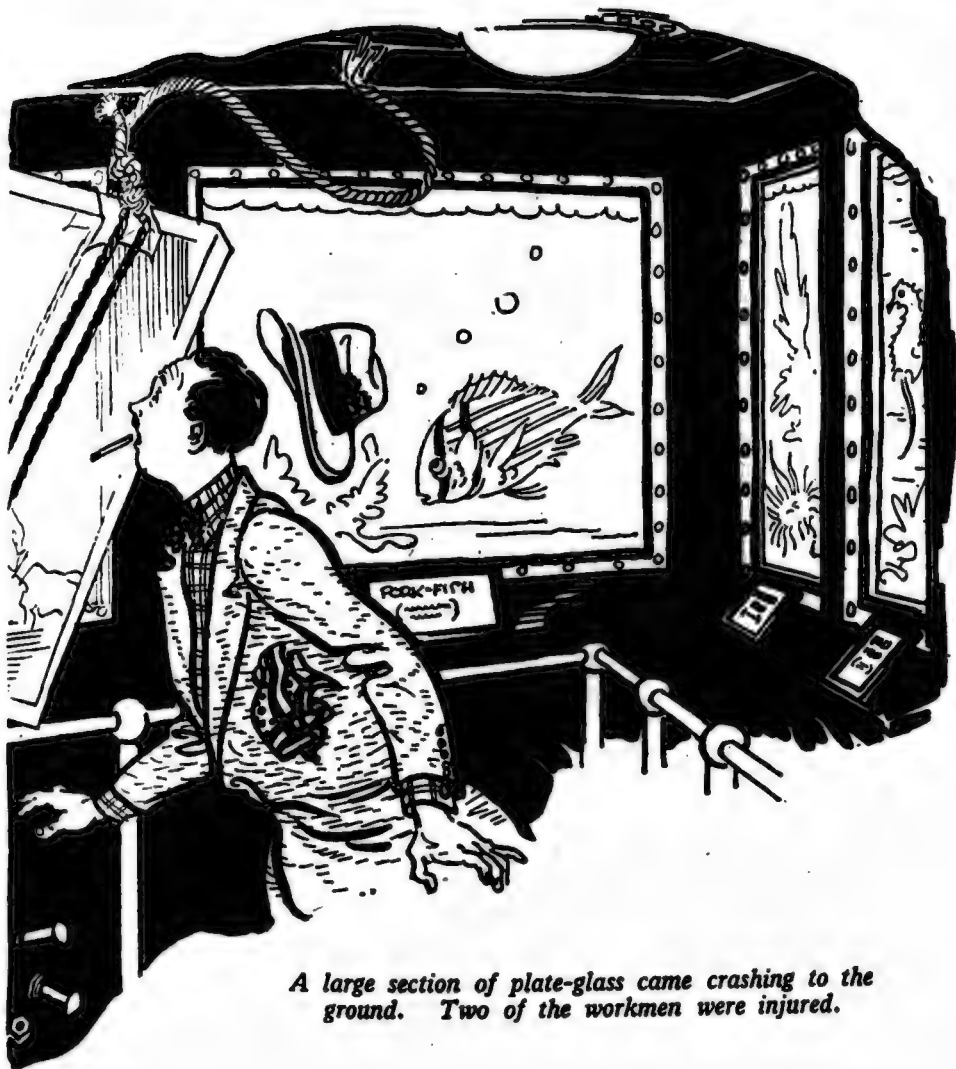
"Yes, I know," cried George briskly. "My friend has met with an accident. We'll pay excess on board."

WE clambered triumphantly up the gangway and mingled with the legitimate passengers with a feeling of relief.

"What's the next move?" I enquired. "Leave it to me," replied George. "We shan't see that fellow any more—he's one of the quay staff."

As I have said already, I am always content to leave things to George; but I felt painfully self-conscious about my bandaged hand.

We were early aboard, but the boat got



A large section of plate-glass came crashing to the ground. Two of the workmen were injured.

away at last and we were half way across the Channel when the ticket collector came our way. He was a rotund man, slow of movement and noticeably short of breath; but he carried himself with a certain pompous dignity.

"Ere!" was his instant exclamation when George tendered our tickets. He looked scathingly at us both over the top of his glasses for a few seconds, before adding: "What's the game? These is day tickets!"

"Yes; I know," replied George, with well-feigned innocence. "We only came across this morning."

"I don't care when you came across," was the none too encouraging reply, "but you ought to 'ave gone back on the five o'clock boat. These tickets are not valid for this boat!"

"Dear me! Is that really so?" gasped George anxiously.

"Aven't I just told you it is?" spluttered the fat man.

"Well, what are we to do?" asked George smoothly. "We can hardly get off the boat now."

"You'll have to pay excess," wheezed the other ponderously, fumbling ominously at his book of vouchers.

"Oh, I say," objected George, "that's a bit thick. I mean, it's not our fault that we're on this boat. We wanted to catch the earlier one—and we only just missed it by a split second. If my friend, here, had been able to run a little faster, we—"

"A miss is as good as a mile, as yer might say!" cut in the official cruelly; but George was unabashed.

"Pray listen, my good fellow," he continued. "We should have caught the five

o'clock boat easily if my friend hadn't been involved in a most regrettable accident."

"Eh?" queried the fat man, glancing down at my bandaged hand. "An accident? In that case I shall have to put in a report. I shall want full particulars. 'Ow did it 'appen?"

He brought out an official notebook, sucked the stub of his pencil and waited.

"O H," began George wearily, "it's rather a long story, but I suppose I ought to keep nothing back?"

"The company will want to know everything," was the decisive comment. George sighed, and continued.

"My friend and I happen to be on excellent terms with the Commissioner of Police in Boulogne," he lied cheerfully, "and although we were only over there for the day we decided that it would be a pity not to look him up, if only for the sake of old times."

"And did you?" asked the collector impatiently.

"Certainly. He was delighted to see us, and pressed us to stay and spend a few days with him; but that, of course, was quite impossible as we have urgent business engagements in London. My friend here, you must know, is a prominent member of the Stock Exchange."

"Never mind about all that," spluttered the official, scribbling feverishly the while. "What about the accident?"

"I'm coming to that," responded George meekly, "but I assure you that it's necessary to apprise you of the full details. You see, our friend the Commissioner insisted upon running us out to his villa on the outskirts of Boulogne in his Hotchkiss, and

it was while he was showing us round his estate (which, by the way, is truly marvellous), that the accident occurred.

"You must know that the Commissioner is a man of many hobbies, his favourite being the collection of rare fish. Just at the moment, as it happens, he is having a new aquarium erected in his grounds, and workmen were actually busy on it when we were being shown round."

At this juncture of George's remarkable narrative I am afraid I nearly spoilt everything by going into hysterics. How I restrained myself I cannot think, for the sight of the fat official frantically scribbling away in his notebook in a vain endeavour to keep pace with the speaker's fluency was one of the funniest things I had ever seen.

"Well," went on George seriously, "we were being shown round when a large section of plate glass, which was being lowered gently into position, tilted forward suddenly and came crashing to the ground. Two of the workmen were terribly maimed, while my friend, here, had the misfortune to be struck in the palm of the hand by a flying splinter. . . ."

"Wait a minute," interrupted the official, but George ploughed cheerfully on with his imaginary narrative.

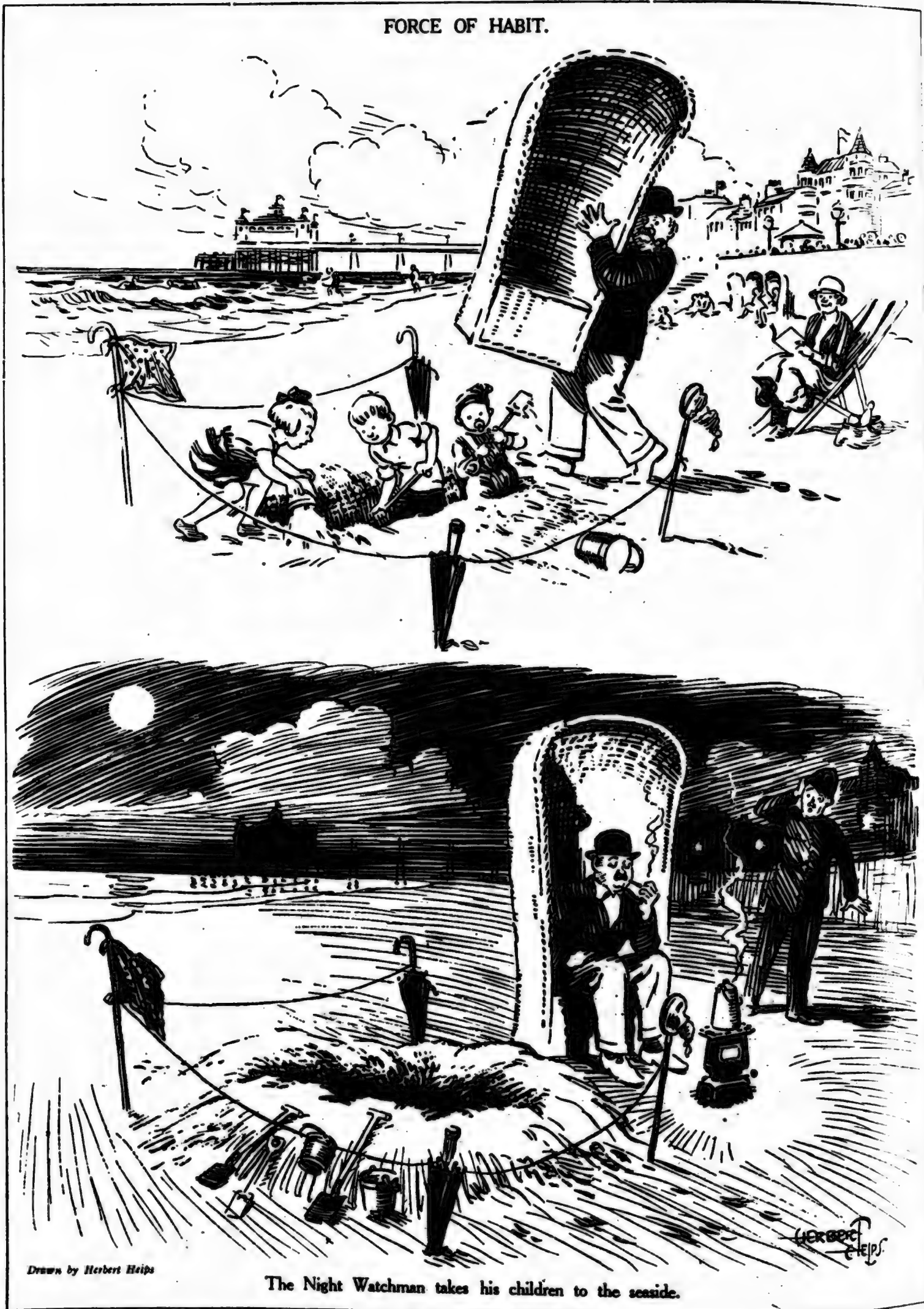
"Although my friend's injury was not very severe, our host, the Chief of Police, insisted upon having it dressed by his own medical adviser, M. P  p  tin. That, of course, meant some delay, and although the Chief of Police motored us to the quayside himself and although we dashed across to the gangway like genuine Belgian hares, we missed the boat!"

"I think, therefore, that you'll agree that it is a little unreasonable that we should be called upon to pay excess. In fact, I'm confident that when the company reads your report on the matter it will say no more."

HAVING brought his colourful recitation to this dignified conclusion, George sat back with a sigh of resignation. The rotund one scratched his head with his stub of pencil and sighed also.

"Look 'ere," he said condescendingly, "if I was goin' to try and put all you've told me in a report I'd 'ave to sit up writing till past midnight. If it's all the same to you I'll just put: 'Insufficient means to meet excess,' and I don't suppose you'll 'ear another word about it."

FORCE OF HABIT.



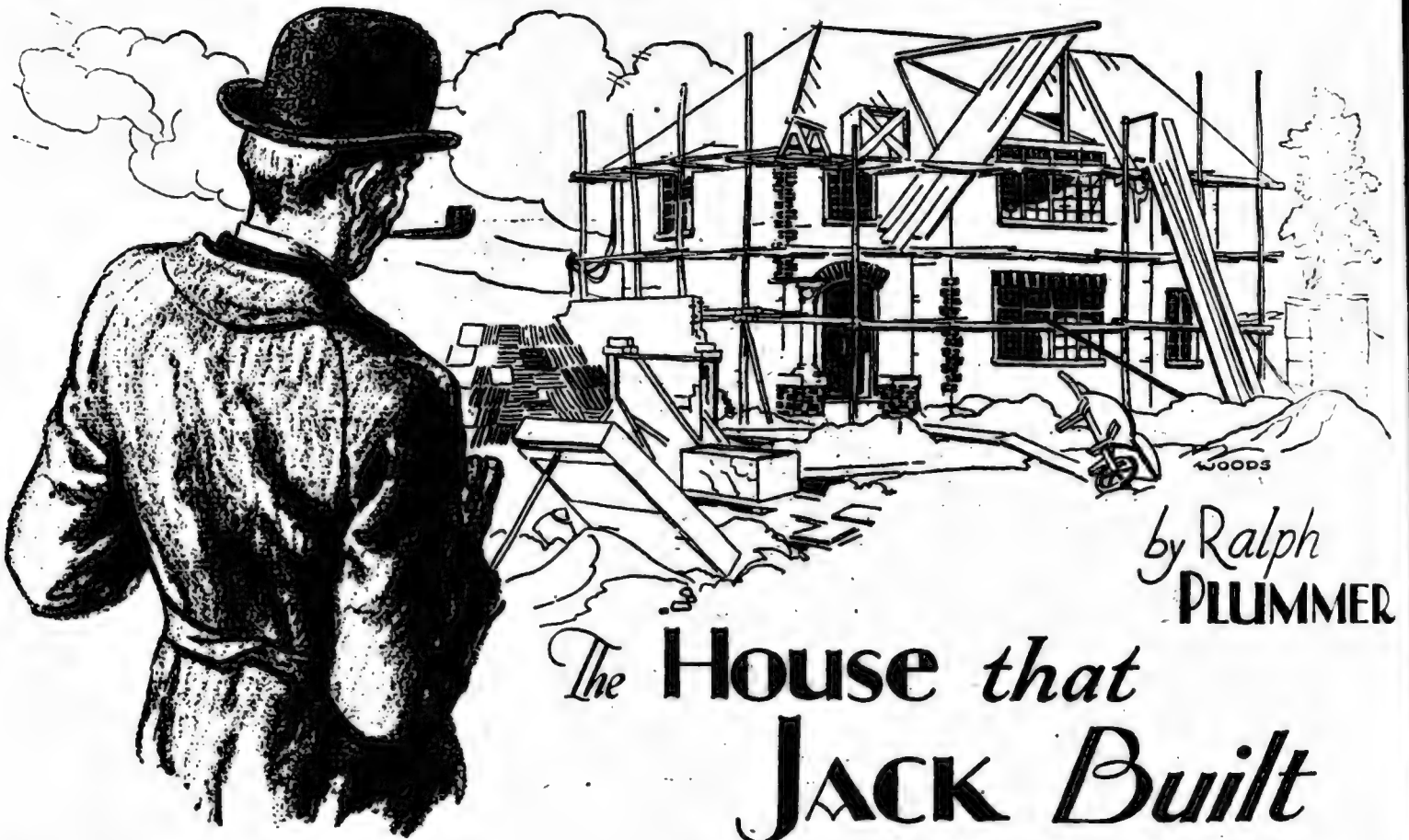


At Continental seaside resorts people daily wear pyjamas without exciting undue interest—



Drawn by Fitz

—so why should Slocum-on-Sea be so perturbed if Mrs. Brown did stroll along the beach in her nightie?



The House that Jack Built

Other men kissed their Betrothed and sighed for Nests. Jack was more practical

WHEN his salary reached £4 per week, with a promise of further increase at midsummer, Noel Jack totalled up his weekly expenses, and found he could save £5 per month. He totalled up again, amended his tobacco allowance and cut the sweets from his lunches. That made it possible to save close on six sovereigns towards the home.

His home. His—and Myrtle's.

Jack began to attend auction sales. There was a friend who had commodious premises out Dulwich way. There was storage here for the gradually accumulating furniture Noel Jack picked up.

Jack attended more sales than ever two weeks after midsummer day. His salary had been increased to £6 per week. He began to look askance upon auction sales where the really choicer bits of stuff counted. The dealers monopolised that end of the sales. He began visiting better-class shops. The friend at Dulwich began to look serious.

"About this furniture," he said.

Noel Jack waved his hand airily.

"It won't be for long," he said. "You don't need the spare rooms, George. You guess the idea, of course?"

"Setting up house," nodded the other sapiently. He smiled as he looked at Noel Jack. "There's enough stuff here to furnish three rooms. Easily."

"And enough to furnish another four stored in Tottenham," supplemented Jack. "The beginning of the home—our home—Myrtle's, and mine."

He sighed contentedly. "Doesn't the name Myrtle strike a note that suggests old-world lavender, sweetness, and purity? Myrtle!" Jack sighed gustily and stuck his thumbs under his lapels as his eyes roved over the growing array of household effects. "And next year I am moving into the foreign department at the office."

"Enough to furnish seven rooms!"

ejaculated his friends. "You will want a big house for that lot?"

Jack nodded.

"That's right."

"And where are you going to get it?"

"Build it."

"Build it?"

"Build it. I've been steadily accumulating furniture for Myrtle and me—bless her—for over two years. You will meet her before long. Yes, I shall build a home. Part mortgage, of course. But that job on the foreign department will be worth £450 a year to me. I can buy what remaining things we will want by degrees and find a substantial deposit for building as well."

"She's a lucky girl," put in the other. "You get down to brass tacks, Jack. When I think of the way other girls have to wait and live on hopes only whilst their prospective husbands drift on at a never-changing screw, and trust in fate to provide a nest for the bird, and Providence to supplement the wherewithal, I think your Myrtle is very lucky."

JACK loaded his pipe sparsely with a cheap weed.

"I have no friends worth speaking of," he admitted evenly. "That means no expensive evenings out. I leave the cinema and theatres to those who want 'em. I don't. I do my job, and I'm studying to better myself. By Jingo!" he burst out enthusiastically. "Isn't a wife worth that? And when the home is ready—absolutely ready—she shall walk right into it. She doesn't even know I'm preparing it for her—yet!"

He smoked furiously.

"I see 'em," he jerked on excitedly. "The modern fellow and his girl. She waits on and waits on. He and she walk

about the highways and byways, wondering if there are any houses still left in the world to rent. And if there are—can they be rented without having the grocer and the butcher clamouring at the door with angry fingers clutching unpaid accounts? That won't be for my Myrtle. But—I'm talking too much. I don't usually talk much. You know that."

"Good luck to you both," said the friend heartily.

"Thanks," returned Jack.

Twelve months later the job on the foreign department materialised. Four hundred and fifty per annum, and a white-haired chief, staring dispassionately over his horn-rimmed.

"Thank you, sir," thus an earnest and conscientious Jack. "I'll do my best to justify the trust and reliance you place in me."

The chief looked at Jack's face and smiled.

"Show the same progress and endeavour in my interest," he said, "and your salary will reach £600 by Christmas."

IN his lodgings, night after night, Jack sat, sitting in solitary bliss. He was planning. But the plans were growing more expansive. He could see Myrtle; could picture her in his house—his house and hers. Their own home. Their own furniture.

"My wife," he muttered once, and sighed happily. "MY Myrtle."

His landlady came in. She looked at Jack and smiled. Everyone smiled at Noel Jack. He was so different from ordinary men.

Christmas brought Jack's salary to the six hundred mark.

(Continued on page 33.)



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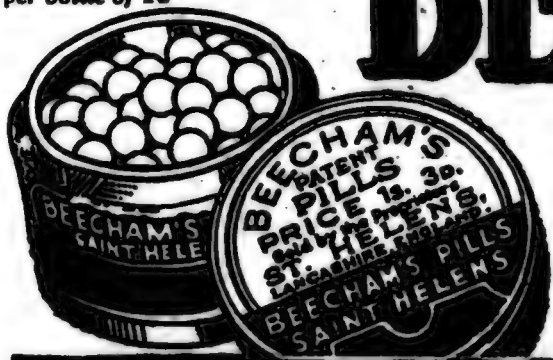
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JB

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

(Continued from page 30.)

In January he wrote forty letters. They brought eighty-seven replies. Funny how builders and contractors run in harness! Out of the eighty-seven Jack selected one. The firm built modern villas at £1,400. Good villas. Jack selected a site. He talked over plans with a surveyor. He discussed road charges, draining systems, southern aspects and garage facilities.

They started to build the house. Time passed on. It does. Jack began visiting shops where they sold carpets. Good carpets. He began to make selections.

"Yes, with pleasure they would store the carpets."

Jack bought the carpets.

THE house neared completion. On Sundays he would take the bus to Palmer's Green and gloat over the growing edifice. His—his and his wife's.

Staring at the crude nakedness of plank and stone which showed ruddily new, he clothed them with modern rosy tiles, paintwork, wallpaper. In the little hall where stained-glass disported itself prettily in the fanlight, he stood and visualised pendant leaded lamp warmly glowing over polished oak and gleaming metalwork. The rooms . . .

He trod them all. Four bedrooms. The friend from Dulwich came with him one Sunday.

The house was finished then. Rooms were evenly warm.

"Central heating," explained Jack. "No danger of Myrtle catching chills. It's my idea that half women's ailments are caused in the house through errors in heating. They come out of a warm room and enter a cold. Then they bake over roasting fires—and rush to another part of the house bare-armed and thinly clad, where chills lurk."

"Four bedrooms is a lot," ventured the other.

Jack hesitated.

"There's the big room," he said haltingly, and looking sheepish. The friend looked at him and smiled. He couldn't help it. "The big room will be Myrtle's and mine. Then we want two rooms for guests. The other one . . ."

The friend from Dulwich nodded in understanding.

"Just think of it," jerked out Jack. "A little devil with yellow hair. He'll want to play with my watch and tell his alphabet on my nose and ears. I'll call him Noel. Then, when he grows a spot older he'll kneel at Myrtle's knee when she takes him to his little bed in that fourth room, and lisp out his prayers each night."

"It may be a girl?" laughingly.

Jack nodded.

"Be our bairn just the same," he said cheerfully. "We'll both love it—her!"

"What'll you call her?"

"Need you ask that? Myrtle, of course. Her mother's name. And I've loved the name Myrtle all my life. Which car do you think better—four-seater or two?"

The friend stared.

"Well—"

"Two-seater is nice," interrupted Jack thoughtfully, "but both friends and youngsters object to dickeys. A four-seater is only £20 more and is more sociable. I think I'll get a four-seater."

"The garage is being started on next week. It was allowed for in the plans, and I heard two days ago that I am to secure the secretarial post to my chief next month. That means a substantial rise, old man. It has been worth all these long, patient months—years, in truth—striving for our home."

It was two months later that the secretary to the firm called on his friend at Dulwich.

"The furniture from Tottenham has been transferred to my villa," he said. "Can you let me have my stuff to-morrow so that I can get everything set in order and ready for my wife?"

The other looked at Jack and smiled.

"What are you calling the house?" he asked.

"Myrtle Villa," returned Noel Jack. "Of course, if my wife wants it changed, I'll have to have it altered. But . . . come over next Sunday, when I'll have everything in order."

THE friend from Dulwich went over on Sunday. He trod the rooms with an excited Jack. He gently touched linens, curtains, tapestries. He stepped luxuriously on tasteful carpets. He enthused sincerely on the labour-saving appliances.

"Just picture me returning home at nights," said Jack. "A flushed Myrtle standing here in the hall, peeping anxiously from the door as my step rings along the pavement and halts at the gate. And—later—a little gurgling devil who will give a whoop and come racing out all curls and woolles to hug his pa and bulge his fat cheek over the caramel I'll pop into his mouth." Jack sighed gustily several times and grinned cheerily.

The car was examined in the neat garage at the side of the house.

"When is the marriage taking place?" asked the friend from Dulwich.

"As soon as I can persuade her," said Jack. "She doesn't even know of Myrtle Villa yet! When I bring her over to see the home I have ready for her, I'll urge an early wedding-day. And—I should like very much to have you as my best man."

They shook hands heartily.

"Communicate with me at once when you want me," declared the friend from Dulwich. "Good luck to you both. When I think of the fellows who have their girls waiting on and waiting on, whilst you have your home all ready, a car, everything your bride could wish for . . ." He shook his head and his exhalation spoke volumes.

"I'll communicate," said Jack heartily, "as soon as I've got Myrtle ready."

When the friend had gone, Jack trod through his new house with proud step.

"Everything," he muttered, "everything that a wife could wish for, surely."

He took his hat and coat. At the gate he turned again and surveyed the villa from the outside.

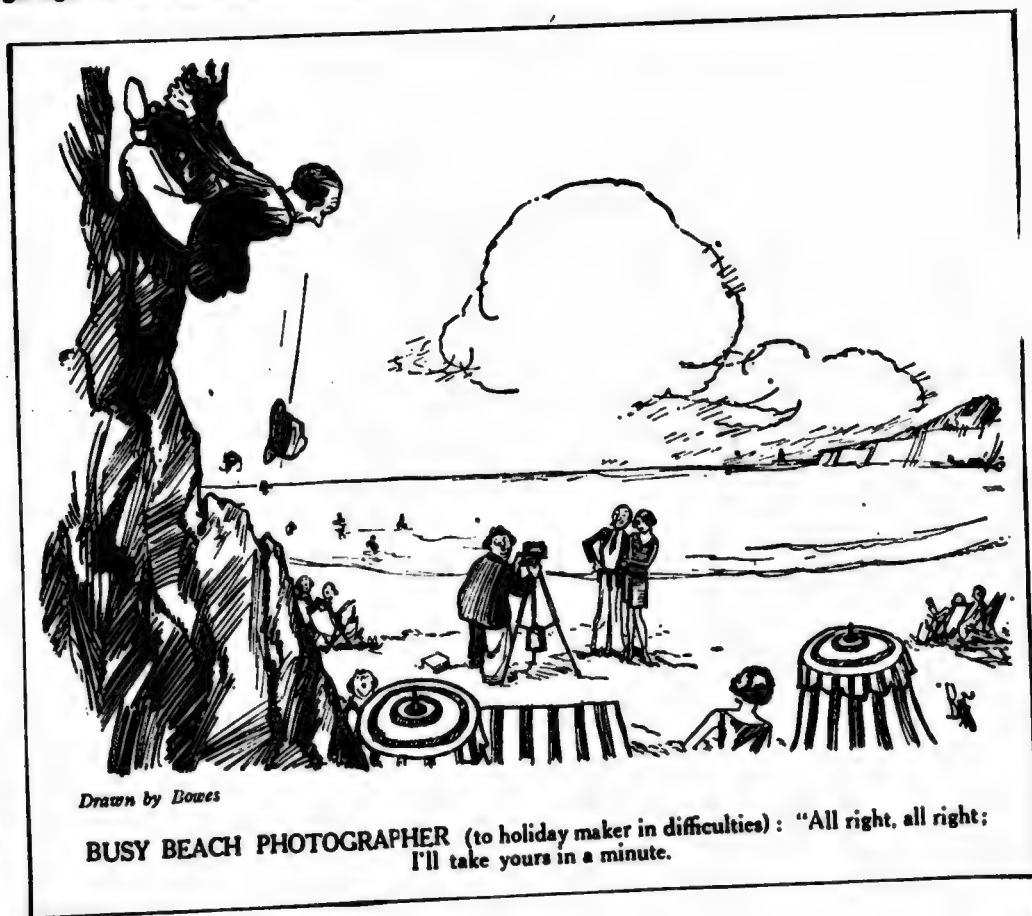
"Everything right here but just the woman herself," he chuckled. "And—for her!"

IN the town he stopped at a building. He sent in his card by a boy, and was shown in to a gentleman in a room liberally adorned with photographs.

The gentleman at the desk stared at Noel Jack. He smiled. Everyone smiled at Jack. He was the most funny-looking man anybody had ever seen . . .

"Have you any nice women on your books?" ventured Jack earnestly. "I—er—have a liking, incidentally, for the name of Myrtle."

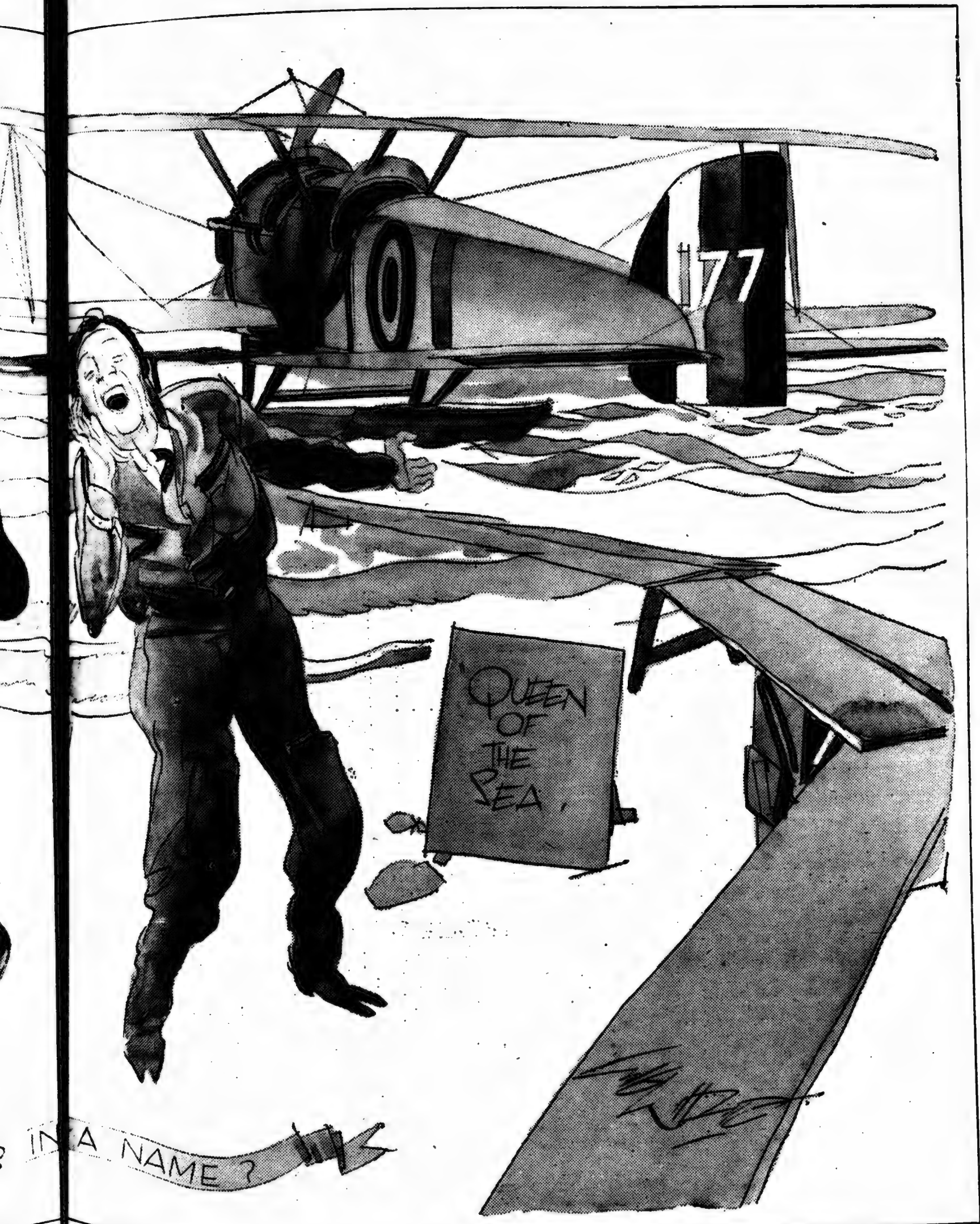
The head of the matrimonial agency drew a ledger towards him and put on his glasses.

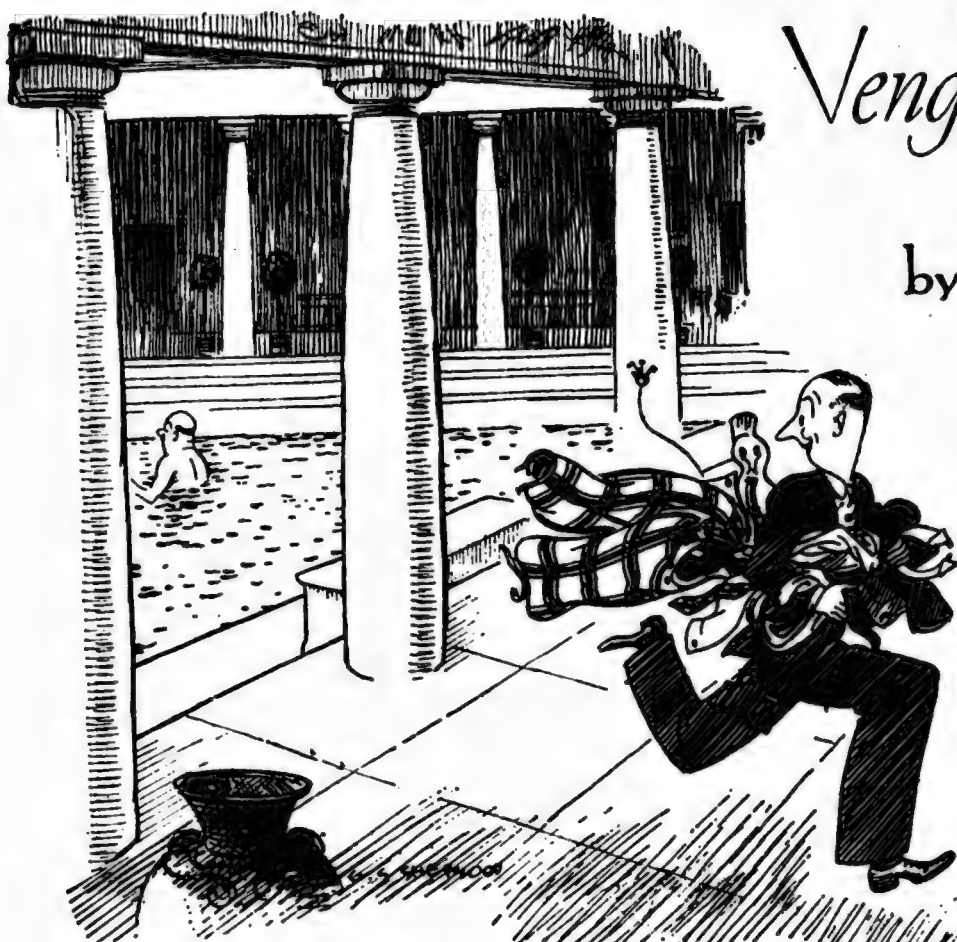


Drawn by Boves

BUSY BEACH PHOTOGRAPHER (to holiday maker in difficulties): "All right, all right; I'll take yours in a minute."

Drawn by Gilbert Wilkinson





Repressing a shudder the young man bore them off to his hiding place

The Vengeance of ATHELSTAN

by A.A. THOMSON

Mr. Brindle loses his clothes

glided into the Greek temple and picked up the plute's plus-fours.

The garments were of a hue revolting to all right-thinking people, but the young man, repressing a shudder, bore them off to his hiding-place.

Ten minutes later, Mr. Brindle, looking not unlike a cruiser-weight porpoise, padded up the bank. His heart, if I may coin the expression, was like a singing-bird. In five minutes he would be socking into porridge and cream. In an hour and a half he would be socking into the widow and orphan. The day was fair with promise. But . . . At this point, I think, the caption would read:

BUT—TO THE MAGNATE'S HORROR . . .

Not a stitcen of clothing was to be found. J. Hopkinson Brindle turned pale. Nature holds no more awe-inspiring spectacle than that of a pale plutocrat in a purple bathing-suit. How was he to return to the mansion in such a garb?

With the exception of the Super-Tax Assessor and his butler Brunch, Mr. Brindle feared no man. But dared he face Brunch trouserless—Brunch, before whom dukes were afflicted with a sense of social inferiority? He dared not.

It was at this despairing moment that the humble artisan Jas Gubb came into the magnate's life. Passing through the park upon his way towards the house, Jas. Gubb was not at first sight an attractive figure. He was, in fact, the least attractive-looking chimney sweep in the Home Counties.

He wore the most leprous thing in gent's suiting that Mr. Brindle had ever seen, and his corduroy trousers appeared to have been left him by an early ancestor who had perished of the Black Death.

BUT they had an æsthetic value far beyond æsthetic carplings. They were trousers. With a whoop of ecstasy, J. Hopkinson Brindle leaped upon his victim, exclaiming:

"GIMME THOSE CLOTHES!"

"Wot?" cried Mr. Gubb.

"Gimme!" hissed J. Hopkinson hoarsely.

"Lumme!"

"And the trousers! . . . Gimme!"

Jas. Gubb was a man of sturdy British commonsense. A fervent reader of the Sabbath Press, he was not unaware of the fate of good citizens who argued with homicidal maniacs. Only last Sunday he had read of a case where the body . . .

"Now the boots," panted J. Hopkinson Brindle.

III.

With the stealth of an Iroquois war-brave, Mr. Brindle crept towards the house. Looking like a warthog who had borrowed the second-best skin of a hippopotamus, he clumped in at the side-

(Continued on page 38.)

SCIENTISTS tell us that lightning, if suitably greased, travels at quite an alarming number of feet per second. As young Athelstan Foljambe travelled down the front steps of Brindle Towers, it occurred to him that this speed, whatever it was, had been exceeded.

He sat upon the bottom step of the stately mansion with all the poignant feelings of a man who has been bitten by a battering-ram.

Suddenly a lilting girlish voice trilled in his ear.

"What," said a silvery voice, "ho?"

"What," replied Athelstan wanly, "ho."

"Did papa . . .?" asked the girl, awe and sympathy struggling in her tone. "I mean, were you . . .?"

"Bunged," returned Athelstan, searching for the *mot juste*. "Positively bunged. On my ear."

"Then you found dear papa unfriendly?"

"You've said a mouthful, sweetie. Unfriendly is the word. He compared my personal appearance, unfavourably, to that of a chicken with gapes; as a companion, he preferred, he said, an attack of cramp, and, as a son-in-law, he would rather have a spirited silkworm. Tell me, Muriel," he added wistfully, "do I look like a spirited silkworm?"

"No," replied the loyal girl, "not . . . very. I fear papa has an anti-Athelstan complex."

"I suspected it. And when I noticed that he was wearing his shooting-boots—"

"My poor darling!"

"The words lick, excrescence and blister hurtled, whizzing, through the air, and so, an instant later, did your Athelstan."

"My poor bruised pet!"

"But," cried Athelstan, all the manhood in him rising, "have courage, Muriel. A love like ours, though it be kicked down plutocratic steps, will soar aloft again. Meanwhile, my angel, lead me to . . . the embrocation."

II.

THE kicking of prospective sons-in-law down the broad steps of his palatial country residence was not J. Hopkinson Brindle's only accomplishment. He was a liberal and joyous kicker, but he did other things equally well.

As one of our most respected financiers, he was wont to sting the widow and orphan with the assiduity of a queen-wasp. He was also an early morning bather of the most aggressive type. Early morning bathers are an offensive race, and J. Hopkinson Brindle was one of the most virulent of his class.

In his grounds he had an Early Roman swimming-pool, the dressing-room of which had been built in the form of a Greek temple. He was that sort of man.

"Pff!" he said in that offensive pre-breakfast voice to which early bathers are peculiarly addicted. Striding into the Grecian temple, he divested himself of his horrid plus-four suit, and then, attired in a bathing costume scarcely less disgusting, he plunged into the water.

Were this narrative being portrayed upon the silver screen, the time has now arrived for the flashing of the vivid caption:

MEANWHILE, LURKING AMID THE
BUSHES . . .

Who was the sinister lurker? You have guessed it first pip. Athelstan Foljambe

You cannot doubt the evidence of your eyes



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Brown simply said, "Sorry, you chaps."

Smith said he felt he'd got hold of the wrong bat all the time.



Robinson said it came off his pad.

Little Jones blamed it on the fast left-hand bowler.



Taylor (who resented chaff) said nothing—aloud.



Green, on the other hand, said quite a lot.

Drawn by Dudley Tennant

THE DIFFERENTIATION OF THE DUCK.



Drawn by Edwin Morrow

ONLOOKER: "Just look at that man! Has he taken leave of his senses?"
MRS. SMITH: "No, he's quite all right. It's only my husband rehearsing the part of King Canute for our local Carnival"

THE VENGEANCE OF ATHELSTAN

(Continued from page 36.)

entrance, and, muttering a faint prayer that he might be allowed to reach his bedroom undetected, slid along the corridor.

Darting through a green baize door, he came out into the hall, and, almost in the moment of triumph, found disaster. The sweep's ex-boots, unaccustomed to a polished surface, dealt treacherously with him. With a sickening thud, he cannoned into the majestic midriff of Brunch.

"Whazzis?" demanded Brunch, the terror of nervous dukes.

"Glurg, glurg," said his disguised employer.

"Get hout!" commanded Brunch.

"Glurg," repeated Mr. Brindle, feeling in his own mind that he was not making the position sufficiently clear.

"Houtsie, you!" said Brunch, bracing himself for swift action.

AND WITH A RUNNING KICK . . .

IV.

IT was outside on the terrace that the stricken magnate met Athelstan.

"How now, my good fellow," said Athelstan loftily.

"Foljambe . . . Athelstan," implored the millionaire, "get me my clothes."

"Nothing doing," replied Athelstan crisply.

J. Hopkinson Brindle, despoiler of orphans, wept like a child.

"Repeat after me," said Athelstan softly.

"I, J. Hopkinson Brindle—"

"I, J. Hopkinson Brindle—" sobbed the millionaire.

"Request you, Athelstan Foljambe, to do me the honour—"

"Request you, Athelstan Foljambe, to do me the honour—"

"Of marrying my daughter, Muriel."

"Of marrying my daughter, Muriel," breathed Mr. Brindle brokenly, "and I hope the wedding-cake chokes you!"

"Not at all," said Athelstan politely, and led him plus-four-wards.

V.

"IS it true, Brunch," asked Athelstan, "that a suspicious character has been seen lurking about the premises?"

"Yes, sir. A norrid character. But I removed him, sir."

"Good for you, Brunch. You heaved the blighter out, I take it?"

"If I may use a colloquialism, I BUNGED him out, sir."

"Down these steps, Brunch?"

"Down these steps as ever is, sir."

"Sing Alleluia, Brunch!"

"Sir?"

"I should like to kiss your baby brow, Brunch."

"That is very kind of you, sir. Kind and thoughtful."

"Accept these few humble pound-notes, Brunch, with my passionate admiration."

"Thank you, sir."

"And, Brunch, do you mind if I yodel?"

"Not at all, sir."

"Then tooralyltee, Brunch, toor-awfully-alytee!"

"Tooralyltee, sir. As you say, sir."

VI.

"What," enquired the fair Muriel, "ho?"

"What," exclaimed Athelstan, love and triumph blended in his manly voice, "frightfully ho!"

AND SO, HAND IN HAND, INTO THE SUN-LIGHT

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SWIFT

TENS



"I'm not well," 'e says.

I WERE obliging a Mrs. Runt which 'er General 'ad gone to a wedding for a week. There were a Mr. Runt what I were sorry for what didn't dare to call 'is soul 'is own when 'e were in the 'ouse.

But on the Friday arternoon Mrs. R. 'ad a bad cold and went to bed, and it were a relief not to 'ear 'er sneaking about the 'ouse. "But," she says, "Mr. Runt will be late at the office to-night, so will you sit up for 'im and see as 'e takes off 'is boots?"

It were near on twelve when I 'eard a knock at the door, and when I opened it there were Mr. Runt 'olding on to the wall. He took off 'is 'at, most perlit, to me and says, "Does Mr. Runt live 'ere?"

'E spoke slow but quite distinct, but I see as 'e were far from well. 'Ad something for dinner what didn't agree with 'im, I reckon. My Erb uster be jist the same when 'e were working overtime, but so long as 'e brought some of 'is money 'ome I let 'im keep what 'e'd spent.

"E do," I says, and tried 'ard not to laugh. Then 'e took 'is 'at off again, and says, "Would you know Mr. Runt when you see 'im?"

"Oh! come in," I says, and 'elps 'im in, and 'e says the floor must be seen to as it were most uneven.

"And I'm not well," 'e says almost a-crying, "I caught the 'flu," 'e says, "and it's chronic. I've been inflicted for years."

Then 'e took off 'is boots with me to 'elp 'im, and 'ung them on the 'all stand, and 'e says to me, "When them stairs come round again stop 'em, and 'elp me up; one on each side."

So I 'elped 'im up to the spare room, and 'e told me to tell Mrs. R. as 'e wouldn't say "good night" to 'er, as 'is 'flu were catching.

Next morning 'e come down looking jist like one of them passengers when they've jist landed from Boloine arter they've been double crossed. 'E didn't want nothink to eat, on'y tea, what 'e said were 'is cure for the 'flu. 'E said it always got 'im in the liver, so as it affected 'is sight, but 'e 'ad always been delicat from a boy.

Mrs. MAY and the Umbrella

by THOMAS LE BRETON

Our old friend holds the fort against all comers



"I'll lay more than my 'ands on you."



"'E give me two quid more."

'E said as 'e must go to the office, although lots of men would 'ave gone to the doctor instead, but 'e didn't think as 'e could 'ave long to live and 'e must attend to business fust. 'Ed 'ad seven large cups of tea and said as that proved it were the 'flu, what 'ad flew to 'is liver and made 'im so thirsty.

"But I want you to do me a little faviour, Mrs. May," 'e says, and I were afeard as 'e'd arst me to kiss 'im for 'is Ma, but fortinantly for 'im 'e didn't.

'E TOOK a pound note outer 'is pocket and give it to me. "When I were took ill of the 'flu last night," 'e says, confidential-like, so as Mrs. R. couldn't 'ear 'im if she were listening, what I expect she were, "I lost me memory," 'e says, "what is one of the symptoms of the 'flu."

Now I know," 'e says, "as I took a umberella out with me, and it were a presentation one what were give me at the Lodge last winter. It's got me name and address on, so someone will bring it back.

"On'y I can't think where I left it, but I remember as I went with a friend into a resterong or two. No! it must a-been a tea shop, because there was a lot of young ladies there—and if one found it and brought it back, Mrs. Runt might be rude to 'er, instead of thanking 'er for 'er trouble.

"So I want you to watch for it, and as soon as you see it don't worry my poor wife about it, but give the finder this," and 'e give me a ten-shilling note, "and tell 'er as I've gone on the Continong and shan't be back again for months. You understand?"

I told 'im to leave it to me and I'd

see as the fieldmale didn't come again, and 'e went away thinking as I were a friend in need, what I am offen in need.

Then as soon as 'e'd gone, Mrs. R. rung for 'ot water and said as she were going to get up, though I told 'er she were risking 'er valuable life, ill as she were—but it were no good, she would dress and come down. She's one of them aggravating women what always do jist what they didn't oughter do, and I see as I oughter 'ave begged 'er to get up and then she wouldn't a moved outer bed.

And when she come down she sat 'erself in the dining-room what's in the front of the 'ouse, so as she could see anyone coming in at the front gate. I do 'ate them sorter o' Nosey Parkers, and she fair worried me, a case the umberella come along.

And arter that, every ring at the street door bell made me jump, and each time she sung out, "Oo's that?" when she could see all the time.

And she wanted to know what they wanted, what were like 'er cheek.

I 'D been doing the upstairs front rooms, so as I could see anyone coming to the 'ouse, and I reely 'adn't time to do more than flick the duster at 'em, but at last I finished, for she kep' calling, "ain't you done upstairs yet?" jist as if I were 'er slave, and me own eyes didn't belong to me.

"It's time to putt the dinner down," she says, so I 'ad to 'ave me lunch, but I kep' running to the front door and looking through the glass, what were enough to give a lady the innergestion.

(Continued on page 42.)



I'm in
the army
now!

Recruit and Regular the same day—that's my record in the Afrikander army. One of the multitude who fell for the 'baccy at the first try out—that's *me*! Now, when I light a pipeful . . . sniff its fragrance . . . revel in its flavour-laden goodness, I'm sharing the experience of the countless pipe-smokers who have made this 'baccy their own.

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Give an ounce an audition: pay 7½d. for the privilege.

Afrikander
7½d
MIXTURE
Flake or Shag
AN OZ.



Issued by Cohen, Weenen & Co. Ltd.



Drawn by Chas. Chilcot

SIGNS OF SUMMER.

MRS. MAY AND THE UMBRELLA

(Continued from page 40.)

When I'd finished me lunch, what I couldn't enjoy under the circs, I started to do the 'all, though she said it didn't want doing.

"Begging your pardon, mum," I says, "I shouldn't like anyone to call 'ere and see it as it is, or it 'ud disgrace me," and I shooked the doormat over the lino. "Look 'ere, mum," I says, "the dirt 'ere 'ud fill a pail," and I sloshed some water over it.

But no one come and the worrit made me feel I were getting thin, losing weight by waiting, as it were.

The thing I wanted were to get 'er outer the dining-room, so I brought up 'er dinner and putt it in the drawing-room, what were at the back, and told 'er so. But she were that uppish as no one 'ud think.

"In the drawing-room," she squeaks, "ow dare you? You know that this is the dining-room, so bring it in here at once."

"Begging your pardon, mum," I says, although I could 'a' give 'er one aside the ear'ole, "I gotter to do this room out

and while I'm doing it you can be 'aving your dinner," and I splashed a lot of water from me pail on to the carpet, and that made 'er screech worse.

"See what you done," she cries, and I says I ain't blind as I knows cn.

"But you make me that nervous as I might spill all the pailful if you don't let me clear this up, what I can't do with you 'anging about. You go and 'ave yer dinner and I'll finish 'ere."

SHE grumbled a lot, but a lady what 'as 'ad two 'usbands don't take no notice of grousing, and when she see me tilt the pail more she went into the next room. Then I jist mopped up the wet and watched at the winder at the same time.

She kep' screeching—"Ain't you done there yet?" and reely I felt inclined to lock 'er in, but just as I were getting desprit, I see a young woman carrying a gent's umberella at the front gate. She 'ad furs, what is a bad sign, and I see as she were a blackmailer in once.

Out I rushed into the front garden, as she shouldn't knock, and grabbed 'er of the umberella "Give it 'ere," I strick, "and you know it ain't yours, as you might be took up for 'aving it your possession."

But instead of saying, "Forgive me, lad, and let me go before the slops come," she tried to take the umberella back from me and says as imperdent as a taxi man "How dare you, woman, touch it?"

THOUGH I were disgusted with M. Runt ever 'aving spoke to sich a woman, I on'y said, "If you don't fade away quick, I'll touch you, me and as for me being a woman, I'm a lad you ain't fit to speak to, you high flapper."

"You're mad," she says, "and so made up me mind as I wouldn't pay 'er 'alf-quid what Mr. Runt 'ad left for 'er. That were for me, for 'er deformation of my character. "Get away with you," she says, and gives 'er a bit of a push, instead of the 'alf-quid.

She tried to push past me, so as to go into the 'ouse, but I made up me mind I'd sooner she died fust, and I pushed 'er outer the gate.

"Don't you dare to lay your 'ands on me," she says, and pushes me, what was a assault, 'er 'aving no right to prevent me from taking what didn't belong to 'er.

"I'll lay more than my 'ands on you," I says, and I 'it 'er over the 'ead with the umberella. I knocked 'er 'at of and got me little 'ands in 'er 'air, so she begun to scream out for 'elp. But she weren't the fust gal what I've 'ad to tackle and I shooked 'er well.

I WILL say she 'ad pluck, for she kicked and 'it me for all she were worth, but I don't mind that, for it stimulates a lady to give what for, and I give 'er a full dose.

Then of a sudden she started yelping "Father—father—father!" and I see M. Runt running up, so I give 'er one more lick, what knocked 'er down.

"What the devil 'ave you done," 'e says to me, and to my 'orrer starts to pick 'er up; what made me think she knows more about 'im than me.

But 'e were worse nor that, being most ungentlemanly—"What the devil do you mean by upsetting my darter?" 'e says, and you could a knocked me down with a sledge 'ammer as 'e picked 'er up.

"Oh! father," she says, "you left your umberella at our 'ouse last night, so I thought I'd better bring it round, and then this woman assaulted me."

I could see as 'e were going to say some think more to me, so I give 'im one look and pinter me thumb to 'is 'ouse, and then 'e come quiet.

"My dear Barbara," 'e says smooth, "I'm so sorry there 'as been this little mistake but I told Mrs. May as someone 'ad stole my umberella and she must 'a' thought—what you see?"

I went into the 'ouse, and 'e said some think more to 'is darter for she were away, and then 'e come in.

"Don't say nothink to Mrs. Runt about this," 'e says, "or it might make 'er color worse," and 'e give me two quid more, so I said I'd except 'is darter's apology and 'e could tell 'er-so, and that I'd know 'er next time.

But I didn't do so bad over it, after all and 'e's awful civil to me.

"A PICTURE OF HEALTH"

—THANKS TO DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS



The TONIC that has earned a nation's gratitude.

Messages come pouring in every day from all parts of the kingdom—messages of health and grateful thanks from users of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Dr. Cassell's Tablets have brought new life and happiness to child, adult, middle-aged and old alike. Never was any other tonic responsible for so many cases of *permanent* relief. Nervous wrecks have become healthy and high spirited; the sleepless enjoy refreshing repose; dyspeptics regain hearty appetites and renewed zest for life. You too, can renew your vitality and robust health, thanks to Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS HAVE LIFTED THOUSANDS OUT OF THE RUT OF DESPONDENCY.

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Dr. Cassell's Tablets deal with the cause as well as the painful symptoms.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets do not merely cover up the symptoms by dulling the pain temporarily, while the real complaint is getting worse and worse. They get right down to the root of the trouble, giving fresh stamina, fresh resistance, fresh power to fight and conquer ill-health.

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Nineteen special ingredients form a triple treatment. *Hypophosphites* nourish the nerves; *digestive enzymes* and *stomachics* aid the appetite and strengthen the digestion; *blood nutrients* enrich the blood stream. No other tonic does all this. That is why Dr. Cassell's Tablets succeed where other tonics fail.

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GUARANTEE

The makers of Dr. Cassell's Tablets guarantee their purity, safety and medicinal activity. They contain pure *MEDICINAL* yeast specially prepared to ensure a maximum content of vitamins; they may be given to the youngest child or most delicate invalid without hesitation, and are a curative agent wherewith all disorders consequent on a devitalised condition of the nerve centres may be satisfactorily treated.

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- ANAEMIA.
- KIDNEY WEAKNESS.

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"Sleep seemed impossible. No appetite and had no interest in life. During several years tried many remedies, but got no better till my husband brought home a box of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I am now strong and healthy again." *Mrs. S. Burdett, Hyde Road, Hoxton, N.1.*

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Dr. Cassell's Tablets

1/3 & 3/-

1/3 size contains 30 Tablets.





Pictures on a television screen,
and memories, sweet memories.

IT was a summer's day in the year 1940. The woman's eyes were haggard and weary, her movements listless, as though she had given up hope. She sat alone in a dim and remote kitchen, without interest in anything or any person. Outside the sky was blue and the sun dazzlingly golden. She did not notice. She might have been chained to the chair on which she sat.

Turning, her eye caught a wireless set that stood on the dresser. Only a little less listlessly, she rose and switched it on. But as sound and sight came from the loud speaker and the screen (for it was the latest model 1940 radiovisor) her expression changed, and slowly she became transfixed.

"This is the National Programme," came the announcer's voice, "broadcasting the alternative programme from all the other regional stations that have no alternative to the National Programme. We are now going over to Somewhere-by-the-Sea for a relay of a typical English holiday on the coast. Stand by one moment, please."

The weary and haggard eyes brightened.

A typical English holiday on the coast! How many, many years it was since she had known a typical English holiday on the coast!

The programme commenced.

On the little screen the image grew clearer. A railway station at Somewhere-by-the-Sea, with the train steaming in, the porters calling, the taxi drivers touting, the doors opening and clanging, the crowds pouring out on to the platform, and through the station hall into the sunlit station yard.

What memories it brought back to her.

There they were! She could see them and hear them. Reading the boards on the 'buses, arguing about destinations with the taxi drivers, shouting, laughing, screeching, craning their necks for a first glimpse of the sea.

And then the picture changed. The station was gone, and in its place was the entrance to the pier.

What a thrill it gave her!

The charabancs lined up, and already filling with eager trippers, some for the Abbey Ruins, some for the old market town ten miles away, some for St. Hilda's Bay along the coast.

She could even read the boards propped against the mudguards. One Shilling Return. Half-a-crown Return. Circular Tour, Five Shillings, allowing half-an-hour at the Lavender Fields. And so on.

HOW many, many years had gone by since last she had taken a Circular Tour from the entrance to a pier at an English seaside resort. She didn't care to count the years.

There was a little shop beside the pier entrance. Outside in long rows on clankety tin frames were suspended hundreds of post-cards. Happy holidaymakers, cheated of a trip to the lavender fields or St. Hilda's Bay, by not getting their seats in time, were buying views of these places to send home.

Close to the postcards were rows of tin pails and rows of spades. Children were yelling and screaming and pointing and demanding, and overworked shopkeepers were lifting the things down by the dozen.

Happy memories! She couldn't remember the time when last she had seen rows

of spades and tin pails glinting in the sunshine outside an English pier.

Now the picture was changing again. The pier head! And the Lucy Lee just setting out with its happy load for Deepsea Island—allowing an hour ashore. Flaps flying—the old tin-pot band playing—the captain on his bridge—the swish of the waves on the green supports of the landing-stage.

She could hear the cheerful banter from those left behind for a couple of hours. "Bring me back a parrot!" "Don't settle down with the natives!" And so on.

It was almost as good as being there.

AGAIN the picture changed. And this time it was the bathing beach, the floating diving-board, the high dived the rows of striped cabins, and the scores of gaily-coloured bathing-dresses.

What would she have given to be able to see the real thing in fact! A wistful look crept across her face, driving away the earlier smile.

The splashes, the screams, the laughs—and in the foreground, a portable gramophone. There had been no such things as portable gramophones the last time she had bathed in the sea on a brilliant summer's day.

Again the picture changed.

The bandstand now. The smart red uniforms, the rows and rows of deck-chairs packed to the last row, the uniformed ticket-men selling their tickets and programmes, and, outside the rails, the long line of cars.

The band was beginning to play.

(Continued on page 46)

Norma Shearer

the celebrated
film star



EVERY FILM STAR realises the dual importance of gleaming white teeth—how they lend charm to the smile and how essential they are to perfect health. And most film stars recognise that Odol Tooth Paste is unique in that it quickly polishes the teeth to a brilliant whiteness without harming the delicate enamel. They prefer it, too, because it is so wonderfully fragrant and refreshing.

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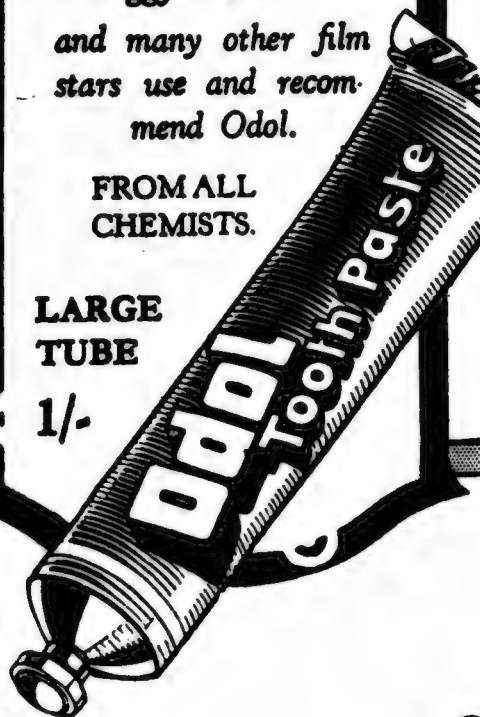
FROM ALL
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LARGE
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TOOTH PASTE





SMALL NEPHEW (with memories of parachute jumps): "Open your umbrella, uncle."

Drawn by Norman Pett



"Daddy, is that a sand or a shingle beach?"

Drawn by Edwin Morris

WHAT DO THEY KNOW OF ENGLAND?

(Continued from page 44)

What was it? "Happy days are here again!"

That made her less cheerful. Happy days. . . . Here again. . . . Just for a minute or two, on a little screen. . . .

She did not know the song. Looking back, she remembered that "Meet me Jenny, when the sun goes down" had been the rage of the season the last time she had sat in the sunshine and listened to a seaside band.

How long ago was that? Fifteen years? Seventeen years?

THE band played another, equally unfamiliar, then a third. And then the scenes changed again.

Paddling now. . . .

And now shrimping in the pools. . . .

And now just lazing in deck chairs at the quiet end of the beach, with the nippers building golden castles of sand. . . .

Back again to the busy town. . . .

The Punch and Judy show, the snapshot merchants, the fortune-tellers, the ice-cream carts, the Bubbles stands. . . .

She had almost forgotten what these things looked like. She stared at them greedily, almost angry when each in turn faded out to be replaced by another. The time was too short for her, much, much too short.

A gay scene now—the gayest of all. Rows of flags and bunting blowing in the breeze—a great striped awning—shrubbery tubs—large photographs suspended from large nails—rows of rickety chairs and a small raised platform. . . .

Five white men and two white girls in a row, singing. . . .

The pierrots!

She took in every movement, every word, every note from the fifth-hand piano.

The songs she did not know. They were new and unnecessarily Transatlantic. But the jokes she recognised, every one. They were the same old jokes. She laughed at them as happily as she had laughed at them years ago, when last she had heard them from a pierrot's lips.

But, alas! there was no next thing.

The sunshine faded from the little screen, the music stopped, the announcer's face appeared.

"That is the end of our relay from Somewhere-by-the-Sea. We are now going over . . ."

SHE switched off, and as she sat the weary and haggard looks came back into her eyes. Again she seemed to have given up hope—hope of ever again spending an English-summer holiday on an English beach. Even her listless movements ceased. Once more she might have been chained to the chair on which she sat.

What was she? A penniless dweller in some furtive slum? Oh, no. Her bank balance was fat and comforting, and she was adding to it day by day.

Then what was she? Then was she an exile on some foreign shore? Was her dim kitchen pitched at the other side of the globe? Oh, no. Her dim kitchen was pitched, as a matter of fact, in a town we can very well call Somewhere-by-the-Sea.

She was, if you must know, the landlady of a seaside boarding-house.

And they can only come up in the winter time.

(Wall consumes)



SON (AS FATHER, AMID CHEERS)
 "HITS ANOTHER BOUNDARY"
 "DAD, YOU'RE GOOD
 FOR A CENTURY!"
 DAD (MODESTLY) "YES
 THANKS TO—"

**SHREDDDED
 WHEAT**

THE
 100% FOOD!



Angus examined it. "Will it gie good service, think ye?" "Oh, yes, it's tough. And as you see it's double-stitched." "Split the difference" suggested Angus. "Two and eightpence-ha'penny"

Scotch Love-Lyric

by C. Hedley Barker

"**M**ORNIN' to ye," said Angus.

"Good-morning," said Miss Fish from behind the counter. "Lovely day?"

"Aye," said Angus, who was a man of few words. "I'll be wantin' a toy for my sister's wee bairn. Something that's durable, something that he'll no tear to bits. And ye'll no make it too expensive."

Those were the days when ladies wore watches on their blouses, and Angus noted that hers was of solid gold. He noticed her hands, capable and ringless, and her clothes, good but not ostentatious. And Miss Fish noted his suit of good blue Melton, the white slip at his waistcoat, and his eyes—grave, dependable, careful eyes. She was fluttered. Angus was by no means unhandsome.

"Something about ten shillings?" she suggested. "These bicycles—"

"Losh, no! Two-and-six 'll suit my pocket better."

"Um. Well, I can do a rag doll at two-and-eleven."

Angus examined it. "Will it gie good service, think ye?"

"Oh, yes. It's tough. And, you see, it's double-stitched."

"Split the difference," suggested Angus. "Two-and-eightpence-ha'penny."

Miss Fish was against splitting the difference on principle. But, with a pulsation of admiration for his bargaining propensity, she agreed after some hesitation, and the deal was concluded.

SHE wrapped up the rag doll and tied it neatly with tape. Angus picked it up. But she wasn't going to lose him so easily. He appealed to her sense of economy. Besides, he was the best-looking man she had seen for months.

"Have you seen the new piece at the Grand?" she asked.

"I'm no the man," said Angus severely, "tae fritter away good siller on theatres and the like."

"But, surely," she said, "one must have some recreation."

"There's the free library," he pointed out, "and the park, and so long as I've a pair o' guld sound legs on ma body I can enjoy the whole countryside free an' gratis."

At the end of an appreciable pause, Angus turned to go, when:

"Do you smoke?" she asked.

"No."

"Drink?"

"God forbid. Ah'm no a prude—don't think that. But, drinkin's just a waste o' time as well as money."

"I'm afraid I'm terribly extravagant. You see, I'm tied to the shop all day, and at night I feel I must have a break of some sort. Sometimes it's a theatre, sometimes a kinema."

"Ah'm tied to the shop all day myself," said Angus.

"Oh? You are in business too?"

"Jewellery. Wholesale and retail."

"Then," she told him, "I think you're"

(Continued on page 50.)



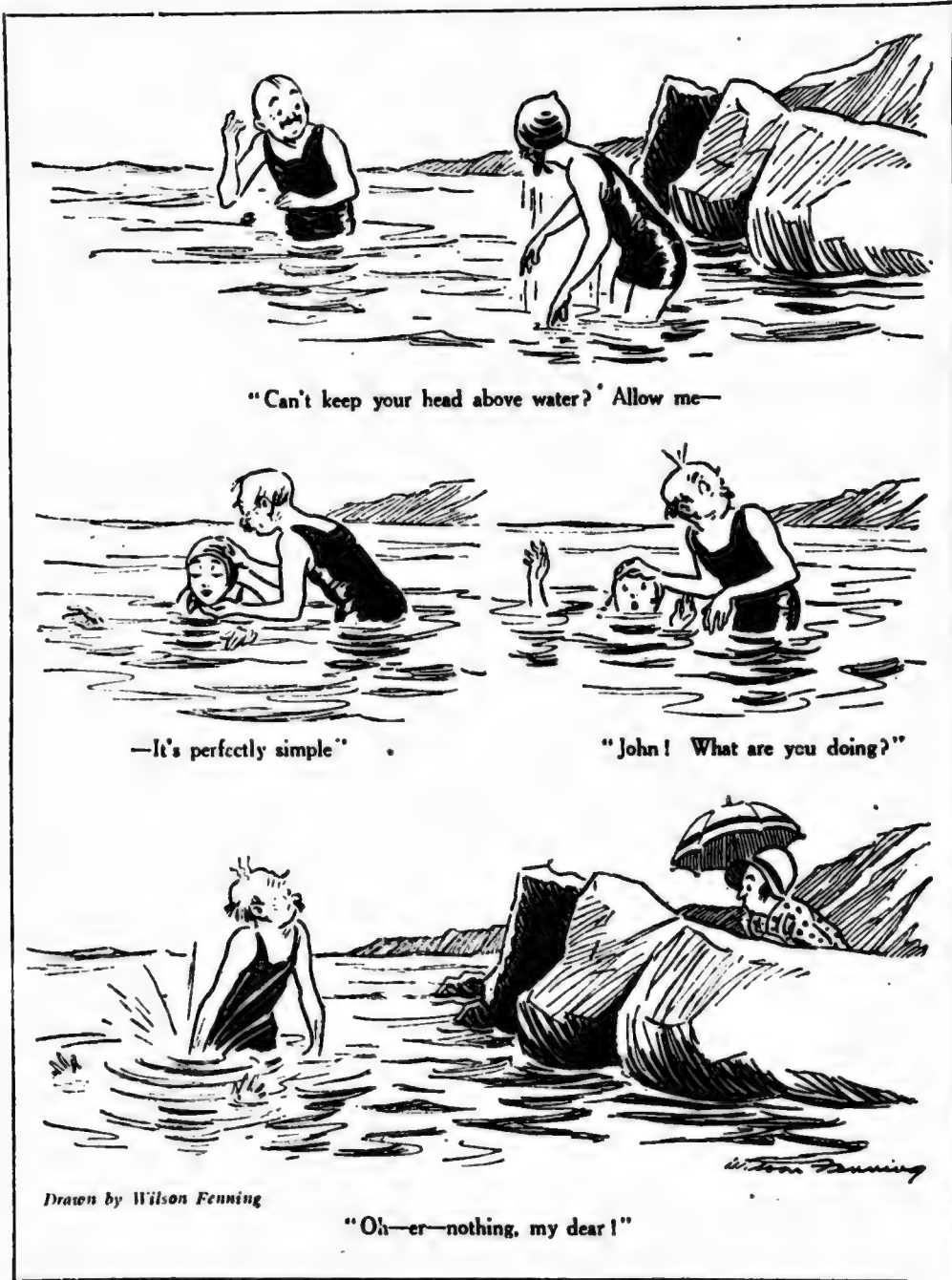
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Founded 1849



SCOTCH LOVE LYRIC

(Continued from page 48.)

very much to be admired, being satisfied with so little."

"I take no credit to mysel' for that," said Angus. "It's just the way I'm made. I was aye fond o' simple pleasures, ye ken."

Then he announced suddenly that he must be going. Business must be attended to. He had wasted enough time already. No, she protested, not wasted. He had given her pleasure. A pretty daring effort that, considering the times in which Miss Fish lived. She turned on her smile, which had once been sweet, but was now fortyish, and blushed.

"It's been a most interesting conversation," she assured him. "I hope when you're passing this way again you'll just drop in and have a chat."

"Aye," said Angus. "Aye, I will."

He was interested in her. She was what he called a braw body. Nice hands. Slender and tapering and white—just the kind of hands to show off a ring.

He called in at a tobacconist's shop two doors away and bought a box of matches. He wanted to talk. The tobacconist was obligingly garrulous. Yes, he knew the

lady at the toy-shop. A good, sound business. He'd say she was very comfortably off.

Funny thing, but she didn't seem to appeal to the menfolk much. And no wonder. Unless a girl was a flibbertigibbet—played tennis and rode a bicycle and such, she didn't stand a dog's chance nowadays. And so on.

Miss Fish saw Angus coming the next time. As a matter of fact she'd been watching for him ever since he'd passed out of her shop with the rag doll. She was wearing rather a dashing affair of yellow silk with leg-of-mutton sleeves. On the whole, she looked nearer thirty than forty, and she knew it.

"Good-mornin'," said Angus.

"Good-morning," said Miss Fish, blushtfully.

She was fluttered. Men so rarely came her way. And, besides, Angus was so good-looking. Probably very well off, too. If Miss Fish had an eye for a handsome man, she had also an eye for a handsome bank-balance.

Her heart gave one big thump as she visualised for an instant, marriage with

Angus. Desperately, she sparkled. The tyrant, was at his ghastly business of turning the eternal wheel. For years.

Angus laboured. He was no hand for light chit-chat. He touched heavily on the modern generation, and the state business, and the extravagance of people in general, and how he hoped to make ten thousand pounds before he died.

MISS FISH listened with gravity and respect. His business, he said, was his hobby, and his hobby was business.

"Ah'm no," he told her, "one o' the short-sighted merchants that would listen to business-talk out o' business hours. If there was five per cent. to be earned at one o'clock I'd be in the morning I turn out an' earn it."

"The jewellery business," she said, "must be very interesting."

"Aye, it's interestin' enough."

"You meet with a good deal of romance, too."

"Romance?"

"Well—engagements and weddings."

"Oh, aye, there's that. And the hands ye see! Miss Fish—have ye ever studied hands? There's square hands, shapeless hands, hands wi' thick fingers, and hands wi' dirty nails. It's a fascinatin' study."

"It must be. I'm afraid I never look at people's hands."

"Well," said Angus, "ye couldn't do better than look at your own. Lasses—they're that delicate, and white, and graceful-lookin'—they're like flowers. Aye, like lilies."

Confusion of Miss Fish.

"Hands," went on Angus, "that would do justice to the finest gem that was ever dug out o' the earth."

"It's very kind of you to say so."

"It's no a kindness to say the truth," returned Angus. "And now I must be gettin' along. There's business tae attendit to."

"Perhaps," faltered Miss Fish, "you care to—take a cup of tea with me one of these days?"

"Thank ye kindly," said Angus at once. "I would."

"Say—say Thursday?"

"That'll suit me nicely."

"At five?"

"I'll be here on the tick."

THURSDAY. Six o'clock. Angus, replete with pastries and tea, plunged straight into his subject.

"Miss Fish," he said, "I was tellin' ye ye'll recollect, what braw nice hands ye got, and how they'd do justice tae the finest gem extant."

Miss Fish suddenly went as red as fire as she stared at Angus' palm. Two flashing rings reposed thereon. Speechless, she could only nod.

"Ah'm a fumble-fisted lout at the best o' times," said he. "Maybe ye'd better try it on yoursel'."

A moment later one of the rings glittered on the hand which Angus had likened to a lily.

"Like it?" he asked.

Miss Fish was mute, but her eyes were loud with eloquence. Breathless, she waited on his next speech.

It came.

"Well," he said, "I can do ye that one at a cut price. 'Twenty-five guineas. Think it over.'"

With which Angus arose. He must be goin'. There was business tae attendit to.



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MOST GOOD OUTFITTERS SELL '232' AND CENTACORT



THE BURGLAR

By
ROLF
BENNETT

The burglar looked a pretty desperate customer and Bill was unarmed. But a nimble brain may be more valuable than a lethal weapon in an emergency.



"You're a doomed man
That glass is poisoned!"

"IT is not," remarked Professor Jubson, "that I feel any personal dislike for you, Mr. Sinclair. Quite the contrary, in fact. But I do feel that it would not be in my daughter's best interests to entrust her future to one who—er—who has not, so far as I am aware, done a single thing to justify his existence."

"As to that, Professor, I could get a job to-morrow," retorted Bill Sinclair. "But why should I take the bread out of somebody else's mouth? My father left me more than enough to live on—"

"It is the principle of the thing," interrupted the professor. "In these uncertain times you might find yourself penniless to-morrow—what would you do then?"

"Find a job," said Bill.

"That, my dear Mr. Sinclair, might not be so easy as it sounds. Nowadays brains are required in even the humblest occupations. And now," concluded Professor Jubson with acid politeness, "I must ask you to excuse me as I am one of those who, unlike yourself, are compelled to work. Good morning."

And with a wave of dismissal, the professor returned to his task of correcting the proofs of his forthcoming book on the manners and customs of the *Lamprocera Latreillii*, or Brazilian glow-worm.

Picking up his hat, the disgruntled Bill left the study and gloomily descended to the hall. Curiously enough, at the same moment a door opened and a girl appeared—an extremely pretty girl with

brown, laughing eyes, golden curly hair and the most kissable mouth imaginable.

"Bill," she called softly, "come in here and tell me all about it."

The young man followed her into a large drawing-room filled with costly bric-à-brac and "museum pieces."

"Well?" she prompted as she seated herself on a chaste Louis XVI settee.

"No go," answered Bill dismally, as he sat down beside her. "He said that I was, in effect, a brainless ass who couldn't earn a crust of bread to save his life, much less support a wife."

"But, Bill, didn't you tell him that you'd worked for years on a farm in Australia before your father left you all his money?"

"He didn't give me a chance to tell him anything."

"I expect it'll come all right, Bill dear. Things do, you know. We must just be patient a little longer, that's all."

"Vi, you're an angel, and I'm not worthy of you," declared Bill humbly. "I—I'll get a job, see if I don't."

"Bill—you darling!"

"Yes, and I'll set about it this very afternoon."

"Bill dear, you're a hero," declared Violet, and for several minutes two pairs of lips found silence more satisfying than speech.

But determination to get a job is one

thing, actually getting it is another. When he left the Professor's house, Bill Sinclair reviewed his accomplishments. It did not take him very long. He understood farming on a large scale and he could drive a car. Unfortunately there is absolutely no demand for large-scale farmers in the country, while as for chauffeuring, since he had never driven any car save his own the question of references might prove an unsurmountable difficulty.

SUDDENLY his eye caught a large printed card in a shop window bearing the legend "Boy Wanted." He paused and contemplated it thoughtfully. He could scarcely call himself a boy, yet surely he could do a boy's work. After all, he reflected, it was the pay that mattered, it was the principle. He was out to prove that he could get a job if he wanted to, and that he was not afraid of work. The more uncongenial the work, the greater would be the credit, seeing he need not do any at all.

He peered into the shop. It was packed with dusty antiques, while the window was filled with brass candlesticks, china ornaments, glass and old weapons.

"I wonder," murmured Bill, "whether I should have to dust all that junk every day?"

He was still wondering when a man emerged from the shop and took up a strategic position at Bill's elbow.

"Some very fine specimens of Italian glass, sir," he remarked ingratiatingly.

(Continued on page 54)



**Don't
forget ..**

*Player's
please*



"It's the Tobacco that Counts"

N.C.C. 526.





OLD LADY: "Is it quite safe to sit on these chairs so early in the morning? Have they been properly aired?"
CHAIRMAN: "Of course they have, mum. They've been out in the open air all night."

THE BURGLAR—(Continued from page 52.)

"Oh, jolly fine," agreed Bill.

"Now that one," went on the other, pointing to a fluted glass with a slender stem, "is a sixteenth century poison cup. A very unique specimen. If you were to drink out of that, sir, you'd be dead in five minutes. The poison is in the glass."

"Very interesting," remarked Bill, "supposing one was contemplating suicide."

The other man was visibly disappointed.

"I thought from the way you were looking at the things, you were a collector," he said.

"Oh, no. I was merely wondering whether I should apply for that job," answered Bill, indicating the card in the window.

"I'm afraid it wouldn't suit you, sir. I just want a boy to deliver circulars, that's all," said the man with a grin.

"To deliver circulars," repeated Bill thoughtfully, reflecting that here, at least, was a job calling for no testimonials or references.

"Well," he said, "couldn't I deliver your circulars? You see," he added, realising that some sort of explanation was necessary, "I've undertaken to do a job of work. It doesn't matter what sort, as long as it's work."

"Oh, I see, a wager, sir?"

"Why, yes, in a manner of speaking."

"Come inside," said the man, leading the way into the shop.

IT had occurred to him that it might pay to oblige this eccentric stranger.

Obviously well to do, he might be persuaded to buy some expensive article at the conclusion of his wager.

Seated in a tiny cubby-hole he called "the office," the antique dealer explained to Bill that he would have to leave a circular at every house within a radius of about two miles, and that the pay would be five shillings a day.

"Right," said Bill. "When do I start?"

"You can call here at nine to-morrow

and I'll give you the circulars and a bag to carry them in."

On reaching home, Bill promptly rang up Violet and told her he had secured a job.

"What, already!" exclaimed Violet. "Bill, you're a darling, and I think you're just wonderful."

"It's a very humble sort of job," said Bill. "Delivering circulars," he added apologetically.

There was a sound like muffled laughter at the other end of the wire. Then, a little chokily:

"Honestly, Bill dear, I think you're a hero. It—it's just splendid of you."

"Thanks," said Bill gratefully. "When can I see you again, Vi?"

"Not till Tuesday, I'm afraid. Dad and I are going away for the week-end. But cheer up, darling, everything'll soon be all right. Keep quite still, I'm going to kiss you," and sounds illustrative of the action followed.

ON the following morning, Bill called at the antique shop, where he was given a bag full of circulars and a list of the streets in which they were to be delivered. It was nearly ten that night when he finished, and then he was so dog-tired that he just tumbled into a hot bath and then when straight to bed.

Next morning, though incredibly stiff and sore, he set out on his second day's round, determined that nothing short of complete physical collapse would make him give in. It was close on midnight when he turned wearily into the last street, which happened to be the one where Professor Jubson lived. He was going up the steps of the professor's house, when he noticed a faint light showing through a crack in the drawing-room shutters. He paused, startled. Both the professor and Violet, he knew, were away for the week-end. Then he noticed another thing—the front door was slightly ajar.

"Burglars!" he whispered.

He gently pushed the door open and peered along the hall. The drawing-room door, like the front door, was a little ajar. Pushing it open a few inches, he peered in. In the dim glow of one shaded light, he saw a man standing in front of the sideboard helping himself to the professor's brandy. At his feet lay a suspicious bulky bag.

AND then Bill had a tremendous brain wave. The other man, he knew, might have a revolver, certainly he must have a jemmy. Therefore he must be overcome by strategy, not force. So just as the burglar was swallowing the brandy, Bill threw the door open and stepped boldly in.

"You're a doomed man!" he cried. "That glass you've been using is poisoned!"

The man spun round as if at the sound of a pistol shot.

"You fool," went on Bill dramatically, "don't you know you've been drinking out of an Italian poison glass and that you'll be dead in five minutes? Heavens, man, can't you feel the poison working inside you?"

Such is the power of suggestion, that the man's face turned pale.

"Blimey, gov'nor, can't you do nothing?" he quavered.

"Lie down on that sofa and I'll see if I can find an emetic," said Bill. "It's your only chance. And don't scream with pain if you can help it."

The man lay down on the sofa and a groan escaped his lips. Bill, chuckling at himself, sought the kitchen and mixed a stiff glass of mustard and water. When he returned, the patient was writhing on the sofa and uttering heartrending groans.

"Here," said Bill, handing him the mixture, "gulp this down, every drop of it, and we may save your life yet. And now I'll telephone for a doctor."

The man drained the glass with immediate and devastating effect, while Bill rang up the police station. When he returned to the drawing-room, the burglar was still proving the efficacy of the emetic. Before he had completely recovered, the constables arrived and carried, rather than led, him to the local police station.

TWO days later the unfortunate burglar, still looking weak and was was accorded a spell of work under Government supervision. The same evening, Bill was invited to dinner by the professor.

"I'm afraid," said the latter, as he shook hands warmly with Bill, "that I did you rather less than justice, Sinclair. You acted with commendable promptitude and intelligence in dealing with the burglar. And now," he added, delivering his guest a sly poke in the ribs, "as dinner is now quite ready, perhaps you would like a little chat with Violet. You'll find her in the library."

As Bill, almost dizzy with happiness, was taking his leave that night, the professor drew him aside.

"There is one thing I should like to tell you, Sinclair," he said. "How did you know it was a poison glass?"

"Eh?" murmured Bill stupidly.

"Because," went on the professor, "I have a rule only experts can tell them. I have no idea you were a connoisseur of glass, Sinclair. We must compare notes one day. Good night."

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Address entries to either Class A, B, C or D, "Beauty Competition,"

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Bill told many stories of his war experiences. He told them of his regiment, his battalion, his gallant deeds, his friends

A Lesson for Bill Brown by W. A. SWEENEY

BIG Bill Brown had been sitting in the Parisian café boasting to the three Englishmen whose acquaintance he had made casually. Bill was over in Paris for a week's holiday, and, in the manner of his kind, he had gone over and butted into the conversation of these three Englishmen because they were English.

Whereupon Bill Brown (again in the manner of his obnoxious species) had begun to tell them all about himself, his past, his present, his future. They listened politely. Bill told them all about his war experiences, and treated them as equals because they were now "all together in France," though, in England, it is probable that Bill would have been removed by an attendant had he dared to address the same three men without an introduction.

This way of thinking, when on the Continent, is one of the peculiarities of the Bill Browns of this world. Bill told many stories of his war experiences. He told them of his regiment, his battalion, his gallant deeds, his friends.

"Do you know Paris well?" asked one of the three men quietly, after Bill had been talking for about two hours.

"First time in the bally place," said Bill. "Suppose you lads are here on a holiday, too."

"No," said the man who had asked him the question. "I, as a matter of fact, live here. But what I would like to tell you is that if you don't know Paris very well, watch your step a little, for it's a tricky place sometimes for a stranger."

"Huh!" said Bill. "Nix on that for me, guy. The lad who puts it across Bill Brown, be he a Froggy or anything else, will have to start in by getting up earlier in the morning. I'm up to all the tricks, believe me."

Nobody spoke after this, and, after a while, the other three, yawning slightly, arose and announced their intention of going home.

BIG BILL sat on by himself, ordering drink after drink. He was in Paris on a holiday, and what was he in Paris on a holiday for if it was not to do things like this?

About half-past ten a little reddish-faced man, with rather twinkling eyes, entered the café, and sat down a few tables away from Bill Brown. He ordered a glass of beer, and was just about to raise it to his lips when his eyes fell upon the solitary Englishman.

"Blimey!" he said. "Bill Brown!"

Mr. Brown turned immediately and looked at him hard.

"I'm afraid you have the advantage of me," he said, eying the other carefully.

"Why, dammit," said the reddish-faced man, "we were in the Army together during the war—in the fifth Blankshires! Don't you remember Joe Stevens?"

"Stevens?" repeated Bill thoughtfully. The man was right about his battalion, anyway. "Funny I don't seem to remember you."

"But, hang it all," said the stranger, "I

remember the day you had the scrap with Bob Staines up by the cookhouse." He paused suddenly, and, in his turn, looked very carefully at Bill Brown. "I say," he went on, "you are Bill Brown, aren't you? I'm not making any mistake?"

"No, no," said Bill. "All the same— and this time he spoke quite seriously— "it's odd I don't remember you. Be drink up and have another."

"No, it's mine. And we'll have a bottle of champagne. It's not often I run across one of the old mob. Of course, I went to hospital if you remember—of course, you don't remember—and from there I was switched to the second battalion."

"That's how you escape my memory for the moment," said Bill Brown. "No, that I come to think of it, I believe recall your face. Well, here's cheerioh!"

"Cheerioh! Do you ever hear anything of Sam Harton?"

"Funny you should have mentioned Sam. I was just thinking of him to-night. He married my sister."

"That so. And his great old, old— what's-his-name. The singing chap."

"You mean Richards?"

"That's the bloke."

"Gone to Australia. Here, drink up and have another bottle. I'm darned glad to meet you. I've had a dull evening up to now trying to make conversation with three wall-eyed guys in here who didn't seem to have an idea in their heads. I don't think they were in the bally war like us. D'you remember old McGurk?"

(Continued on page 58.)

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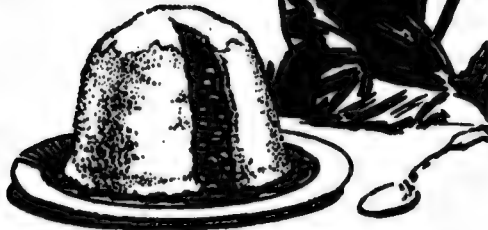
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THE KIND THOUGHT.

A LESSON FOR BILL BROWN

(Continued from page 56.)

He's got a poultry farm now near me in Kent. By the way, what are you doing here? Holidaying, I suppose, like me. Having a bit of a flutter, eh?"

"Not I. I've been working here for a British firm of iron-works for the past three years. And you tell me McGuire's got a poultry farm."

"He has. I say, you must know the ropes here by now. What d'you say if we go somewhere else—somewhere lively, where I can eat snails. I want to eat snails. Tell the lads about it when I get back, y'know."

"Righto! I know a place."

Joe Stevens called a taxi outside and gave an address in the Place Pigalle. Here they had snails and, afterwards frogs, for Bill wanted to taste that dish also, and more and more champagne.

"Where do you live?" asked Joe Stevens suddenly.

"Hotel Regina, Boulevard Raspail."

"That's pretty far away," said Stevens, pulling out his watch, "and—gee! Holy

smoke! It's twenty minutes to two! And the wife waiting for me at home!"

"You married, Joe?" asked Bill thickly. "Didn't know you were married."

"I am, Bill, worse luck, and I didn't know it was so late. If I wake the wife up now there'll be hell to pay. By Jove! I've got an idea. You come home with me to-night and she can't start on me before you in the morning. See? You can take the blame for keeping me out, old chap. Couldn't do anything else but ask an old Army pal out for the night after all these years and all the rest of it. You know."

Bill Brown winked first with one eye and then with the other, for he was not quite sure if he had winked quite correctly the first time, and he was in a mood now to be particular about such things.

"Trust your stake in me, ole man," he said. "I mean stake your trust in me," he added with noble simplicity.

Some time later, Bill Brown, very uncertain about everything, was being carefully

piloted up the staircase of a flat, his friend, Joe Stevens, carrying both the boots.

"On your life, don't make the slightest sound," his friend had cautioned him. "I'll show you to the spare room, and wake you in the morning, and show you the bathroom before the wife knows your existence."

They made no more noise than a mouse and when Bill had been led to the bedroom and had got into it, clothes and shoes, Stevens turned out the light and crept softly from the room.

BILL BROWN'S first waking impressions were about as confused and bewildering as those of a man coming round from an anaesthetic. He was in a beautifully furnished strange room, bed with all his clothes on, and from the adjoining compartment was the sound of a man's voice. Then memory came back to him, and he bounded in the bed like a cougar.

"That's Stevens having a row with his missus!" he said.

And at that moment the key was turned in the lock of his door and two business-like policemen entered, followed by a man. The man was speaking to them in French as he entered. Bill Brown, in spite of his dazed condition, recognised the civilian one of the three Englishmen on whom he had forced his company the night before.

The policemen walked towards the bed, there was the sound of a click, and the next moment Bill Brown was handcuffed.

"So it's you, is it?" said the Englishman. "I didn't take the trouble to examine you very carefully this morning when I found you here. Just locked you in. You have a considerable nerve, have you, to go asleep here after you've plundered the place." He said something in French then to the other two which Bill Brown could not understand.

A policeman went carefully through Bill's pockets and produced a variety of articles of jewellery, including a gold cigarette-case, four pairs of diamond cufflinks, three watches, four diamond and pearl pins and a few other trinkets of considerable value. These, after noting them, he laid on the table.

"Look here!" said Bill Brown, "this all a mistake, I tell you! I was brought here by a man who—"

"Assez!" snapped one of the policemen, and the next moment Mr. Brown was being marched through the door.

When the sound of the footsteps of the policemen and their prisoner had died away, the owner of the flat rang for his butler.

"Very satisfactory, Perkins," he said when the butler entered. "It all came off very well."

"I am pleased your lordship is satisfied," said the butler.

"It will be a lesson to Mr. Bill Brown, perhaps, Perkins, not to bore me or my friends with his abominable information about himself. Lord, what a bore. Perkins! What a bore!"

"I quite agree, sir."

"I shall withdraw the charge, of course, after a day or two in prison awaiting trial takes the cock-sureness out of him. That will be all, Perkins."

The butler picked up a tray with an empty glass on it and left the room. He was a small, reddish-faced man with rather twinkling eyes. . . .



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Can the man who
helps others help
himself?

It was his job,
and he was
good at it

THOUSANDS of you must know Alf Roberts, that genial but raucous-voiced Cockney who helps you with your baggage and children when you're going away for your summer holiday.

He is one of the most efficient porters travellers have ever known, and is a veritable Bradshaw. He can invariably tell you to a minute what time the trains should run, what time they should arrive at your station, and where you have got to change.

Watch him, then, at the beginning of the summer holiday season, busily directing flurried passengers, carrying with the strength of a Samson bags by the dozen.

He was trundling half a dozen trunks along the platform when the dear old lady rushed up to him.

"Brightsea?" she exclaimed. "Is this the train?"

"Yes, mum. Goes at ten-past."

"Can you please find me a seat?"

Alf sighed.

"Yes, mum. Will you follow me up the platform? I'll see what I can do for you."

The old lady followed him up the platform. Three carriages further up, there was a practically empty non-smoking compartment. Alf stopped in front of it, and opened the door.

"Will this do for you, mum? Nice comfortable corner seat with your back to the engine."

The old lady stepped into the carriage.

"Thank you, my man, thank you. And do I have to change anywhere?"

"No, mum. Straight-through train."

"Thank you. Here you are."

And the passenger pressed twopence into his hand. Politely, he thanked her, put the coins in his pocket, and continued his way up the platform, pushing the trolley containing the trunks. He had gone ten yards when a voice hailed him.

"Oh, porter!"

"Yes, sir."

A man was leaning out of a carriage window, and beckoning to Alf. Alf went up to him.

"Is this train right for Hurling Bay," asked the man.

"Yessir. Change at Brightsea, and catch a local train from there."

"Thank you." The man turned triumphantly to a woman in the carriage. "Now are you satisfied, my dear?" he asked. "The porter says it's the right train."

Alf once again pushed the trolley along the platform. At last he reached the front van. The trunks put safely in, he walked back along the platform. A woman called out to him. He went up to her:

"Yes, mum?"

"Where do I change for Eastgate?"

"Horsley, mum."

"Thank you."

Another voice hailed him.

"Is this train right for Littlestairs?"

"Yessir. Change at Hayward's Common."

Alf reached the end of the platform. Crowds were surging through the barrier. Little men with big wives and large families. Big men with small wives and still larger families. Big children. Small children. Crying children. Laughing children. Frightened women. Domineering women. Impatient men.

ALf's expression remained as cheery as ever. But, beneath his smile, there was a little melancholy. All this commotion and excitement was wearing away his nerves.

But he kept smiling. It was his job, and he was good at it—he knew that. And a man who is good at his job should stick it.

An excitable little man rushed up to him.

"Porter! Could you find room for us, please? If you'll take the children up, I'll follow you."

Resignedly, but with a joke on his lips, Alf took hold of the hands of a couple of children. Half a dozen others surrounded him, all talking at once, all admiring him because he was part of that great machine which was taking them away to the magic sea.

Alf led them up the platform. And,

miraculously, he managed to find room for all of them.

The father dashed up and slipped sixpence into his hand.

"Where do we change for Wortham?" he asked.

"Dornton," said Alf readily and hurried away to take charge of someone else's trunks.

Every train, the same. Every day, the same. All through the summer. Surging crowds, bad tempers. Bank holidays, with its excursions as well, and ten times the number of travellers.

BUT Alf remained as efficient as ever. He went on finding seats for old ladies and squalling children, looking after parcels and trunks, telling people a thousand times a day where they had got to change.

The end of the summer was approaching. The number of travellers began to decrease. The tumult began to die down. More people returning than departing.

Which meant yelling for taxis, directing to buses. Trunks had to be taken from the trains to the offices, the property left in the trains had to be taken along to the lost property department.

Alf still wore his smile. And, beneath his smile, there was yet another smile. His own summer holidays were approaching.

In another week, he would take his family to the coast for a well-earned holiday. A fortnight's rest from the bustle and noise of a busy London terminus.

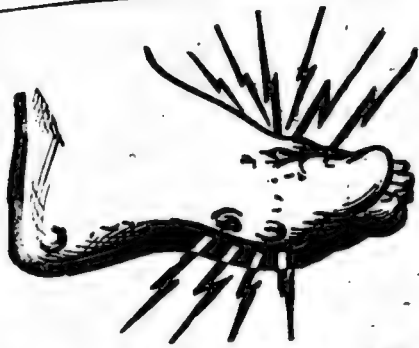
The week passed. Trunks, wife and child, Alf arrived at the station. Not the station where he worked. He wanted to get as far away as possible from work and any reminder of work. So he was travelling on another line, in a different direction.

They reached the ticket barrier, and Alf gave up his voucher.

"Porter," he called out, and a porter came running up. "Will you find me an empty compartment?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

(Continued on page 62)



Corns and Callouses all gone! Engineer now feels like a fairy

You can't conceal the agony of those corns. It's written on your pained, strained face. You feel like casting off your shoes in the street, don't you? It's too cruel. . . . But here's a thing to do. Plunge those poor feet into a Radox Footbath—into a soothing, refreshing bath charged with healing oxygen gas. Ah! the relief at last. This is the modern sensible way of removing corns and callouses. Read what happens:—

"Three weeks ago my feet were WICKED! A mass of callouses, blisters and corns, all due to my work—engineering, and standing on wet concrete floors. And now I feel like a fairy. The callouses, blisters and corns have all gone through bathing the feet with Radox Bath Salts. Still my feet have their little evening treats in your Radox—they deserve it."

2nd April, 1930.

J. C. H., Wembley, Middx.

When you put your feet into a Radox footbath a chemical action begins, and as soon as the corns and callouses start to go. They commence to combine with the Radox salt and form a protein salt of the hard skin itself. Now a protein salt dissolves in water like ordinary salt. So it is only natural that with this scientific treatment the corns should be loosened, with the result that after a few footbaths they can be lifted out bodily—root and all. And the life-giving oxygen which Radox liberates leaves the feet fresh and full of buoyancy.

1/6

Half-Pound Pink-Packet

Radox Bath Salts

GIVE YOUR FEET THAT "KRUSCHEN FEELING."

One of the greatest questions of the day
? What to do with
? our boys and girls
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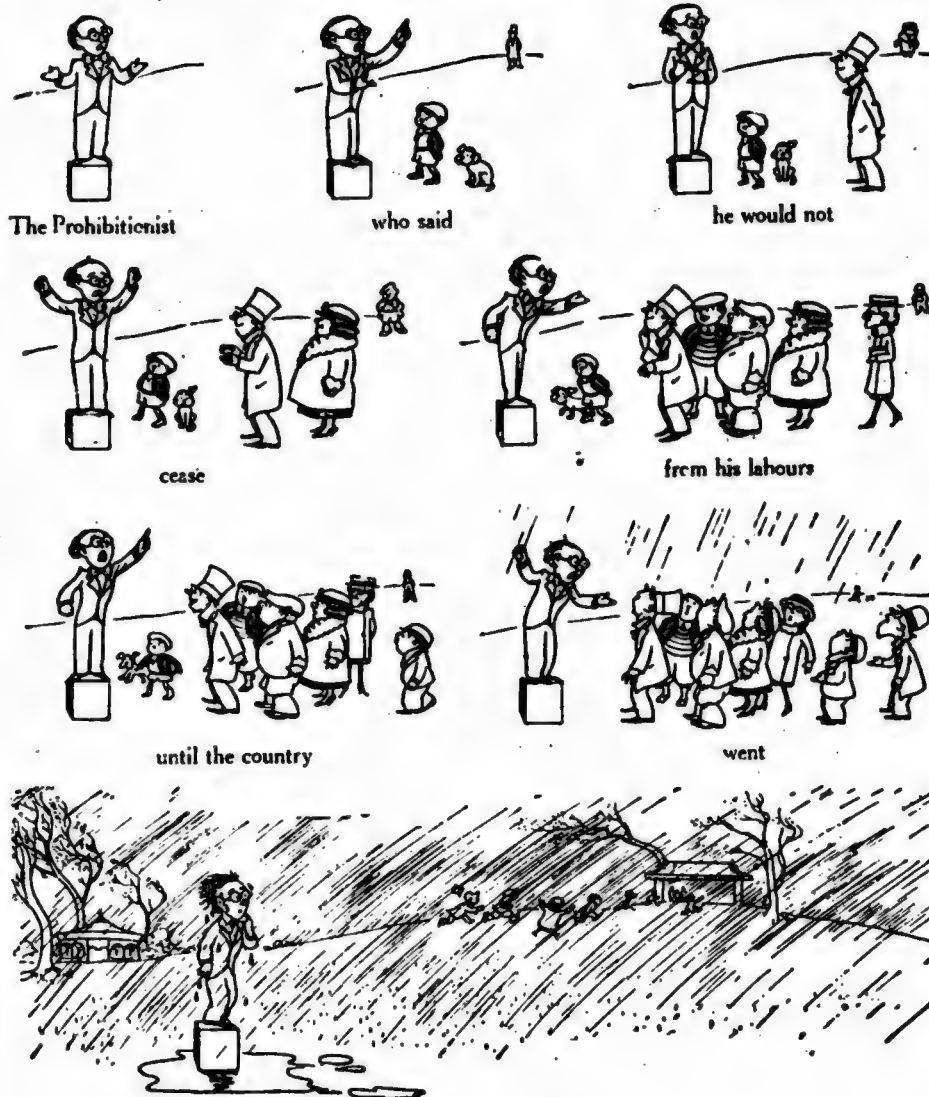
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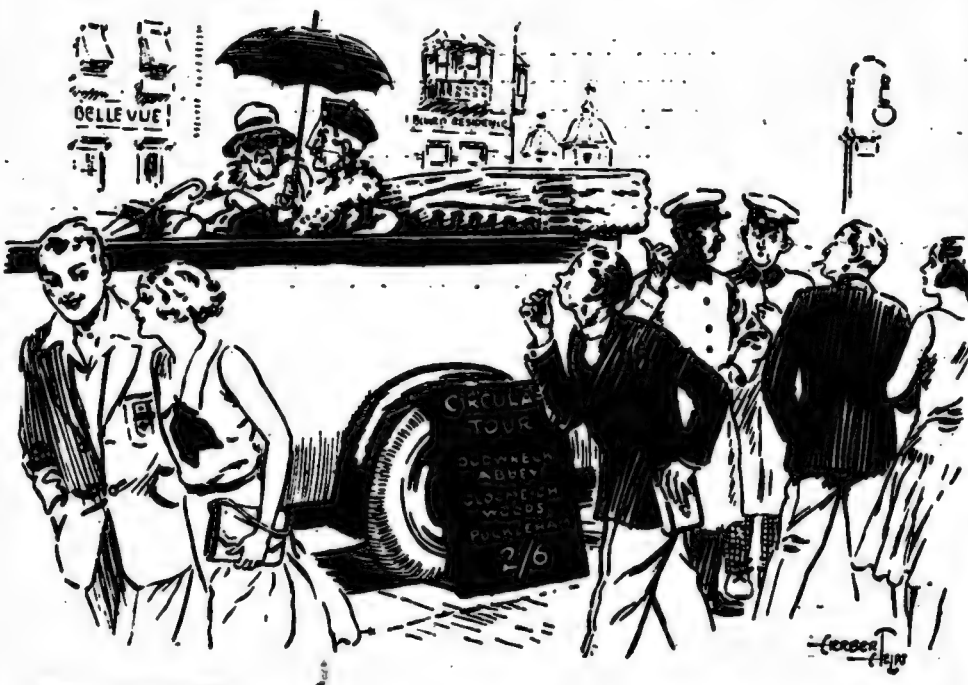
Collar, cuff and neckband need no starch and are designed for comfort.



Drawn by Alf Jackson

dry

AN UNPLEASANT PROSPECT



Drawn by Herbert Helps.

CHARABANC PROPRIETOR: "I'm afraid I made a tactical error in accepting them two, Bert. They're frightening everybody off!"

ALL CHANGE, PLEASE!

(Continued from page 60.)

"Oh, and if you'll take the kids, I'll follow you up."

The porter took the kids, and Alf followed at his ease. Then followed the business of getting the trunks on the train. That finished, Alf gave the porter sixpence and entered his compartment.

The train went off.

"We'll be at Bournegate soon!" exclaimed Alf, heaving a sigh of relief. "Only a couple of hours."

The children ate sweets, the wife did some knitting. Alf read a magazine.

The train puffed along, stopping at several stations. Two hours passed, but they hadn't reached Bournegate. Mrs. Roberts jerked Alf's arm.

"When do we arrive?" she asked.

Alf looked up from his reading with a start. The train had just stopped at a station. He got up and leant out of the window.

"Porter! What time do we arrive at Bournegate?"

"Eh?" The porter came up. "You're goin' the wrong way. You orter've changed at the last station!"

* * *

THE VIEW

THEY stood together, the man and woman, feasting their eyes on the view. She wore a dress of voluminous black satin, and he the air of one who is sure of his ground. He raised his stick and pointed to the east.

"There," said he, "you perceive the railway siding that I spoke of and which, I trust, comes up to your expectations. The scene is one that remains unchanged except that the coal wagons now visible are sometimes replaced by rows of cattle-trucks. Altogether a satisfactory proposition on this side, but look—"

Together they turned and looked towards the north.

"There on the rising ground are the allotments I mentioned," he continued. "And one glance at the area dotted with its rough, rude huts will show that I haven't overstated its value. Furthermore, I learn from a reliable source that the council is acquiring part of the ground for the erection of a number of council houses of the usual type."

THEY described a full half turn, he merely remarking as they faced the setting sun that the necessary extensions to the cemetery which lay that way would shortly be undertaken. Thus they faced the southern aspect and gazed, he with confidence and she with every sign of approval at the imposing façade of the buildings of the gas company.

"Beyond that largest gasholder lies the sea," he remarked. "Could a better position be found?"

"No, indeed," she replied. "It would be impossible to find one. You may see the architect about the plans at once."

And so he has, as many will discover when they arrive at Brightsea this coming summer to stay at this soon to be completed and splendid home from home called "Seaview."

PERCY J. WHEELWRIGHT.

Avoid Indigestion!

DIGESTIVE disorder, whether it be mild flatulence, discomfort after eating or chronic gastritis, is nearly always due to excess acid in the stomach. It is only by neutralising this acidity that indigestion can be avoided. The best way of doing this is to take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia, which not only instantly neutralises excess acid and thus gives quick relief by removing the cause of the trouble, but also soothes and heals the acid-inflamed stomach lining. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is recommended and used by Doctors all over the world; it is an absolute safeguard against indigestion and dyspepsia.

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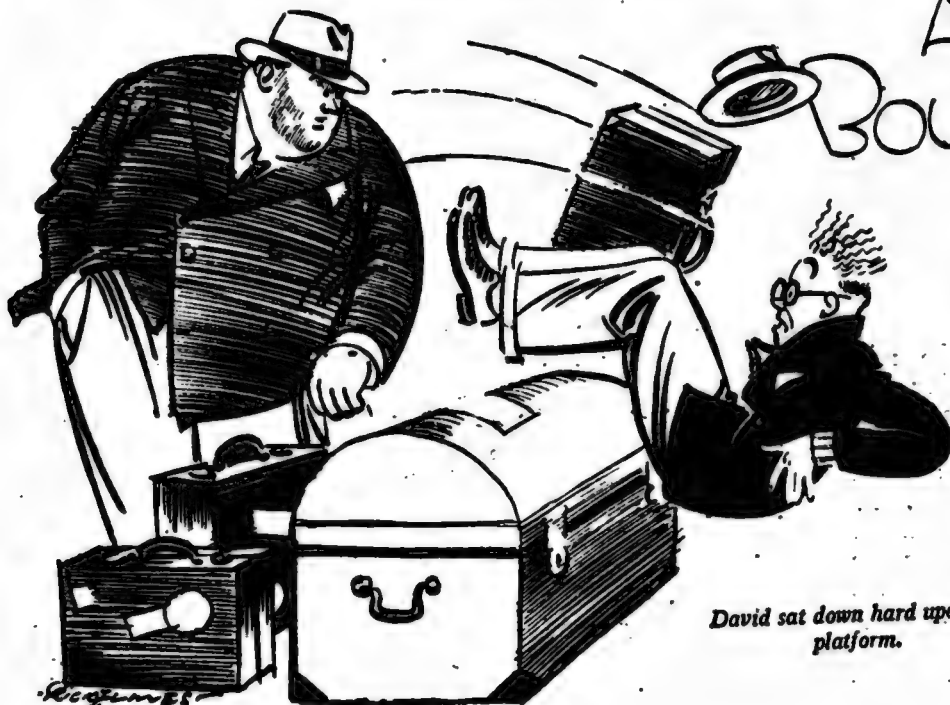


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If you are thinking of buying a house turn to page 49.



David sat down hard upon the platform.

A BOUNDARY LIT

LECTOR HUTT

Bad Luck seemed to dog David, but Fortune had not forgotten him

DAVID BAKER blinked through his large spectacles at three unequal piles of coins on the table.

"That's for board and lodging," he mused, taking up the first pile. "That's for fare and luggage," he continued, adding the second pile to the total. Then he gazed at the third (and smallest) heap in dismay.

It was quite evident that rigid economy would have to be observed if he was to spend a fortnight at Ridswell Bay. The size of the third pile showed that he had barely enough to last him comfortably for a week—let alone a fortnight. He would have to cut down his pleasure to a minimum. Ridswell Bay was an expensive place.

"Oh, bother!" sighed David, wiping his spectacles with a handkerchief and a dismayed expression. "Muriel will be there, too. She will expect me to look after her."

He glowered hazily around his flat. Without his spectacles, David was lost. Everything appeared clothed in a blue mist.

MURIEL was an extremely pleasant young lady, but she had one drawback—the fact that she lived 130 miles away from David. He had met her the previous year at Ridswell, and so well had they agreed together that it was a melancholy time for both of them when they parted.

Since then David and Muriel had corresponded every week, and they had arranged to take their holidays together at Ridswell Bay again.

David had looked forward to recapturing the pleasures of their former holiday; but, alas! he had lost a lot of business, and money was very tight.

However, he tried to make the best of it; and in due course he departed for Ridswell Bay with a reasonably light heart.

When David entered the platform at Victoria Station, the first thing that struck him was a heavy suitcase. It struck him on the toe. With a muttered exclamation, David jumped backwards and, tripping

over a cabin-trunk, sat down hard upon the platform.

The owner of these various impedimenta stared down at him. An enormously fat man, with an expression not unlike Falstaff of glorious tradition.

"Oh, I say—sorry," drawled this person, surveying the prostrate David with mingled admiration and curiosity. "Doooid unfortunate. Portah! Hurry up with my trunks."

He entered the Pullman coach, leaving David to pick himself up at his leisure.

David did so, thinking many hard things about Falstaff.

"I don't think I've ever met a man whose looks I liked less," ruminated David. "That's the sort of man who would completely spoil a fellow's holiday. If he's going to Ridswell, the place will be unbearable."

IT was evident that the fat gentleman was, indeed, bound for Ridswell Bay.

David thought that, at a rough computation, there must be sixty or seventy trunks and bags belonging to Falstaff littered about on the platform. And each one was labelled "Ridswell Bay." It cast quite a gloom over David, as he climbed into his third-class compartment.

But his irritation was destined to grow beyond all bounds. When Ridswell station was reached, David jumped from the train, and hurried down the platform. In front of him a somnolent porter wheeled an ancient truck. They reached the door of a Pullman car, when a voice spoke.

"Oh! Portah!"

The porter and the truck right-wheeled. The truck caught David just below the knees, and the unfortunate youth once more measured his length on a station platform. His thoughts, as he picked himself up, absolutely defied analysis.

He rescued his two bags from the guard's van, and went out to look for a bus. A taxi stood against the exit, and a porter was busily loading trunks into it.

As David paused at the kerb, Falstaff appeared and made for the taxi. David

blinked at him morosely. Twice already the fat person had caused his downfall.

Falstaff was swinging a heavy cane. He swung it between David's legs, as that ill-starred young man made to leave the kerb. David's left leg shot away from him, and he fell flat in the roadway.

"Good Gad!" ejaculated Falstaff. "Extr'ordin'ry! It's the same fellow who fell down at Victoria."

David rose to his feet, blinking hazily and mistily at his surroundings. A noise sounded in his ears like the breakers on the sea-shore. He guiped dizzily.

"My dear man," Falstaff reproved him. "you should be a bit steadier on your pins—what? You'll fall over a cliff or some thin' at this rate"

He climbed into the taxi and was gone.

DAVID stood still, blinking mistily. After a time his feelings cooled sufficiently for him to find out what was causing him to see everything so hazily. The answer was simple. In the roadway were the shattered fragments of what was once an elegant pair of spectacles.

David nearly wept.

They were the only pair he had. Without them life was almost intolerable. Where now was his rigid economy? How could he manage to get through the fortnight if all his money was to go to an optician?

"He ought to pay for them," choked David fiercely, picking up the shattered remains of his glasses. "He looks as though he owned the earth. A pound or two to him would be nothing. Oh, what terrible luck!"

He almost crawled away from Ridswell station. It is safe to bet that he was the most downhearted young man in the place. Passing an optician's, he called in and said he wanted a cheap pair of spectacles—the cheaper the better.

The optician was a kind-hearted man. He said he would make David another pair for nothing—or, at any rate, next to nothing. Say, two pounds ten or three pounds. Not more.

Three pounds!

David's head was swimming all the way to his lodgings. Three pounds! That left him about ten shillings to treat Muriel and himself to amusements for a fortnight. He scarcely dared think of what would happen.

There was only one thing to do. Seek out Falstaff, explain matters to him, and

(Continued on page 65)

FEET! FEET! FEET!

FEET that Cry Out for FIRST AID



NEED

Reudel

Bath Saltrates

The World's Remedy For
CORNS, CALLOUSES
AND ALL FOOT TORTURES

A small handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates dissolved in a basin of hot water produces a highly *medicated* and *oxygenated* foot bath. Rest your feet in this for ten minutes and you will then be able to remove the hardest corn or callous with the tips of the fingers. Be sure you get Reudel Bath Saltrates in the **YELLOW PACKET**. 1, 6 and 2/6 at all chemists. *Money refunded in full if not satisfied.*



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Drawn by Frank R. Grey

RUNNING COMMENTATOR (in tree overlooking cricket ground): "Chuck us up another bull's-eye, young Alfie, or this 'ere station's closing down—and 'Cbbs is just coming out to bat."



Drawn by Waters

INQUISITIVE OLD LADY: "Is it true that you sailors have a wife in every port?"
SAILOR: "Give us a chance, lady; we only put in here yesterday morning!"

A BOUNDARY HIT

(Continued from page 64)

leave him to offer to help pay for the breakage if he thought fit.

But David's whole soul rose in revolt at the idea. He simply could not put his pride in his pocket to such an extent—especially with a man like Falstaff.

He met Muriel that evening, and under the broad August moon there was that which made David deliriously happy and desperately miserable. Ten shillings! And a whole fortnight to spend it in. Fate was going out of its way to mock his attempts to enjoy his holiday.

THE following day he was walking along the sands when Falstaff swam out of a blue mist into his clearer vision. David paused.

"Er—," he said sensibly.

"Ah," ejaculated Falstaff. "It's the unsteady person. What's the matter now? Still falling about?"

"It's like this," David began desperately, "when I fell over your cane yesterday—"

He paused.

"Yes?" said Falstaff.

"It was dashed unpleasant," concluded David, and marched morosely away.

It was no good. He simply could not sacrifice his pride to that extent. He would have to pay for the spectacles, and explain as best he might to Muriel why he was so short of money.

In the afternoon David once more went down to the beach, and selected a deck-chair. From this coign of vantage he blinked at the blue mist, which he knew was the sea, several blue misty dots, which he thought might be bathers, and a number of blue misty blobs, which he rightly concluded to be bathing huts.

David sighed helplessly. He put his hand in his pocket and fished out the remains of his spectacles. The lenses were broken in six places. It was hopeless to do anything with them.

Near where he was sitting, a party of holiday-makers from the Royal Hotel had started a game of cricket on the sands. An old wooden bat and a tennis ball were their only implements; but they seemed to be getting a good deal of fun out of the game. Their happy laughter was gall and wormwood to the youthful misanthrope in the deck chair.

B and by a more than usual hearty shout denoted the appearance of a new batsman at the wicket. David blinked hazily in their direction. As he looked up, there came a mighty shout, and a hard, round tennis ball, travelling at a rate far in excess of the maximum laid down by the police, took David forcibly in the left eye.

The unhappy youth gasped, and dropped the broken remains of his spectacles. The batsman appeared, and began to apologise to him.

It was Falstaff!

"Oh, I say, I'm too frightfully sorry," began the unspeakable fat person. "I seem fated to—" His jaw dropped in dismay. He was staring at the pieces of glass on the sand at David's feet. "Oh, I say, has it broken your glasses? You must let me pay for them. Really you must. I won't hear a denial. Take this—to please me."

He slipped a piece of paper into David's hand, and walked quickly away.

It was a five-pound note!



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Gay colours: lifelong service

Nibs to suit all hands

Choose yours from this wide range

There's no pen writes so well

Everything that you can expect of the most expensive fountain pen you will find in a Platignum. The super writing service that hitherto has been high priced is now within the reach of all. For 1/3, at any stationers, you can buy Platignum Pens in many alluring colours and with nib points to exactly suit your hand; for 2/6 a larger ink capacity model can be obtained. Platignum Pens have to pass extensive tests before they leave the works and every pen is fully guaranteed. Get a Platignum to-day. Many people carry several for different coloured inks. The nibs are noncorrodible.



1'3

There are nine 13 Platignum models, all with fine, medium, broad, oblique or A.I. nibs. Black, Tan Triple Wave, Blue, Green and Yellow Plain colours (as illustrated) and Green, Blue and Red Mottled (as illustrated).



Instant Flow Device

When cap is screwed on, nib is enclosed in air-tight compartment. Thus it is always moist and ready to write. This high-price-pen feature is found on all Platignum models.



2'6

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Also obtainable in soft leather wallets with pin for affixing to school dress.

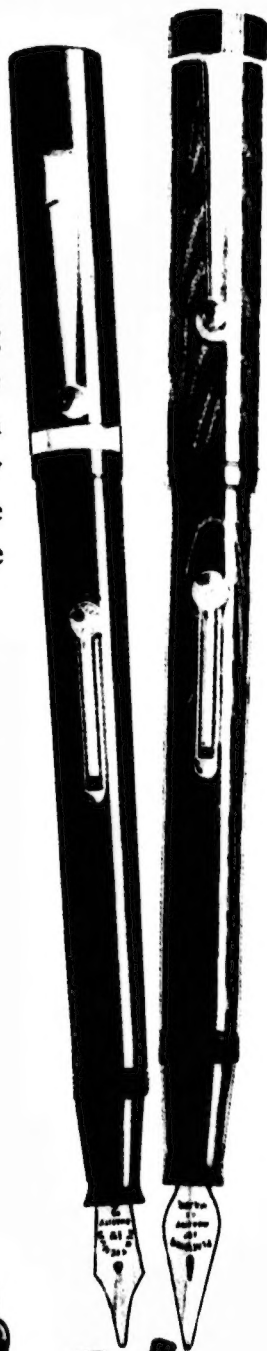


5'6

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Dual purpose pen for pocket or desk

Convertible Platignum Lever-filling pen for desk or pocket use, and pen stand with ball joint enabling pen to be tilted at any angle. Stand serves as ash or pin tray. 5/- complete.



2'6

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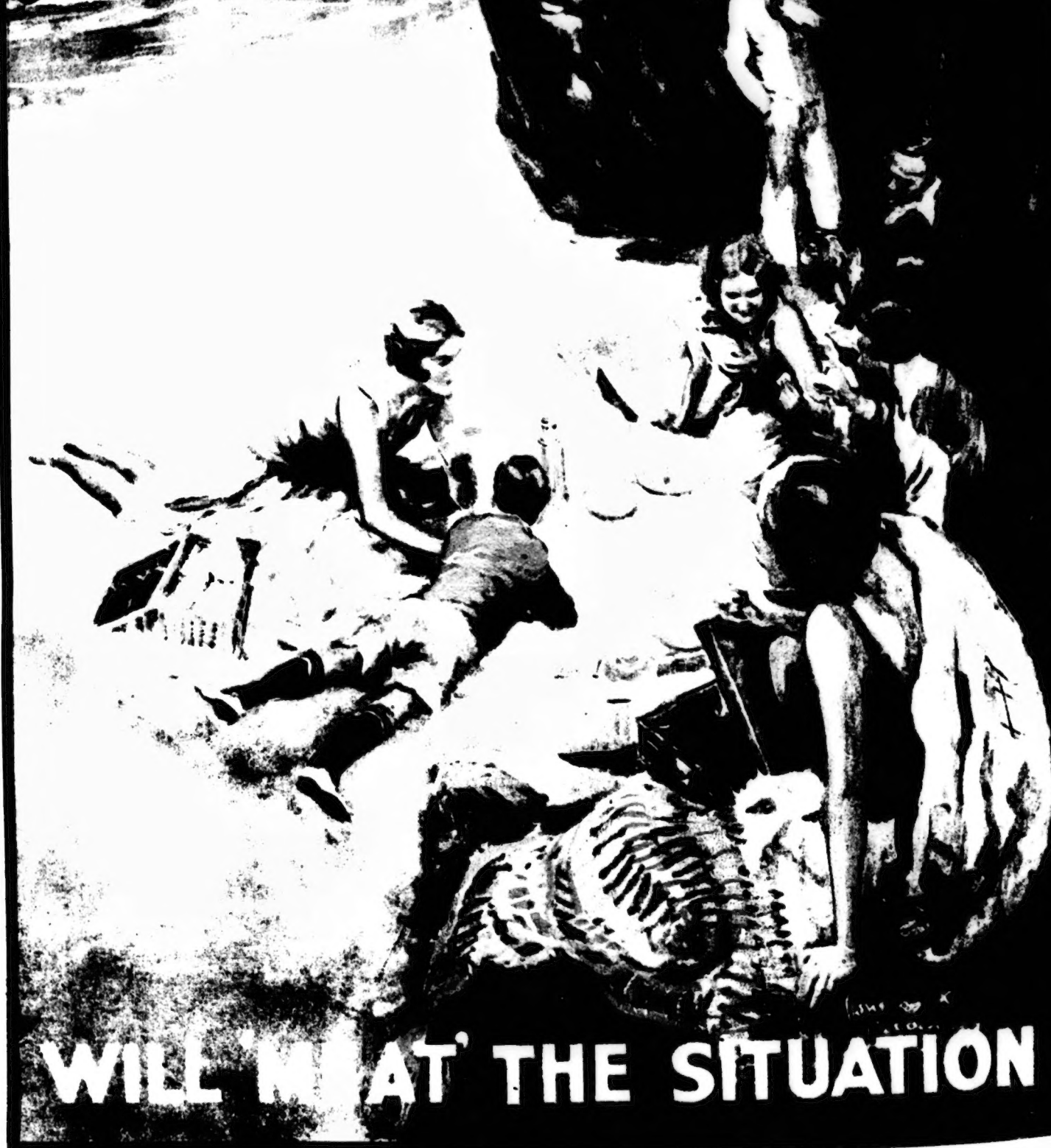
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